WEEK ENDING FEB. 26, 1927

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Liberty

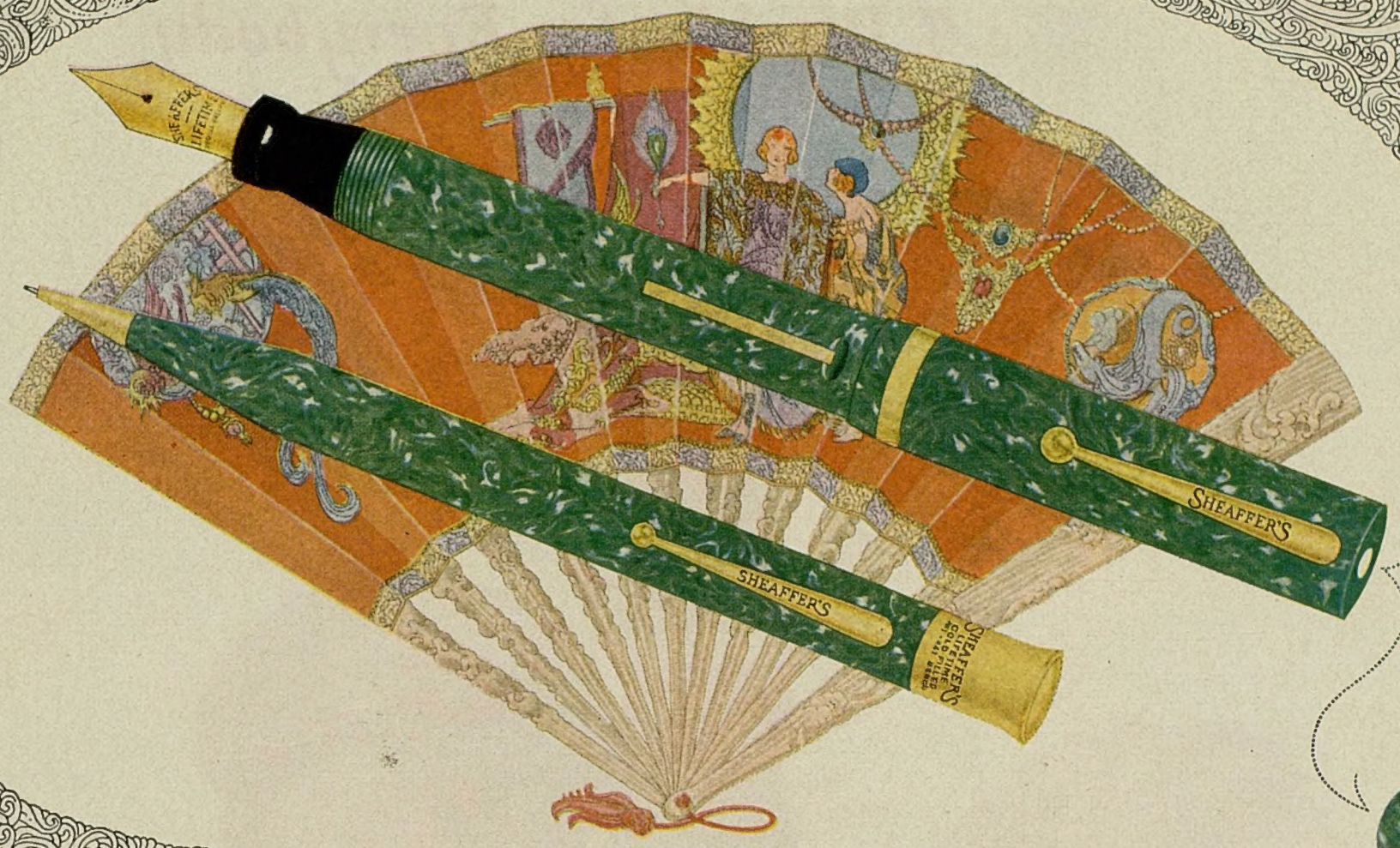
A Weekly for Everybody

The Mysterious Stranger

In this Issue

ARE THERE TOO MANY ATTRACTIVE MEN? *by* REBECCA WEST

Also A WAR BIRDS STORY *by* CAPTAIN ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS



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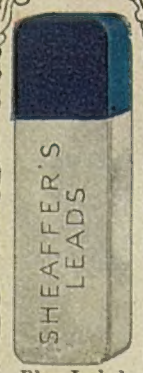

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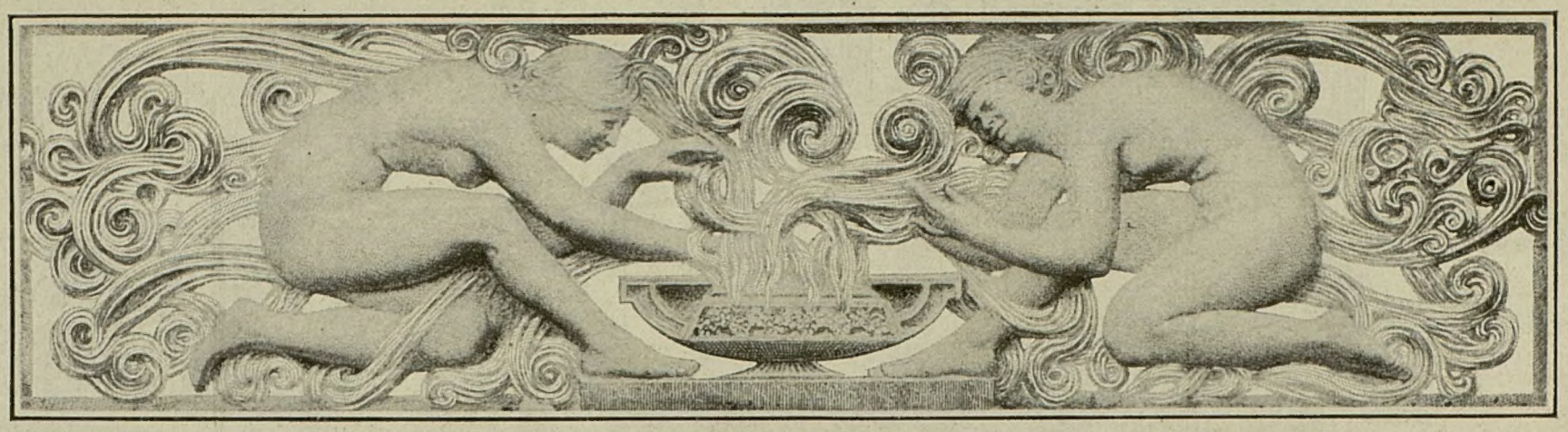

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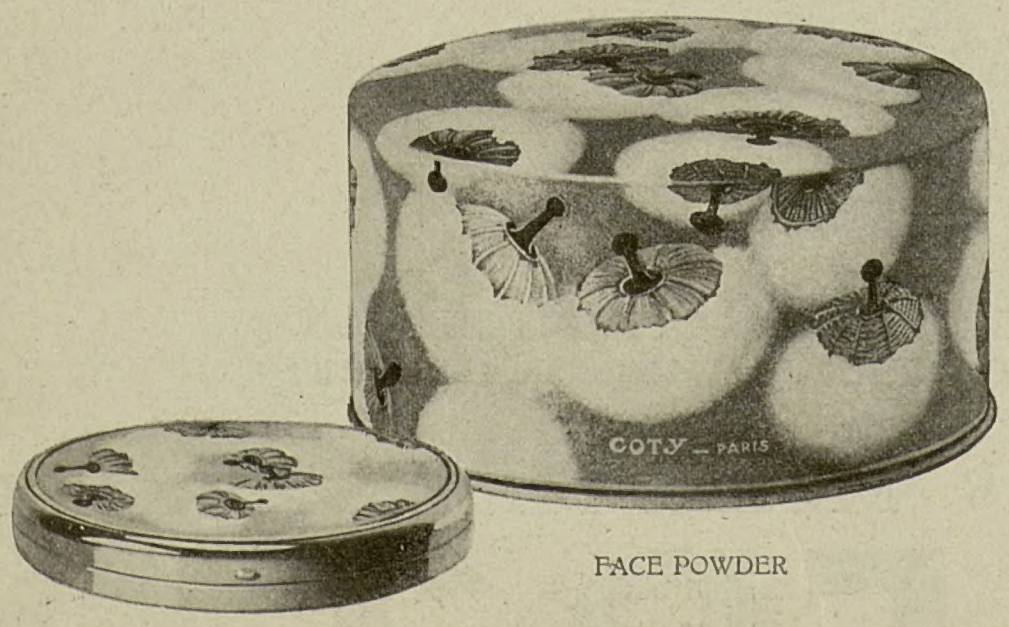

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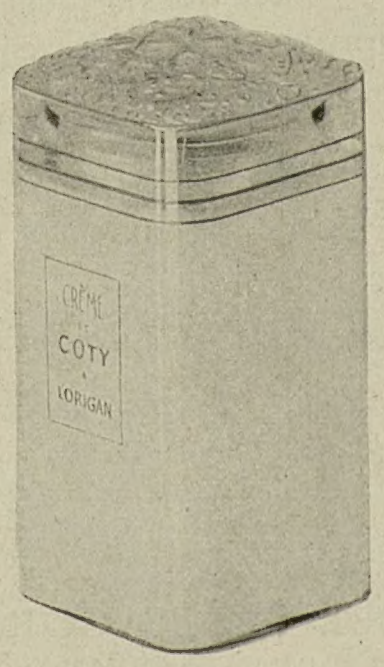

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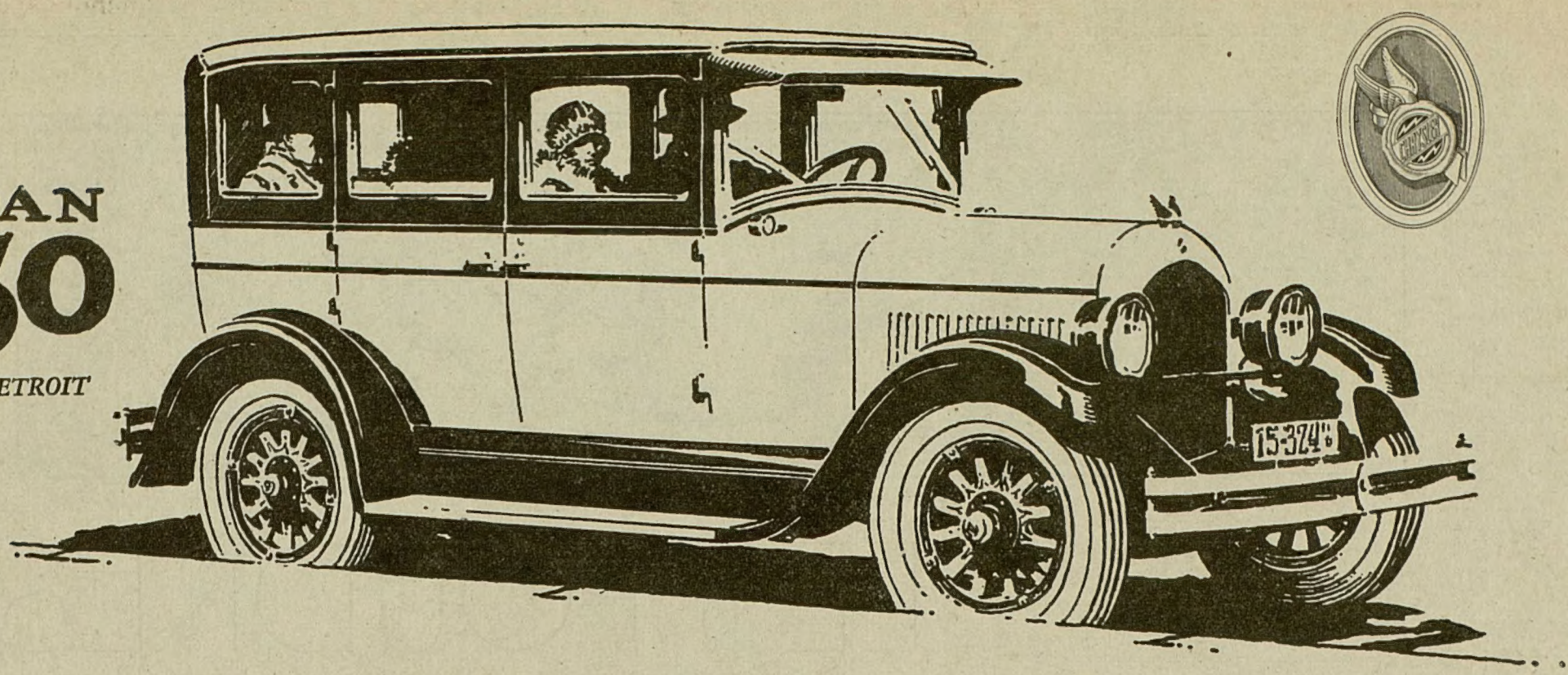

Amazing Contrast Between CHRYSLER "50" *And All Other Fours*

ANYONE with a sense of motor-car values, knowing the price of the Chrysler "50"—the coupe and roadster $750, the coach $780, the sedan $830, the landau sedan $885—will instantly realize that it is unfair to the other four-cylinder cars of large production to try to judge them on the same basis as the "50".

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CHRYSLER "50"

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HARD CASES MAKE BAD LAW—*An Editorial*

The United States Senate, by a vote of 48 to 33, refused to seat Frank L. Smith, Senator elect from Illinois, when he was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Senator McKinley. This action presages the refusal of the Senate to seat Smith and Vare (of Pennsylvania) when they present credentials as regularly elected and certified Senators next March, despite the fact that they and their States have conformed to all requirements under the Constitution.

Admittedly, Smith is a politician of a low order of morality. He received from public-utility interests campaign contributions that were tantamount to bribes—and this while he was at the head of the Public Utilities Commission of his State. Vare, in Pennsylvania, was guilty of receiving similar gifts in milder form; but more uproar was raised because of the great size of the sums than because of their source. Such acts strike at the very pillars of our republic. But does not the action of the Senate, in refusing to seat men regularly elected and certified as having conformed to Constitutional requirements, strike an even harder blow at those pillars?

The fact is that the people of Pennsylvania, knowing the charges made against Vare in the primaries, in which he defeated two opponents, elected him overwhelmingly, preferring him to the Democratic nominee. One of those opponents, Pepper, spent much more money than Vare was accused of spending; and the other, the pure Pinchot, spent more than Newberry of Michigan, who was ousted from the Senate because of his lavish election expenditures. The voters of Illinois, knowing that Smith had received outrageously large contributions from Samuel Insull, preferred him to Brennan, the Democratic nominee, and to Magill, the Independent Dry. There were no charges of improper use of money in the elections.

The presumption of the seated Senators in asserting the right to accept or reject representatives duly elected by the States may, as Senator Hiram Bingham pointed out, lead to a Democratic or Republican majority in the Senate or House summarily rejecting any candidate in order to increase or to preserve that majority. It may lead to the Drys rejecting a properly certified Wet Senator, or even to the Wets rejecting a Dry Senator.

A voting majority of Fundamentalists might reject a Senator on the grounds that he is an Evolutionist, or a majority of Pacifists might throw out a Senator who believed in strong national defense.

Senators Smith and Vare, representing the second and third largest States in population in the Union, have not been found guilty of crime, or guilty of violating the laws of their States. Yet Senators representing States with a fraction of the population of those affected, delegate to themselves the right to dictate as to how the large States shall choose their Senators —regardless of what the Constitution of the United States says.

"Hard cases make bad law," is a legal adage. Most of our bad precedents arise from decisions in hard cases. And this is a hard case.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN HISTORY

On pages 12-13 of this issue of LIBERTY is a map of the Caribbean region—the old Spanish Main. It shows how, in the last hundred years, the United States has extended its control over that region.

There is no need of further comment here. The map, with its explanation, is an editorial in itself.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

Love's Pair o' Dice.....By FRANK R. ADAMS 7
A tale of Lady Luck, a professor, and a maiden's prayer

Southward the Bird of Empire Wings His Way..... 12

Washington or Lincoln—Which Was Greater?
By CLIFFORD RAYMOND 14

Love's Greatest Mistake.....By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER 20
A serial of a girl's perilous quest for romance (Part Two)

Leathernecking on the Screen.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 35
Reviewing the films' latest glorification of the marines

Are There Too Many Attractive Men?.....By REBECCA WEST 39
A noted novelist tackles a ticklish question

Sore Subjects.....By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS 49
The story of a Belgian girl and two war birds

Portrait of a Lady with Red Hair.....By MRS. LESLIE CARTER 59
Part Seven of the record of a flaming life

The Fear of God.....By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 75
Ending a serial of France's golden age

Getting Rid of Daffy.....By ALINE KILMER 81
Another LIBERTY story for children

All-America Football Coaches.....By HUGH FULLERTON 83
Ending the story of the great team-builders

News of the World (page 37); For the Love o' Lil (48); Bright Sayings of Children (57); Twenty Questions (58); Vox Pop (69); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (70); Patterns (71); Fashions (71 and 72); Food (80); Cross-Word Puzzle (82).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

SAX ROHMER, whose name stands for thrills and action, begins a great new series with MOON OF MADNESS.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE gives us THE ADVENTURE OF SHOSCOMBE OLD PLACE, another inimitable *Sherlock Holmes* story.

WHAT STARS ARE MADE OF, by JOHN K. WINKLER, analyzes the ingredients that make women succeed on the stage.

CAROLYN WELLS, in HUMOR ON THE OTHER SIDE, explains the deep mystery of what makes an Englishman laugh.

Beg Pardon

An article by Franklin Fargo in the issue of January 15 contained the statement that the 700,000,000 razor blades which the Gillette Company will manufacture this year would, if laid side by side and end to end, cover a space 1,600 miles long by 900 miles wide. It turns out that Mr. Fargo's estimate was 3,853,909,316,000,000 razor blades short of the number required to cover this area. LIBERTY regrets this error.

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LOVE'S Pair o' Dice

A Story of Lady Luck, a Professor, and a Maiden's Prayer

By

FRANK R. ADAMS

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY

"I SEE that my two valued and industrious assistants are engaged in the ancient Grecian pastime of knucklebones."

"I'LL shoot you two flops to see if I marry you or not."

"But, Elizabeth, you know how beastly unlucky I am at cards or craps or any such games of chance."

Archie Byce talked like an Englishman, or at least like a Harvard sophomore. But otherwise he was not offensive to other members of his own sex. He was tall and, as he would have said of himself, "fearfully ungainly"; but he had charm. It was mostly in the semi-apologetic, ingratiating grin.

Elizabeth was rather tall, too; a little overheight for the modern styles. Her head, dark-thatched and close-cropped, was small and her features were rather tiny. You had to be close to Elizabeth to appreciate all of her charm of expression—and getting close to Elizabeth was one of the most difficult of the modern labors of Hercules.

"Hadn't you just better marry me without all this fuss, old thing?" Archie inquired. "Men seldom come more eligible than I am."

Elizabeth wore balloon-tired spectacles with a slight tinge of yellow in them. She gazed at Archie unblinkingly through them now.

"I made you a sporting proposition. Take it or leave it."

Elizabeth and Archie were both assistants to Professor Stephen Harlan, head of the Department of Anthropology at Atlantic University, curator of the Ethnology Museum, and leader of many exploratory expeditions, financed jointly by the university and the National Geographic Society.

The door of the Anthropology office stood partly ajar. The next room was a classroom and Professor Harlan's voice floated pleasantly in. He was delivering his last lecture for that semester. The examination in his courses would be held, as usual, under the supervision of his well trained and capable assistants.

Before morning of the next day, Professor Harlan planned to be outward bound for some vague destination east of civilization and a few points south of hell.

Elizabeth had found a pair of fast and freckled round-cornered cubes in her pocket, and she now sat on the floor, warming them up.

"Who says 'Natcheral'? I does. Natcherals they is. Smallpox brothers, roll yourselfs into some money!"

Archie watched her with despairing admiration. "You've got 'em hypnotized, darling. And yet you'd ask me to risk my life's happiness on the turn of a die."

Elizabeth breathed on the little speckled building blocks and swept them across the rug.

"It's the only chance you've got. If you roll a natural before I do, we marry. If not, we don't. I'll give you the first roll."

Archie got down on his knees after the fashion of a camel who has walked miles to elude cigarette addicts.

"All right." He swung his arm in a wide circle. "Come on, dice, be generous! Lie so that your pips will add up to seven or eleven." He rolled them across the rug.

"Box cars!" exclaimed Elizabeth scornfully. "And no wonder, after the way you talked to them. I'm surprised that they didn't explode. Gimme!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S PAIR O' DICE
Continued from Page Seven]

She cupped the little cubes lovingly in her hands and blew on them. "You lopsided marbles, get hot for your mamma. You'se gwine to ramble out and get baby some new shoes. You is. I'm shoutin'."

The dice spun, and when they settled, a three and a four stood uppermost.

"There, that decides it."

"But," protested Archie, "that isn't—"

"Ah, I see that my two valued and industrious assistants are engaged in the ancient Grecian pastime of knucklebones. Or was the game of Egyptian origin? I cannot, at this moment, recall precisely."

The two young people on the floor had failed to hear the scraping of chairs in the classroom which had announced that the lecture was over.

Professor Stephen Harlan now stood in the doorway of his office, regarding them quizzically.

He wore excellent clothes, did Professor Harlan, but they had not recently been pressed. He was not very tall—stocky. His face was round and bland and his nondescript-colored hair was slightly rumpled. None the less, he seemed rather pleased with himself and had a boyish eagerness that betokened a certain satisfaction with the way his personal world was wagging.

Neither of Professor Harlan's valued and industrious assistants seemed to have any explanation of their crap game to offer, so their chief continued talking on a subject that appeared to be occupying his own mind.

"I am especially pleased at leaving you this time, Elizabeth, in the protecting and interested care of a young man so deserving of our unqualified confidence."

He looked from one to the other of his assistants for an expression of corroboration.

Elizabeth had risen and dusted off her stockings at the knee. She now lit herself a cigarette.

"I SUSPECT, chief, that it was you who suggested the rather unexpected proposal which my colleague, Mr. Byce, has just sprung on me. What's the matter? Didn't you have the nerve to fire me outright?"

Professor Harlan was somewhat confused at being chased out into the open like that.

"My dear, I was thinking chiefly of your own welfare. I am going to be away for more than a year, and it seemed best that you should have someone to protect you and—"

"I offered to go with you, the way I used to."

"But this is scarcely the sort of expedition for an unattached young woman. The last time you accompanied me you were only a girl. Archie, here, is a nice young man of respectable family, the possessor of a moderate fortune quite outside of his salary, and—"

Elizabeth snorted.

"It's no go, chief," declared Archie, slightly miffed. "I got out a very good blurb on myself before you came in with your oar. Lizzie regards me as a brother or some other undesirable sort of a brachycephalic specimen, and I have just been given the atmosphere."

"Well, well," considered Elizabeth's employer and quasi guardian. "It looked like such an admirable plan! I'm sorry. Whom, do you think, has the illogical creature fastened her feminine fancy upon?"

"I'm not an illogical creature," Elizabeth defended. "I can beat you at chess three times out of five, and you know it. And I'm far and away Archie's mental superior. He's a nice boy, but what makes you think that I would ever be satisfied to make perpetual coffee for a six-and-five-eighths cerebral cavity, after having been brought up under the tutelage of a giant mentality such as your own?"

PROFESSOR HARLAN examined her curiously. A woman in revolt was a new experience to him. Of course, he had thought that she would do as he had planned. But he had no argument to offer.

"All right, all right," he conceded. "Do as you wish. I'll be on my way to finish packing. You will complete your duties here at the office and bring my papers and one thing and another down to the pier at sailing time." He backed toward the door. "If anyone calls or tries to locate me, you don't know where I am. I certainly do not wish to be disturbed by any newspaper men or curiosity seekers."

He was gone.

"So," crowed Archie, "that's the way the land lies, me proud beauty. You're in love with Steve himself. Dammit," he observed gloomily, "even I am more romantic than he is."

Elizabeth flushed slightly and ground out the butt of her cigarette before replying: "You're talking through your kelly, darling. Professor Harlan is my locoed parentis, and you know it. At any rate, he thinks he is, even though it really is the other way around and I've been a sort of a mother to him ever since we found each other about twenty years ago out in the Wyandotte Orphan Asylum. He was only visiting, but I had an idea that I was there for life."

"That isn't answering my accusation that you're in love with—"

"Horse-radish!" Elizabeth interrupted inelegantly. "Steve never had but one love affair in his life. I helped him through that. He thinks he still has a broken heart over it, though I don't believe he can even remember the girl's name without asking me."

Archie sat up straighter in the reed chair that masqueraded as part of the office furniture.

"You say the chief had a love affair—a broken heart? Why has this been kept from me?"

"You're too young to know everything. Besides, it's none of your business, and—"

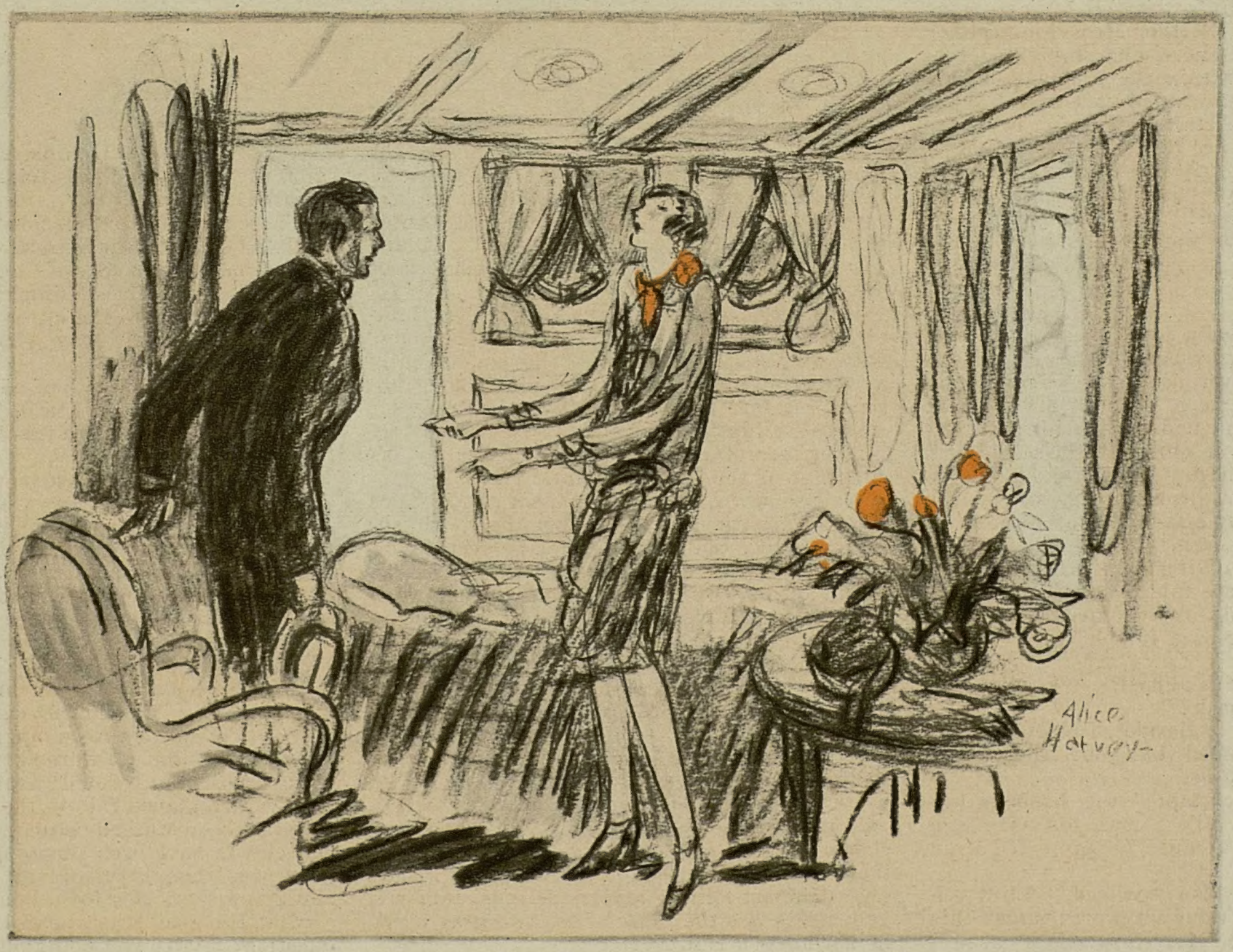
"Who was she?"

"Her name was Marian Healy," Elizabeth said negligently. "She married the other man, thank heaven, and she is now Mrs. Herbert Hapgood—thanks somewhat to me. I was only a child at the time, twelve or thirteen, I believe, but I did my bit. She would never have suited Steve. I doubt if she even suits Mr. Hapgood, although I have never asked him in so many words."

"Your restraint does you a lot of credit, angel, and I—"

Telephone bells.

"Hold everything." Elizabeth, being nearest, picked up the instrument and listened. "No, Mrs. Hapgood," she told the mouthpiece of the telephone after a moment. "He isn't here, and I'm sorry, but I can't give you any information as to where you might find him." More silence. "The best I can do is to tell you that he is sailing on the steamship Lorraine this evening. You might be able to see him at the pier. Good-by."



"I've left Herbert, and at last, after seven years, I have come to you."

"GOSH!" said Archie. "Was that the very lady we were talking about?"

"As ever was," admitted Elizabeth unconcernedly, leaning back once more in her office chair.

"What did she want?"

"She didn't say, but whatever it is she wants it bad. I suppose it is up to me to protect him, as usual. Thank heaven, I won't have to worry about him for a while after tonight."

"Won't you worry about him over there in the jungle with the tigers and the elephants and the wild boars?"

"Not so much as I do here, where you can't shoot the pussy cats that lie in wait."

Archie had duties elsewhere in connection with the departure of their superior. Elizabeth reminded him of them and suggested that he get about attending to them.

"All right." Archie hoisted himself out of his chair, the entire rattling skeleton of him. "All right, all right; I'll be going. You won't reconsider the answer to the old proposal?" He paused in the doorway inquiringly.

Elizabeth shook her head. "You're not really in love with me. You were only doing it because Steve suggested it."

"I don't know," Archie answered dolefully. "I'm not sure but what I more than half meant it. You're not so bad, you know, and with the help of a smart modiste and a good hairdresser—" His voice trailed away as he edged toward the door. He seemed to have run out of things to say. "Well, toodle-oo," he finished. "I hope the old unrequited love doesn't keep you awake nights."

He was gone, and Elizabeth smiled a little wistfully. She knew that Archie really meant more than he had said, that his flippant nonchalance had covered a sentiment for herself that was considerably more than the brotherliness he affected. Archie was a nice boy.

Then there were steps on the stairway—hasty, unfamiliar steps.

Elizabeth listened questioningly, and in a moment a bulky man stood puffing slightly in the doorway.

"Where's my wife?" he demanded briefly.

"I have no means of knowing," Elizabeth retorted, and then admonished severely: "You ought never to mislay your valuables and then accuse perfect strangers of having appropriated them."

He brushed her flippancy aside impatiently. "I am Hapgood."

"Oh, yes; I've heard of you."

"You'll hear more of me when tomorrow morning's papers are on sale. My wife is eloping with Professor Harlan, and I am here to stop it."

"So you are. Unfortunately, you've come to the wrong place. Neither Mrs. Hapgood nor Professor Harlan is here, and stopping elopements is scarcely within the province of this office. Now, if you wanted to enroll for the course in Ancient Aztec Civilization or—"

"Where the hell are they?"

"How should I know? What makes you think that your—er—doubtless estimable—"

"She's a damn fool!"

"Then why do you want to keep her against her will?"

"I love her."

"Oh."

"And Marian really loves me. But years ago this Harlan chap was my rival and she has always held him over my head. Every time we've had an argument, she has always said that she wished she had chosen him instead of me. And now," he gulped, "she's done it."

Elizabeth considered. "Speaking strictly in the modern manner, I, personally, have never been able to see why a man should ever try to hold a woman who wants to get away. Why not let her try it? Living with Professor Harlan is no bed of roses for a woman, and she'd find out what a good thing you are by comparison and come flying back to you."

MR. HAPGOOD was aghast. "Do you think I'd take her back?"

"How do I know? Besides, Professor Harlan is so absent-minded that your fears would probably be groundless."

"You don't understand," the husband explained patiently. "To a man his wife is a sort of a child who must be protected even from herself."

"Protected and also spanked," Elizabeth amended. "But I wouldn't worry about this matter in the least, Mr. Hapgood, because I don't think Professor Harlan knows about it at all, and it really takes two to make a successful elopement."

"I know; but Marian could make him do it. She is irresistible."

"I wonder. I wish that some man felt that I was as unscrupulously poisonous as all that."

"Oh, but you're different."

"I know. No sex appeal. Everybody tells me that, in one way or another."

Mr. Hapgood had another bitter contribution to make:

"Why doesn't the poor nut marry somebody else and put my wife out of her misery? As long as he stays single, she has the idea that he is patiently waiting for me to die and she wonders if she ought not to hasten the day with a little ground glass. Why doesn't he marry even you?"

"I don't like the way you say that, but I'm tough and I guess I can stand one more biff on the nose. The reason he has not done as you suggest is because the idea has never occurred to him."

"It would save him a lot of trouble if he would."

"Not in the long run, probably. But why?"

"Because I am going to find him and beat the everlasting whangdoodle out of him."

ELIZABETH regarded her visitor seriously, to determine whether he meant it or not.

"Professor Harlan," she offered, "isn't afraid of anything that walks on two or any other number of legs."

"Good. Then it won't be so much like murder. I like a good fight myself."

Mr. Hapgood seemed to think that he had covered all the ground. Or maybe he wanted to leave before he got really angry. At any rate, he went out, slamming the office door after him.

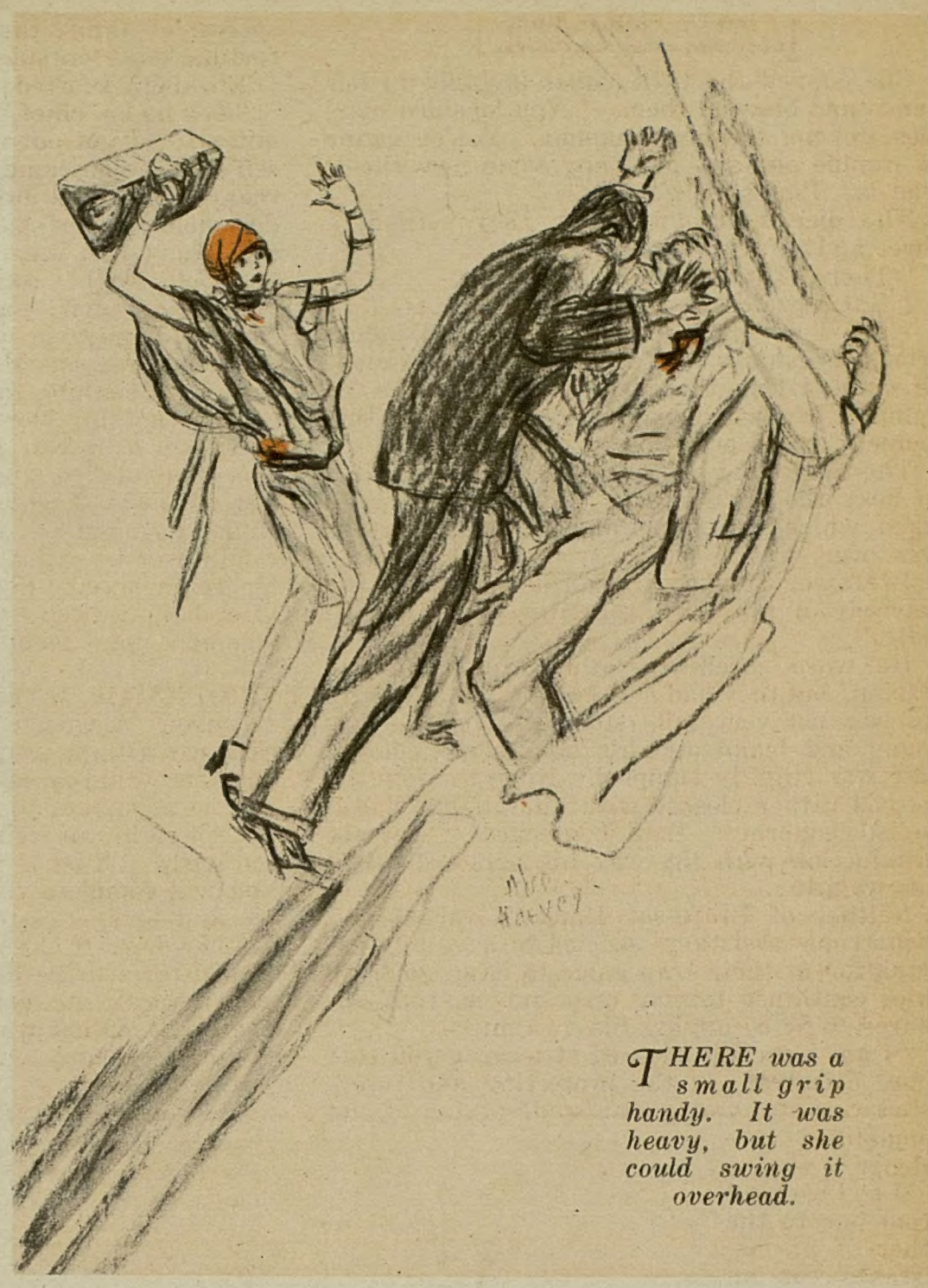
Elizabeth sat thoughtful for several minutes. Then she went home to the modest room, with use of bath, to which she had recently moved in preparation for her chief's long absence. Before that she had lived in Professor Harlan's slightly Bohemian household, partly in her secretarial capacity and partly as daughter of the establishment.

At her new quarters she spent the balance of the afternoon curling her hair, polishing her nails, and getting into a perfectly foolish frock that no one knew she owned. It was a copy of a sort of black chiffon whisper worn by Florence Vidor in her latest photoplay, Spanish Roses, and in it Elizabeth looked and felt like *Lady Godiva* in one of her inspired moments. It was becoming, though, even if no mother would have allowed her daughter to wear it.

And she left off the jaundice spectacles. Elizabeth really needed them only for close work, anyway.

When she arrived at the Lorraine and was shown to Professor Harlan's suite, he was not there. He never got anywhere ahead of schedule. His last-minute arrival at important engagements was the cause of the two gray hairs in Elizabeth's coiffure.

The hand baggage was there, anyway—a series of three small grips labeled A, B, and C. A was the one that went along if any baggage could be taken at all. B and C were the ones that got checked somewhere en route if the way promised to be difficult. All were shabby and disreputable looking. A was quite heavy because it carried instruments, bottles, and tools.



THERE was a small grip handy. It was heavy, but she could swing it overhead.

"My respected, I think, superior is doing himself rather well this trip," Elizabeth commented to herself.

There were two rooms and an actual private bath. The salon she was in was a sort of sitting-room—or in Steve's case a workshop. Beyond that was a sleeping cabin.

She stepped into the latter.

"Well," said the lady who was there first, "who are you?"

Elizabeth surveyed her without much surprise. "I'm Tommie Tucker's dog. Who are you, Strongheart or Rin-tin-tin?"

Even angry and slightly uncertain of her ground, the intruder was very lovely—one of those women so sure of their charm that it never occurs to them that the world is anything but a place for their own tiny feet.

"Don't you really remember me, Mrs. Hapgood?" Elizabeth continued after a pause. "I knew you instantly. You seem scarcely to have changed a particle."

"You're not the Corwin brat, who—?"

"Why, yes. But nobody calls me a brat any more. I'm quite grown up now. In fact, I should think that we were about of a size. I'm almost positive I could wear your clothes." She let her glance fall on the brand-new bags that had been stacked on one of the berth beds. "I see you have been shopping this afternoon. That was thoughtful of you. Having everything new is so nice for a honeymoon."

Mrs. Hapgood was startled into an unwary question: "Are you going on a honeymoon?"

Elizabeth countered with, "Aren't you? But, of course, I forgot that you have already been on yours. Or had you forgotten it?"

The conversation might have taken on a slight edge had not a warning gong, beaten from deck to deck, cautioned non-passengers to go ashore.

"You'd better be leaving," suggested Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S PAIR O' DICE
Continued from Page Nine]

Hapgood without any apparent traces of sorrow at parting.

"I'll follow you," Elizabeth agreed.

"But I'm not going ashore."

"Me neither. I hope we have a nice voyage."

"But, my dear—"

"This way, sir." A steward was ushering someone into the outer cabin.

It was Professor Harlan, as was proved by his voice when he absently thanked the guide.

The outer door closed.

Mrs. Hapgood stepped over the threshold into the light of the main cabin.

"Stevie!" she exclaimed.

Professor Harlan recognized her. "Why, Marian, what are you doing here?"

"I've left Herbert," she explained, "and at last, after seven years, I have come to you."

"Seven years?" repeated Professor Harlan vaguely. Apparently it awakened a responsive chord somewhere in his memory, but he couldn't play it.

"Yes. You said that you would wait for me always and that you knew that sometime I would come to you. It has taken me seven years to realize the error that I made on my wedding day."

"But, Marian," he expostulated, "this ship is just leaving the pier."

"I know it. I am going with you for always."

She took off her hat and laid it on the table with the gesture of a lady who has come to stay.

"My dear Marian, this is absurd. I don't understand. Get off while there is still time. Don't you realize that I am on my way to the savage and unexplored regions of Borneo and the Malay Archipelago?"

"But we can go to Paris instead. This ship stops at Madeira and we can get another one from there. I know; I've looked it all up."

"Paris? What is there to interest an anthropologist in Paris?"

"I'd be there. You wouldn't want to take me to some hot, stuffy, tropical native country where there are probably no porcelain baths. Besides, I'd die there."

"But I'm not trying to take you. There's only one woman in the world whom I'd take to the places where I am going."

"OH! Who is she?"

"No one you'd be interested in. I just happen to remember how once she fought fire with me in an African jungle. She took off her skirt and used it to beat out sparks. Before we got through, almost all the rest of our clothes were burned off too, but that didn't matter. She was a skinny rat, but, by the Lord Harry, there was a girl!"

"Steve," Marian reminded him plaintively, "you've forgotten that I'm here. Has that girl cured you of me?"

"No, but she sort of cured me of Paris."

"Then I'll go with you, Steve, anywhere that that girl would. I'll learn to be an anthro—anthro—whatever you are. And I'll fight fire with you in my step-ins, just like that Miss—what did you say her name was?"

But Steve didn't tell her. And the only other person within hearing distance didn't need to be told. She already knew, and the fact that Steve remembered it so vividly made her blush crimson—mostly with pleasure. Professor Harlan really remembered so few things. She sort of wished now she had burned off her right arm or something in his service.

A whistle blew.

"There goes the signal to cast off," Steve explained. "You simply must hurry."

He took her by the arm to escort her to the deck and to the gangplank.

"No, Steve; I'll never leave you again. Besides, it's too late. Feel the throb of the propellers. We've cast off already."

"Oh, my gosh! Listen, Marian, you've made a terrible mistake and—"

RAT-A-TAT-TAT on the door, followed by an anxious voice:

"It's your cabin steward, sir. There's a gentleman looking for you—a very angry gentleman. He came aboard just at the last second. He's found out the number of your room and he's coming now."

"Thanks."

"That's Herbert," guessed Mrs. Hapgood, slightly frightened and certainly keyed to a high pitch of excitement. "You won't let him kill you?"

"Probably not. Still, you'd better not be here when he arrives. Just run up on deck in the dark somewhere until we have our argument out. Hurry!"

But hurry was of no avail just then. Because, before he could escort her to the door, there came a thunderous pounding on the panel which announced that Herbert, or at least someone who was pretty mad, wanted to come in.

"Hide!" commanded Professor Harlan. "I'll get you out of this."

Which was a pretty large order. But Marian obeyed him, as everyone else did when he issued a command. She vanished into the inner room, the one where Elizabeth still stood, waiting for some as yet unarrived psychological moment to reveal herself. The two women maintained a listening silence.

The outer door opened and Mr. Hapgood stepped in.

"Where's my wife?"

"How should I know?" Professor Harlan countered swiftly.

"That's her hat on your table."

Herbert pointed with trembling finger at the smart black toque with the band of gold braid and the dangling gold tassel which Marian had left there.

"But," Professor Harlan explained with all the ease of an automobile salesman, "that cannot be your wife's hat."

"Why not?"

"Because it's my wife's hat."

"Umph! Your wife's hat? All right; produce your wife and I'll believe it. Where is she?"

"I can't tell you exactly where she is at just this moment. It's darned hard to keep track of them, isn't it? But I'd prefer that you and I hunted for our wives in opposite directions."

"I want to know who you've got in that bedroom!"

"Oh, hello! Was someone asking for me?" Elizabeth stepped coolly out of the stateroom. "I've left my hat somewhere. Oh, here it is."

She stepped to the table and put it on, the golden tassel over the right ear at just the proper angle. It might not actually have been her hat by right of purchase, but she had wanted it from the instant she had first seen it, and it certainly was becoming to her small, delicate features. "Considerable chapeau, eh, what?"

"I know you!" exploded the visitor. "You're this fellow's secretary or something. He called you his wife."

"That's dangerous, isn't it?" Elizabeth inquired. "I'm not absolutely certain but that so doing in the presence of a witness constitutes legal marriage—at least, in some States. You'll look that up for me, won't you?"

Professor Harlan had not yet recovered from his astonishment at seeing Elizabeth step forth from the door he had seen Marian Hapgood go through. It was like a magician's trick—a vanishing-lady act.

"Why, Elizabeth, what are you doing here?"

She tried to cover. "Where else would I be, old dear?"

But Hapgood interrupted sneeringly: "So she's your wife, is she? And you didn't know she was there. Get out of my way, you fat-faced Lothario, before I knock you for a loop."

Now, Professor Harlan never had to resort to violence in his dealings with savages. They all trusted him, or quailed before his glance, or something.

But Herbert Hapgood saw nothing to trust about the bland professor of anthropology and he certainly did not quail before his glance. Instead, he laid hands on him.

Professor Harlan promptly lifted one knee and planted it in Mr. Hapgood's stomach. This may have been by design or it may have been merely a fortuitous circumstance. It hurt just as much, either way.

MR. HAPGOOD began to throttle Professor Harlan. Mr. Hapgood was a large, strong man and could easily do it with one hand, which he proceeded to demonstrate—while with the other fist he punched Professor Harlan in the eye. He even bumped his learned opponent's head against the door jamb.

Elizabeth looked wildly around for help.

There wasn't any. She had to do something. There was a small grip handy—grip A. She picked it up. It was heavy, but she could swing it overhead. By a curious freak of chance, it came down on the cranium of Mr. Hapgood.

Once was enough.

Something broke—probably only the bottles in the grip.

In ten seconds, if anyone had been counting, Herbert Hapgood was no longer champion of that bridal suite. He seemed permanently out.

Elizabeth went to the wall and then rang the bell for the steward. She rang several times. It seemed as if it would be better if there were several stewards.

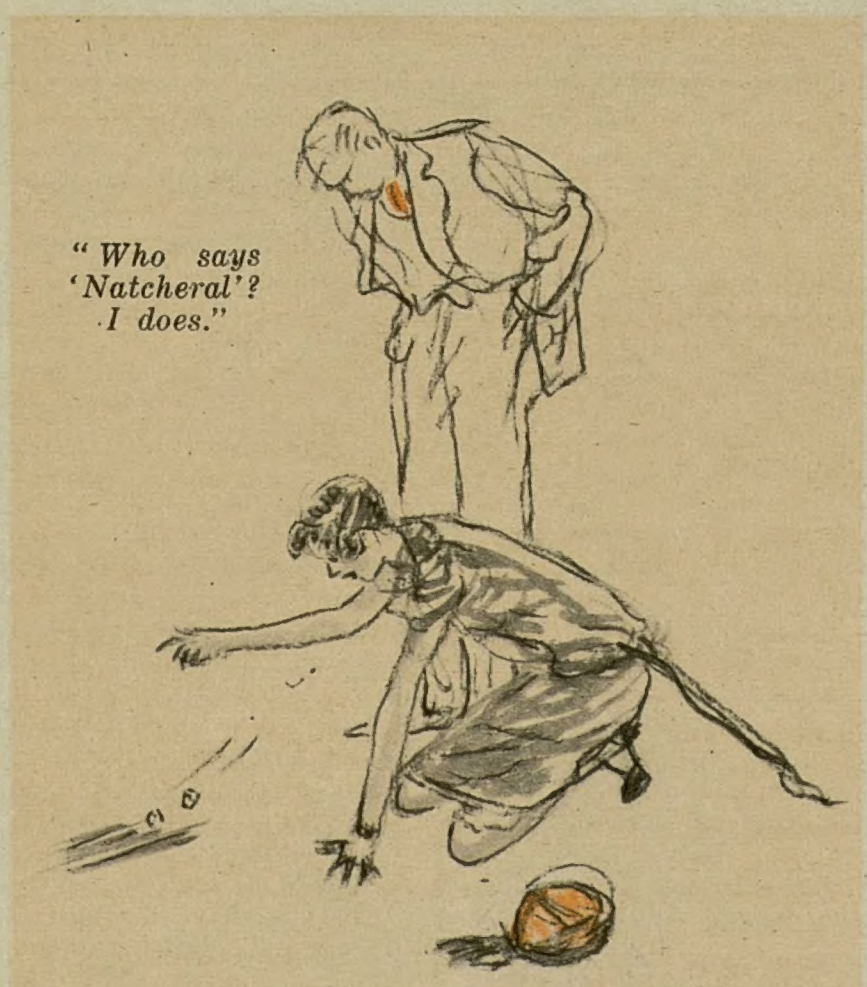
Mrs. Hapgood came out before she had finished pushing buttons.

"You've killed him!" she accused Professor Harlan. "I'm glad I found out in time what sort of brute you are. Oh, Herbert, don't die! I'll make it up to you."

But Herbert didn't hear or see.

Only one steward arrived, but he was able to find another in the corridor.

"This gentleman," said Elizabeth, she being the only one with presence of mind to have a plan, "this gentleman accidentally got carried off. He seems to have celebrated our departure a bit too enthusiastically. If you can arrange to send him ashore with the pilot, I'm



"Who says 'Natcheral'? I does."

"I MISSED the pilot boat. Aren't you glad?" Professor Harlan grinned. "Yes, I'm glad."

sure he will pay generously for the privilege."

They carried him out, not very gracefully.

Mrs. Hapgood followed. "I trust I may never see you again." She addressed better than half of her wish at Elizabeth.

"Well," said the latter, "I'm only home on Thursdays in February every alternate year, so probably you won't."

"I'LL take my hat," Mrs. Hapgood said icily.

"Not this hat," Elizabeth wailed. "You never can wear it again. He has seen it here. What can you do with it?"

"I can and will throw it overboard."

"No, no. I'll match you for it."

"Never. This hat goes over the side of the boat."

"Then tell me which side, so I can be ready to dive."

Mrs. Hapgood refused further to bandy words with the woman she hated. She slammed the door after herself and her husband.

When they were gone, Professor Harlan sank into a seat. One of his eyes was almost closed, but the other one twinkled.

"Well," he asked, "what'll we do now?"

"Are you cured of the seven-year itch?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll carry on. Which grip is the arnica in?"

"Grip A."

Elizabeth investigated. "There may be arnica here, but it's mixed with so many other things, including broken glass, that I wouldn't dare use it."

"Never mind. The steward can get me something. It's time, anyway, that you were getting up on deck, if you are going to catch that pilot boat back to shore."

Elizabeth looked up, pained and shocked. "But I hadn't intended to go ashore."

"Perhaps not, but I'm the head of this expedition. No woman will accompany it to distract the attention of the troops and to inspire the natives with the idea of revolt and kidnaping."

"You know I wouldn't distract you, and natives never get excited over a 'skinny rat.'"

"You heard me say that?"

"Yes. Although it is not strictly true. I am merely slender now. Look!"

She pulled up her skirt just a little. She really was perfectly built.

"Don't argue with me."

"I didn't say a word. I was asking you to draw your own conclusions."

"Go ashore in that boat."

"I'll shoot you two flops whether I do or don't."

Professor Harlan hesitated—with the usual result. He was lost.

They went down on the floor with the dice.

There was no chivalry about Elizabeth. This was in deadly earnest. She took the first roll herself.

"Hot bones, go get your baby them shoes!"

She shot a seven.

But so did Professor Harlan. And he had language in his system that Elizabeth had never heard before.

She made a second throw—a one and a two.

Without preamble, her opponent turned up an eleven.

"I forgot to tell you," he said with a grin, "that I was born with a four-leaf clover in one hand and a pair of dice in the other. When I get back I'll teach you this game." He led her to the door. "Good-by. And don't slip on the pilot's rope ladder."

ELIZABETH went sullenly up on deck. The Lorraine had to heave to for a few minutes to transship the unconscious Mr. Hapgood. Elizabeth forgot her own resentment and watched the process with interest. They handled him on a stretcher with a sort of a donkey-rigged whip.

When they had started to lower away on the tackle, Elizabeth retraced her way to her employer's stateroom.

A steward was there, trying to bandage up Professor Harlan's eye. He might have been able to do it if his patient had not been so restive.

Finally Steve exploded. "Get out of here. Don't touch me. Don't let anybody touch me."

The steward on his way out met Elizabeth on her way in.

"Keep away from him, miss," the servant cautioned. "He doesn't want anybody to touch him."

"Excepting me," Elizabeth amended.

"Elizabeth!" Professor Harlan looked at her fiercely with his one eye. "What are you doing here?"

"I missed the pilot boat," she replied, without batting an eyelash. "Aren't you glad?"

Professor Harlan struggled with half a dozen emotions at once. Finally he grinned. "Yes, I'm glad."

It was fearfully obvious what ought to be done, and Steve did it, although it was practically an unpracticed gesture on his part.

The steward came in apologetically, all ready to dodge. They did not notice him.

"Pardon, sir, but the captain is holding the pilot boat in case the young lady is going back to New York."

Steve scowled first at Elizabeth and then at the steward.

"Tell the captain she isn't going," he said grimly. "I'm going to keep her with me until I can teach her not to lie to me."

The steward backed cautiously into the corridor, while Steve frowned impartially at everybody.

"What an original way," sighed Elizabeth, "of saying 'Until death us do part.'"

THE END

MAJOR EDMOND O'SHEA, *man of mystery, is returning to LIBERTY'S columns next week in another daring adventure. With him will appear the lovely* Nanette, *English society deb, who has never been able to analyze the spell which* The O'Shea *has cast over her; and* da Cunha, *sinister conspirator against the British throne. Don't miss Sax Rohmer's Moon of Madness next week.*

Southward the BIRD of

The Map-Story of 100 Years of American Expansion in the Gulf and the Caribbean

ON this map is the record of American activity in and around the Caribbean Sea for more than a century. It is the record of spreading empire. Again and again the United States has asserted its right to regulate Caribbean affairs.

We have set up or knocked down the governments of otherwise sovereign nations. Times without number our armed forces have landed to curb disorders and protect our interests. We have warned Europe with fighting words to keep hands off and have made our words respected.

We have extended our possessions in this region—by peaceful means when possible; by force of arms when occasion required it. Here is the description of the Eagle's southward flight as it is traced on the map:

1. In 1819 we bought Florida from Spain and subdued the Seminole Indians.

2. In 1837 we backed the Texans against Mexico, and in 1845 annexed Texas. We took another slice of territory from Mexico by conquest in the war of 1846-'47-'48.

3. In 1894 we forced Great Britain to arbitrate the British Guiana boundary dispute with Venezuela. That assertion of the Monroe Doctrine had a tremendous effect on Europe.

4. We tried repeatedly to buy Cuba, until 1898, when we drove the Spaniards out and took Cuba by force. We have given Cuba the partial independence of a protectorate, but she is on her good behavior, and knows it.

5. We won Porto Rico by conquest in the Spanish-American War and still hold it.

6. We have repeatedly set the affairs of Colombia in order. In 1902 we forced warring factions to stop squabbling. Colombia is assured of a stable government now, because malcontents know that we will not tolerate disturbances near the Canal Zone.

7. We abetted the slicing of the Republic of Panama off Colombia in 1903, and guaranteed its integrity, because we needed the Panama Canal. Colombia saw the futility of trying to balk Destiny.

8. We stepped in and stopped a squabble in Guatemala in 1906 that involved all

EMPIRE *Wings His Way*

The Eagle Has Flown in Ever-Widening Circles Over the Old Spanish Main—What Next?

Central America, and compelled the warring factions to accept Roosevelt's Marblehead Pact.

9. We brought peace by forcible intervention to Honduras in 1911, when ex-President Bonilla headed a revolt against the government. Again, in 1913, the marines landed to protect foreign lives and property after Bonilla's re-election had precipitated another civil war.

10. We have repeatedly stepped in to stem the tide of chaos in Santo Domingo (the Dominican Republic). In 1869 we wanted to buy Santo Domingo, and Santo Domingo agreed to become a fledgling of the Eagle, but the plan was blocked by a tie vote in the Senate. We took over the Dominican customs in 1905. We intervened, jointly with Great Britain, to halt warfare in 1913. We intervened forcibly again in 1914. In 1915 we established order and supervised the elections, and since that time we have exercised virtually the rights of a protectorate.

11. We landed armed forces in Haiti in 1915 and inaugurated a policy of armed intervention by a treaty that became effective on February 19, 1916. Since then Haiti has been under our thumb.

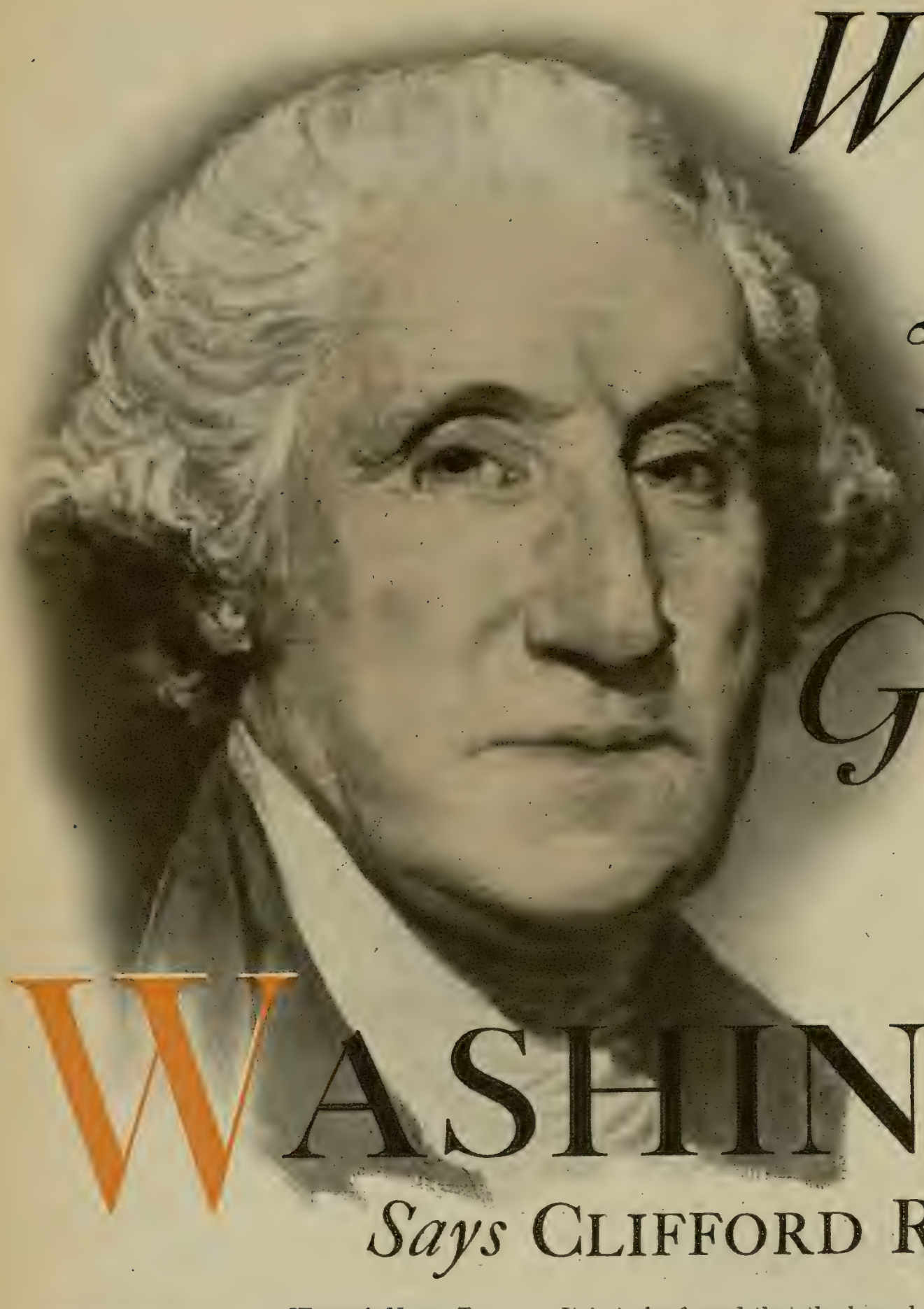
12. In 1914 we captured and occupied Vera Cruz, following Huerta's rejection of Admiral Mayo's demand for a salute to the flag. There was fighting in the streets, in which we killed many Mexicans and suffered some casualties. War was averted by the friendly mediation of the A B C powers.

13. We bought the Virgin Islands from Denmark for $25,000,000 through a treaty proclaimed January 25, 1917.

14. And now, Nicaragua. We interfered in Nicaraguan affairs as early as 1850, when Great Britain, through the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, ceded all rights to a protectorate over disputed territory along the Mosquito Coast. We intervened to restore order in Nicaragua in 1907. We landed 2,000 marines on Nicaraguan territory in 1912. In 1914 the marines landed at Bluefields.

Now the marines are in Nicaragua again.

The irrefutable logic of historical facts proves one thing: The Eagle's flight never narrows. He sweeps in an ever-widening circle.



WASHINGTON Or LINCOLN- WHICH Was GREATER?

WASHINGTON

Says CLIFFORD RAYMOND

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Two weeks ago LIBERTY printed an article by Dr. William E. Barton in which the writer pronounced Lincoln greater than Washington because of the handicaps he overcame and the fact that the United States in Lincoln's time possessed a consciousness of nationality unknown in Washington's day. Here is the brief for Washington.]

IN Dr. Barton's article in the Lincoln's Birthday issue of LIBERTY, it was maintained that Lincoln, and not Washington, is now first in the hearts of his countrymen.

That may or may not be true. It is a matter of opinion. The importance of the two great American Presidents in such a discussion is one of influence on popular opinion and conduct.

Democracy in one sense is the successful assertion that people have liberties. It is, unfortunately, also an assumption that they have abilities. Some care must be taken if the assertion of liberties is not to be injured or destroyed by the assumption of abilities.

It is to be feared that the legend of Lincoln proves to a great many people that it is requisite that a patriot be born in a log cabin. That is not only improbable. It is not true.

People are illusioned. They do not live real lives. They "kid" themselves. The less they think they do this, the more they may do it. They will tell their children at a certain age that there is no Santa Claus. They never dare tell themselves that.

Many Americans stick close to the Lincoln legend because they think it flatters themselves. They are the common people. Lincoln was the common man. What an easy miracle to raise all mediocrity to nobility!

A democratic people are not disposed to find the causes of their failures in themselves. Lack of confidence would be ruin; but overconfidence may be injurious.

The legend of Lincoln is the most complimentary mirror the American people ever had offered them. They do not see his whole genius. Some of it would astonish them, particularly his genius for tenacity and ruthlessness in war.

If Lincoln had been able to find generals, before Grant, to fight as hard as he wanted to, the Civil War might have been shortened two years. But that is not the legend of the Lincoln people know, or want to know. They want the man who pardoned the sentinel asleep at his post.

It is possibly true that to many persons the story of a man who succeeds by a struggle to raise himself from an unfortunate environment will be more convincing, more inspiring, and nobler than the story of a man who sacrifices a pleasant environment for the public good.

There are notable examples to the contrary, but they are not in our country, and they are spiritual rather than fleshly. St. Francis of Assisi and Prince Gautama as Buddha indicate this trend.

Both Washington and Lincoln had to escape from environment. For Lincoln this meant personal advancement. What he did in self-instruction would have been justified if it had put him no farther than the Illinois Legislature.

HE had enough incentive if he could be a country judge, a circuit judge, a Representative in Congress, or a Senator from Illinois. His boyhood was in few respects less fortunate than that of Andrew Jackson, and in many respects more fortunate. It was the boyhood of many Americans. Most of them did not get much beyond its limitations and yet had their value, as a mass, to the republic. Others than Lincoln did get beyond it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Vegetable-Beef

Some people like it even better than our famous Vegetable Soup!

In every plate of Campbell's Vegetable-Beef:

Invigorating beef broth
Hearty pieces of beef
Vegetable puree
Tomatoes
Diced white potatoes
Diced carrots
Peas
Onion
Pearl barley
Parsley

12 cents a can

Campbell's Vegetable Soup—a tremendous favorite—has created a great public taste and demand for hearty soup which is richly laden with choice vegetables.

So it's only natural that another soup of the same general type, Campbell's Vegetable-Beef, should be making such big strides in popularity every day.

Remember Campbell's Vegetable-Beef as the soup made with vegetables, that also offers your appetite a generous quantity of solid beef, in hearty pieces. Every plateful gives you, besides, rich and tonic beef broth, delicious vegetable puree, diced vegetables, the finest of peas and blanched pearl barley.

In fact, many housewives put this soup in a class with solid foods—it's so filling and nourishing. Here's a lunch or supper already cooked or a wonderful dinner dish.

Special helps for housewives . . .

Heat Campbell's Vegetable-Beef just as it comes from the can, spread it on toast with a sprinkling of parsley. Wonderful for breakfast, luncheon or supper. For the most tempting and delicious stew, add it to meat, potatoes and dumplings. Meat loaf, croquettes, meat pie, casserole of rice and beef, omelets, salads—there's no end to the attractive, nourishing dishes so much easier to prepare with the aid of Campbell's Vegetable-Beef.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

"That's a Bear of a Bar, Jim!"

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Washington had to rise out of his environment. He was precisely the man to make a liberal American Tory. Another such man was his friend Bryan Fairfax, a liberal-minded man who remained a loyalist and who could not break with the crown. To an intelligent Tory the crown meant continuity of government, and if partisans broke down this hereditary, fixed succession, they got the Wars of the Roses, or the dictatorship of Cromwell, or something produced by Wat Tyler or Jack Cade.

WASHINGTON had the tradition, training, and background for such thought. He was a landed proprietor, a slave owner, a fox hunter, a man of class and distinction, interested in improved cultivation of ground, in the better breeding of stock, in social dignities and amenities. He did not love his fellow man indiscriminately.

His feeling for masses of people was cool. His feeling for their rights was ardent. He did not believe that the Lord loved the plain people and therefore made a lot of them. He thought people would behave with a great deal of rascality, cupidity, timidity, and low appetite—the most of them; that they were unreliable, except in selfishness; that their better moments would be spoiled by their weaker ones; and that they needed discipline. If they could not impose it on themselves, someone should impose it on them.

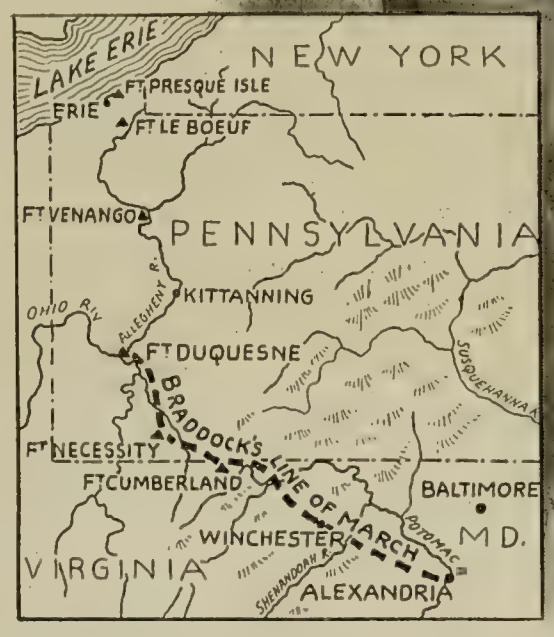
Washington did not compliment the people, but he devoted his life to their welfare. Their rights and their misfortunes were their champions with him. His wisdom sometimes failed, but his heart not often.

His boyhood ambition was to follow the profession of arms. In later life he thought war a calamity a happy people should avoid. In youth he thought the profession one a fortunate man might have opportunity to adopt. The difference in opinion is not one of mind, but of pulse.

The early military services that Washington was glad to undertake as a young man of spirit were of great hardship.

As a colonial soldier he had five experiences.

One was when he carried the Virginia ouster orders to St. Pierre, the French commander at Fort le Bœuf, beyond Venango, above the junction of French Creek with the Allegheny River, in northwestern Pennsylvania.



Route to Fort Duquesne covered by Washington as a youthful soldier.

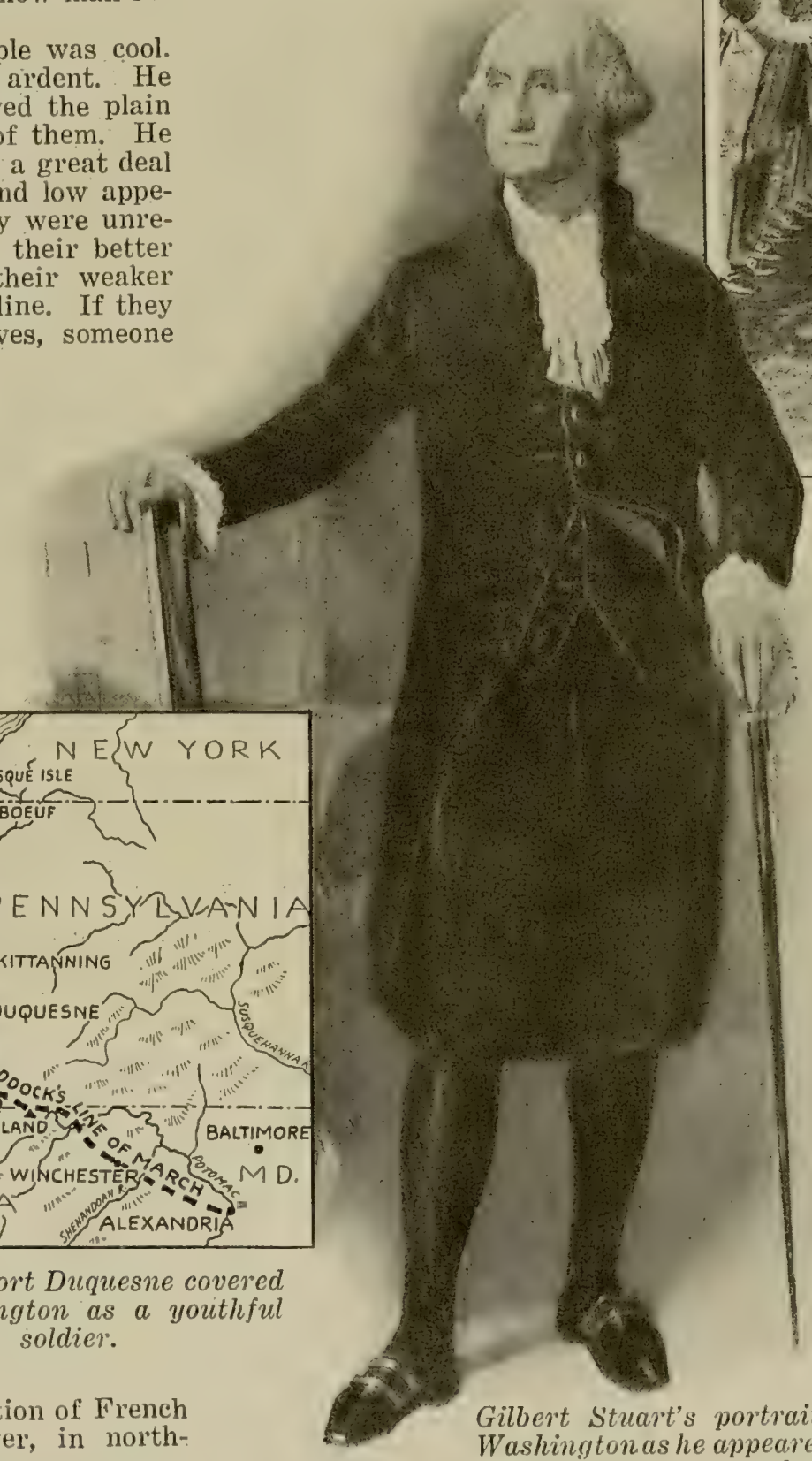
In this wilderness he virtually broke new ground for the seaboard and tidewater English—and nearly lost his life in dangerous waters.

His second experience was in command of the Virginia expedition to enforce the ouster orders. That brought him two humiliations. He was given a reputation in Europe as an assassin. At his orders his men fired on a French reconnoitering party, and among the killed was Jumonville, a gallant young Frenchman who was in the equivocal position of being head of a scouting party and also bearer of a communication to the English. Washington shot at the scout and found afterward he had killed the "ambassador."

The second humiliation was being forced to surrender at dismal Fort Necessity to the French under Jumonville's brother and being tricked into signing, in the articles of capitulation, a confession that he had assassinated the young Frenchman.

This was up in the wilderness of the Alleghenies. Rain was falling. A great wind was blowing. The candle by which Washington was hearing a blundering translation of the French terms read was flickering with every gust.

His third experience was with Braddock, over the same road to the dreadful day of that defeat of a large force of British regulars and sailors and Virginia colonials by a few French Canadians, a despairing group of French regulars, and a gathering of Indians who ran at the first shot and came sneaking back to fire another and find it an easy slaughter.



Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington as he appeared at the close of the Revolution.

These experiences are mentioned in detail because they represent the youth of this young aristocrat; and, if struggle is to be indicative of worth, it is fair to remember that few well known Americans of any generation, whether on the Potomac or the Sangamon, had a preparation for life which required so much sacrifice of ease and so much physical and mental fortitude.

The crime of Braddock's defeat followed in the remorseless retreat of the beaten British army to Philadelphia and the consequent exposure of the frontier to the exulting Indians. Washington, at Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, tried to hold this murderous invasion back. This was his fourth experience and probably much the worst of the five; but Virginia, suffering, did not suffer as Pennsylvania did, where Quakers and German farmers were indifferent to the mutilation of the homesteaders until their own scalps were lifted.

Washington taking command of the army at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

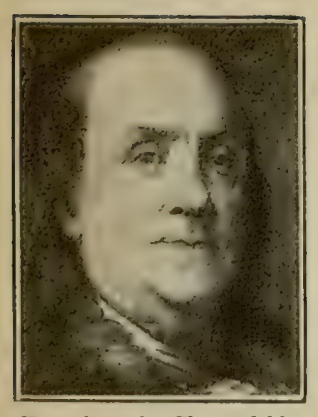
Washington's fifth experience was with General Forbes, who, with only one loss of troops in a massacre—that of the men under Major James Grant—took possession of Fort Duquesne and made it Fort Pitt.

NO youth in American history, later to be renowned in maturity, had greater self-discipline, greater self-sacrifice, greater hardship, or greater merit. One may climb Laurel Hill now in an automobile, by a good road, and consider, with appreciation, that Washington went over this and other mountains, cutting a road for swivel guns.

If the way a youth takes to later service be considered as affecting the quality of the service or the character from which it comes, the young man who gave up Mount Vernon's pleasant acres on the Potomac for the wilderness of the Youghiogheny, the Allegheny, and French Creek, for Will's Creek and Laurel Hill, for the company of Christopher Gist and the Iroquois "half-king," for the panics of Indian forays into the Shenandoah Valley following the terrible experience of Braddock's defeat, may be thought of as one who had escaped from his environment into hard and dangerous paths of public service.

Washington's preparation for his mature life was rigorous enough to stand as exemplary. It is the safest standard to give a nation as an ideal. It cannot be true that every citizen born in an unfortunate environment will get out of it, or will want to get out of it. It is less true that if he did get out of it he would want to serve the whole interest of his country. Honest patricians are better than big butter-and-egg men for a country.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Benjamin Franklin.

[WASHINGTON OR LINCOLN—WHICH WAS GREATER? WASHINGTON
Con't from Page Seventeen]

With those five experiences as preparation for maturity, Washington took command of the New Englanders besieging Boston. He was forty-three years old. The colonies did not know where they were going, or what they were doing. Neither did George III and his ministers. The New Englanders knew they would drive the British out of Boston if they could; but what, after that, no one knew. The Declaration of Independence wasn't until the year after the fox-hunting Virginia squire took responsibility for an army which dissolved and was recreated while he was in command, cooping up the British in a city they never occupied again.

It was no wonder that the fame of an unusual man went abroad and spread across Europe.

WASHINGTON had devoted himself to his country. We must wonder now where the finer men of the American colonies derived their idea of a country. What share did a Virginia aristocrat, by preference raising tobacco, breeding foxhounds, chasing foxes, and sowing his winter wheat, have in a common idea of a country with John Hancock of Massachusetts? What inspiration had he found in common with the mechanics of the rebellious port of Boston? What, even, had he in sympathy with the most serenely beautiful of all American patriots, Dr. Joseph Warren, who died at Bunker Hill because he thought the intrenched men awaiting British shock troops might need encouragement?

Warren and Washington might have raised their glasses to each other in comprehension, but where did either get his idea of a country? There were thirteen unruly colonies, in no wise less unruly than in their relations with each other. There were private wars between them, such as kept Vermont out of the confederation. Is it unfair to contrast the position of a man who became President with a nation to save when it had been unified and spiritualized, with that of a man who came out of Virginia to take command of an army, if it could be so called, in Massachusetts when there was no nation?

What great vision had enabled this Virginia fox hunter, satisfied when he was on his own happy acres, to undertake forlorn rebellion against natural instinct and to put himself in the shadow of the gallows in doing so?

He had his "hatts" from England, but what he had under them was of other texture, and in our own time conspicuous men have had above their collar buttons nothing American except their hats. Patrick Henry had said he was no longer a Virginian, but an American. But that was rhetoric. The brilliant Benedict Arnold made an expedition into Canada, in a winter siege of Quebec after the death of Montgomery, which in fortitude dwarfs Wolfe's capture of the city, but Arnold went into sulks under mistreatment, and then into treachery, and then into an eternity of obloquy.

Stark was hurt by the advancement of others, and retired in a huff. Burr served like a ball of fire under Montgomery and Arnold, and retired from the service.

Lee and Gates, whom Washington had preferred for position, betrayed him or intrigued against him.

Baron von Steuben. *Marquis de Lafayette.*

Washington went through the disaster of Long Island mitigated by the success at Trenton and Princeton. He lost his campaign for Philadelphia and had the lonesome winter at Valley Forge.

Lonesome is the word. The States failed him. His trusted men betrayed him. Incompetents revealed themselves everywhere. Supplies were not furnished. Men were not recruited. Congress was shifting away from the enemy.

It got as far as York, Pennsylvania, on its way toward the western frontier. The States had no political unity. They did not represent a country. There was no country. The States had boundary disputes which endured for fifty years after Washington's time. They were united only by the emergency of war. They were broken into groups by prejudice and hope of advantage, by the selfishness of their masses of citizens, and by the duplicity, cupidity, and timidity of their leaders.

Where did Washington get his country? Yet he had it. He was one of the few men in the formation of the United States who stood out in the battle front of all of this and above it. The best military aid he had was from Von Steuben, a German. The best sentimental aid he got was from Lafayette, a Frenchman. The only aid which possibly he could not have done without was the aid of two Pennsylvanians—Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris—one to get him support abroad, and the other to give him financial support at home.

Robert Morris.

Where did he get his country? What grandeur of imagination showed him a unity worth his effort for these jealous, competitive States? He had devoted soldiers, and some of them he had to restrain by pathetic eloquence, to keep them from putting up a military government such as England had under Cromwell.

It might have been unavoidable destiny for the American colonies to break away sometime from a government in the British Isles; but if it had to be done in the way it was, and at the time it was, it is now inconceivable that it could have been done without Washington.

What the American people have now as a nation came from the character of the Virginian who might have been a loyalist, but who founded the American Union. It was founded by his tenacity in spite of military misfortune; by his sense of the close national unity which should bind the jealous States and didn't; by his judgment against international sentimentalism; and by his insistence that Americans learn they lived under a government and not above it.

Washington was great at all points of national crisis, but probably never greater than when he made John Hancock, Governor of Massachusetts, know that even in Massachusetts the President of the United States required the first call; and again when he marched against the farmers and frontiersmen of western Pennsylvania, to prove in the Whisky Rebellion that if the Federal government of the United States levied an excise tax, it should be paid. This new government, he made plain, was not that of Great Britain. Its taxes had to be paid.

LATER, in the conflict between aristocracy and democracy, there would have to be modifications of this aristocratic theory; but if it had not been for George Washington, neither Andrew Jackson nor Abraham Lincoln would have had anything to save.

It is not a strange thing that Abraham Lincoln was for the maintenance, intact, of a popular government. It was all he ever had known. The strange thing is that Washington was devoted to the establishment of it. He never had seen it.

Lincoln's motive in government was to save the Union; Washington's motive was to create it.

He was not so far from Lincoln in either time or place. He was a friend of the West. He preceded Henry Clay in an American policy. He had a scheme of waterways for the West. He owned land out in the valley of the Ohio. He died in what we'd call the prime of his life as a private citizen on his land, sixty-seven years old, after a night and day of illness, virtually with his boots on and right off his horse. Lincoln was born ten years later in the very land Washington loved.

Washington was an aristocrat. When the United States runs out of his breed it will be out of luck. Democracy might do without democrats with somewhat better success than it could do without aristocrats, although this sentiment may appeal only to Americans who prefer the late Theodore Roosevelt to the late Warren G. Harding.

THE END

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by

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A superbly romantic tale of beautiful Nanette and The O'Shea in which she fights treachery for her lover's sake. And a hint of dangers still to come.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

The Beautiful Duchesse de Gramont

on keeping a lovely skin
—Nature's gift to Youth

The Duchesse *de* Gramont

is the acknowledged leader of Parisian society. Young, beautiful, distinguished, she is the widow of the late Antoine Alfred Agénor, Eleventh Duc de Gramont, head of an important French family which was granted a duchy in 1643. Before her marriage the Duchesse was Maria Ruspoli, of the Roman family of the Princes Ruspoli.

To left, an ancient Italian Castle belonging to the Duchesse, its towers and battlements overlooking Lake Maggiore.

BEAUTY now brilliant as crystal, now shadowy as a fugitive moonbeam; the bearing of a woman unconsciously proud of her distinguished lineage—this is Maria Ruspoli, Duchesse de Gramont, acknowledged leader of Parisian society.

She moves in that small exclusive circle which hunts and golfs in the *parcs* of the French *chateaux*, or which dines and dances in the gracious houses of the Champs Elysées or the Parc Monceau of Paris. But last year she visited America where she was queen of the season at Palm Beach, bringing with her a wardrobe so faultless in chic and taste that all the fashion journals promptly featured her.

The Duchesse de Gramont senses the importance of the thousand details that go to make up the perfect whole. Nothing too slight if it contributes to charm, to *cachet*, to distinction.

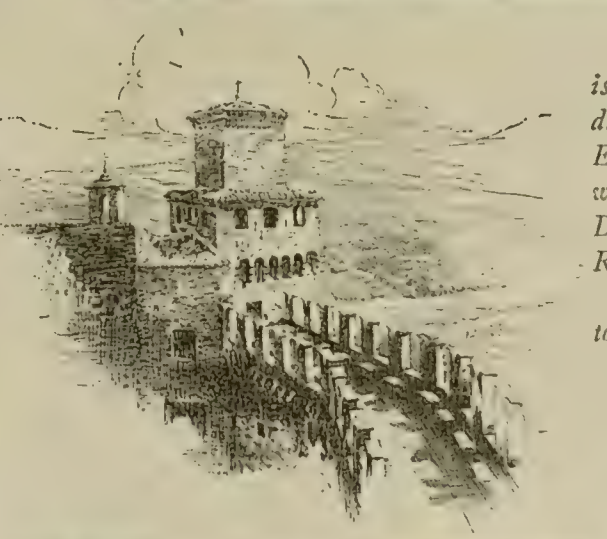
THE creams she chooses for her skin like "the waxen whiteness of some tropic flower"—does she select them, too, with this meticulous care? In her own words, let her tell you!

"A lovely skin and good colour are Nature's gift to youth but their possession must not be taken for granted. Rather they are to be protected and preserved by daily care. Pond's Two Creams afford an exquisite means of giving precisely the care a woman's skin requires today."

Thus another of the beautiful women of the social world offers tribute to the Two famous Creams made by Pond's! Delicate, fragrant, compounded with scientific skill from precious ingredients, these Creams should be used each day as follows:

Pond's Cold Cream affords a thorough cleansing. It should be used every night before retiring and during the day whenever the skin feels dusty and tired. Its fine oils penetrate the pores bringing to the surface all dust and powder. If the skin is dry, more Cream, applied after the nightly cleansing and left until morning, will restore suppleness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream affords an exquisitely soft finish, enchantingly natural and smooth; holds your powder surprisingly long and oh! so evenly; and keeps winds, dust and city soot from chapping, and clogging your pores. It should be applied lightly after every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, except the bedtime one.



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Love's *Greatest* MISTAKE

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"NOT many," her companion answered, leaning forward in his chair, "as good-looking as you."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Story of a Girl Who Went Hunting in the Danger Zones of Romance

A Serial by

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

DON KENDALL swept Honey McNeill into his arms, bruised her lips with a blinding kiss. She heard a voice within her whispering cruelly: "You have wanted to know about life. This *is* life."

She tore herself from his grasp. "Don't touch me!" she cried.

They were alone in Ben Troup's study. Ben had risen from the mud, but he had risen far in that small Pennsylvania town, and he was "throwing a party." His liquor was pre-war and his music suggested the thick, torrid atmosphere of the jungle.

Don had brought Honey and her handsome sister Jane Sommers to the party.

"Look out for that Kendall boy, Honey," Jane had warned. "Ten minutes alone with him would ruin any woman's reputation."

And yet it was Jane whom Don finally escorted home at 5 o'clock in the morning!

While Honey was freeing herself from Don's embrace it happened that Jane was standing in the hall outside. With her was a studious-looking young man whom she presented, when

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Your theatre manager will be glad to give you the dates.

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Paramount Pictures

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Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW	WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton.	Edward Sutherland	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN.	William Beaudine	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray	Frank Tuttle	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling.	Arthur Rosson	
Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy, Warner Oland.	John Waters	
THE POPULAR SIN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger.	Malcolm St. Clair	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN.	Eddie Cline	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Betty Bronson.	Gregory La Cava	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. FIELDS	Fred Newmeyer	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal.	Richard Rosson	
GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS	Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall.	Herbert Brenon	
LONDON	Starring DOROTHY GISH	Herbert Wilcox	
SORROWS OF SATAN	ADOLPHE MENJOU, Ricardo Cortez, Lya de Putti, Carol Dempster.	D. W. Griffith	
THE KID BROTHER	Starring HAROLD LLOYD. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation.		
NEW YORK	Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, William Powell, Norman Trevor	Luther Reed	
HOTEL IMPERIAL	Starring POLA NEGRI. With James Hall and George Siegmann.	Mauritz Stiller	
Zane Grey's THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER	Jack Holt, Betty Jewel and all-star cast.	John Waters	
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH.	Erle Kenton	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

Super Attractions Coming!

"WINGS"

"BARNUM"

"METROPOLIS"

"BEAU GESTE"

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"OLD IRONSIDES"

(Now in its 3rd Month, Rivoli, N. Y.)

"THE ROUGH RIDERS"

(Now at the Geo. M. Cohan, N. Y., for a long run)

"THE WEDDING MARCH"

Watch for these great Paramount super-productions coming! The pictures below and those in the Guide you can see now or very soon. Ask your Theatre Manager.

Love's Greatest Mistake

Liberty's Great Serial Feature

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

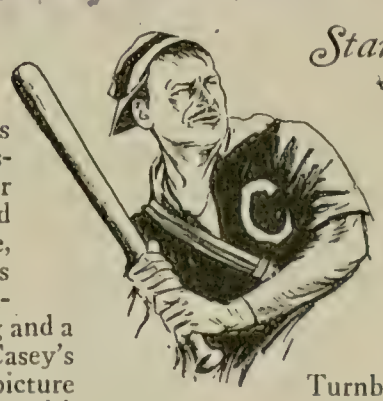
An Edward Sutherland Production

Evelyn Brent
William Powell
James Hall
Josephine Dunn

A THRILLING exposé of the temptations that befell a modern girl hungering for romance and love, told in story by Frederic Arnold Kummer, and on the screen by Paramount. The story began in the February 19th issue of "Liberty"—read every instalment—then watch your local papers for the announcement of the picture—or ask your Theatre Manager when he is showing it.

Casey at the Bat

Starring Wallace Beery



"There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place, there was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face"—just picture Wallace Beery with a role like that! It's funnier than "Behind the Front" or "We're in the Navy Now."

A HECTOR Turnbull Production, directed by Monty Brice, the story by Hector Turnbull. With a great cast, including Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts and Sterling Holloway. Prepare to laugh as you never have!

Clara Bow in It

An Elinor Glyn-Clarence Badger Production

IF you don't know what "it" is, it's time you did! Read the story in Cosmopolitan, then see Clara Bow demonstrate what you can do when you have "it." Even her wealthy employer, Antonio Moreno, falls for "it."

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Toilets	3 to 5 minutes
Bakeries	3 minutes
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Tunnels	1 to 10 minutes
Projecting Booths	2 minutes
Laboratories	3 to 10 minutes
Conduits	1 to 10 minutes
Ship Holds	10 minutes
Kitchens (Home)	2 to 3 minutes
Laundries	5 minutes
Theaters	5 to 10 minutes
Assembly Halls	5 to 10 minutes
Garages	5 minutes
Dining Rooms	5 to 15 minutes
Machine Shops	15 minutes
Lodge Rooms	10 minutes
Foundries	5 to 10 minutes
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*This table based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

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MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

GOOD VENTILATION IS ONLY GOOD BUSINESS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

the door was opened, as "Mr. Gibbs." Honey gave him the dance he asked for and, with a stab of pain, left Don for Jane to monopolize.

Gibbs, a young New York architect, took Honey home, but it was of Don she dreamed.

Don's father lived in New York—owned a steamship line. Only Don's grandmother bound him to the town. There was a social gulf between him and "the McNeill girls." Frail, wistful "Pop" McNeill held a position in the Department of Public Works, and Jane's colorless, plodding husband, George Sommers, sold electric washing machines.

A week after the party, Herbert Gibbs called on Honey. He told her of his work in New York, and gave her his address in case she should ever come to the big town.

Honey tried to be interested in this cautious young man, but when she went to bed that night, her mind and heart were full of Don—and there was also the feeling that Fate was carrying her toward a crisis she could not escape.

"OH—piffle!" Honey sat on the edge of the kitchen table, waving her charming legs.

PART TWO

HONEY, reaching home after a stroll with Jane the following afternoon, found a house of dreadful turmoil. Her father had collapsed suddenly in his office an hour before—had been brought home dead. Life's problems, as far as he was concerned, were all solved—ended.

She sat in her room for many hours, weeping, wondering what

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Does your face need after-shaving care?

Some men think that their skins are too tough to need special care after shaving. Even they change their minds after trying Aqua Velva, the new scientific after-shaving liquid. For Aqua Velva not only soothes all little cuts after a too hurried shave, but keeps your face feeling fine and smooth as a glove.

Aqua Velva does these 5 things:

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
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For use after shaving

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Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Lib. 2-26-27

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Making it easy for others to follow

OVER a billion dollars a year for building roads and maintaining them—one of the biggest industries in the country and one of the hardest jobs that motor trucks are given to do.

Over 55,000 miles of hard roads will be constructed in the United States during 1927—think of it—fifteen times across the continent! And where the going is hardest, where roads have never been before, there International Trucks are blazing the trail and paving the way—making it easy for others to follow!

Road reconstruction in old New England, putting a solid footing through the sands of the south, pulling Iowa out of the mud, or tearing away hills in California—it's all in a day's work for International Trucks because that kind of work was built into them at the factory.

The Harvester Company has been building good trucks for more than twenty-two years, and they are building better trucks now than ever.

"We want you to know that we are enjoying complete satisfaction from our International Trucks. Our rapidly increasing business is due in large part to the unfailing performance of our International Fleet. When we buy more trucks, we will buy Internationals."

RALPH L. NICHOLS,
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Write us and we will give you the names of contractors who build roads with International Trucks in your own part of the country—such men, for instance, as S. R. Rosoff, New York, who operates 32 Internationals; L. M. Gray of Jacksonville, 18 Internationals; M. O. Weaver of Iowa Falls, 41 Internationals; and Claude Mayhugh of Los Angeles who owns 26 Internationals.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾ ton, 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Served by 125 Company-owned branches in the United States. Write for literature.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

W. W. Magee of St. Paul uses 42 Internationals, making records building better roads through Minnesota.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]
the future held in store for them now. Their home, no doubt, would be broken up. There would be no money with which to run it now. She would have to go to work, of course, and that knowledge she welcomed.

But to find work—that was the problem; work that would mean even a bare living. She would doubtless be obliged to spend the years of her youth over a typewriter—unless she happened to marry some hard-working, honest man, as Jane had done.

A fortune teller had once predicted that she would marry millions. Honey did not know any millionaires—never expected to know any—except Don Kendall. He was one—or would be some day.

As if in response to her thoughts, she heard Jane calling softly to her, telling her she was wanted on the telephone.

She was amazed to hear Don's voice, warm, deep, sympathetic.

"I've just heard the terrible news, Honey," he said. "I want to let you know how shocked I am—how deeply I sympathize with you in your trouble. Is there anything I can do? If there is, just tell me, dear. Anything."

Honey thanked him through choking tears. There was a sincerity in his voice that seemed, in her grief, almost a caress. A big-brother caress, no doubt, but still very sweet. The mere fact that he had called at all was sweet. The thought of it was to cheer her through many bitter days.

AT 5 o'clock on the day of Mr. McNeill's funeral, the McNeill family, including the in-laws, sat in ostentatiously solemn conclave around the dining-room table in the little house on Grove Street.

The funeral had taken place at 12 o'clock. Poor Mr. McNeill had made no vivid impression on the world during his lifetime, and his departure was now forgotten in an argument over what to do with the $10,000 of life insurance left by the deceased.

Mrs. McNeill, rather dowdy in a hastily constructed black silk, wanted to use the money to buy the house on which they had been paying rent for twenty years, in order that she might go on living in what had become her home. She loved it as one loves a habit, which was natural enough.

Martin, her son, who lived in Philadelphia and operated a small milk route, objected violently.

"What would you live on?" he asked in a loud, unpleasant voice. "It's absurd."

"I thought I might take in boarders," the old lady quavered. "With Honey to help me—"

"No good. Put the money in my business. I need it, to expand. Grace and I"—he turned to his plump and brainless wife—"will take you to live with us—give you a nice home. That's what you ought to do."

"But—what about Honey?"

"Honey can go to work. Time she did, anyway."

"I think it would be much better," Jane Sommers broke in, "for mother to invest the money in safe bonds. George says she can get six per cent—that's six hundred a year. Then she and Honey can come and live with us. Pay a small board, of course—enough to cover expenses. There's plenty of room."

Jane looked very smart in her mourning.

"VERY nice for you and George," Martin sneered.

"No nicer than for you to use the money in your old business."

"I do think Honey should do something," Grace remarked in her vapid voice. "I did, until Martin married me. Do now, in fact—take care of my home. That's work enough for any woman, I can tell you."

"I don't approve of young girls going into business," Mrs. McNeill announced. "They never did in my time. Honey's place is with me—till she marries some hard-working young man and settles down in a nice little home."

Up to this point Honey herself had said nothing. She had, however, been doing a great deal of thinking.

"It seems to me," she remarked, "that you are all settling my affairs for me in a very high-handed way. Don't forget I'm free and white, and if I'm not twenty-one, still I'm of age and can do as I please."

"And what do you please?" Martin inquired sarcastically. He had never, at any time, been overfond of his younger sister.

"I haven't decided yet. I think I'll go to New York and look for a job."

"Doing what?" Again Martin sneered. "There's twenty thousand girls walking Broadway right now, looking for jobs. Maybe you figure you'll be a movie queen or something."

"Something, anyhow." Honey's face was pink with anger, now. "Something worth while. I'll never do that, sitting around this one-horse town. I won't help mother run a boarding-house—that's flat. If you ask me, I think Jane's suggestion is the best. Let mother put her money in bonds. Then she'll have it and maybe fifty dollars a month—enough to pay her board. If she divides her time between you two"—she included her brother and sister in a glance—"you'll each get some of her income, which I guess is what you want.

"But leave me out. I've been practicing on that old typewriter dad brought home from the office last summer, and I'm pretty good at it. You can scrap all you like over dad's life insurance—I don't want any of it."

Honey rose and flounced out of the room, which broke up the conference. The rent for the house, it happened, had been paid only two days before, which gave Mrs. McNeill her home for another month at least. In the interim, it was agreed that the life-insurance money was to be placed in the bank, along with some other small savings Mrs. McNeill had made "to be buried with."

Honey went out to the front porch and stood there, breathing in the clear air. The atmosphere of the house had almost suffocated her.

Then the lights of a car flashed into the gloomy little street—Don Kendall's car, as she realized to her amazement when she saw him advancing rapidly up the brick-paved front walk.

"Hello, Honey child," he said in his low, deep voice. "I hope I'm not intruding at a time like this, but I thought maybe, for an hour, you might like to—to get some air." He waved toward the parked roadster.

Honey touched his hand with her small, cold fingers, went swiftly down the path with him. She did not even think about stopping to get her hat. Don held open the door of the car with the grace of a courtier. How different he seemed from the primitive, passionate creature of a few nights before! Now he was a dear, understanding friend. Silent, cool, stern almost, he drove the car along deserted roads at tremendous speed, so that Honey had the sensation of being in an airplane, flying.

"I thought you had gone back to New York," she ventured.

"Going tomorrow," he told her, without explanation or comment. Then silence.

A strange ride, Honey thought. But in a way she understood it. Don was apologizing for what had happened at Mr. Troup's party by treating her as a friend—a little girl friend in trouble. Before, he had treated her as a woman—almost as his woman.

When, an hour later, he waved her a courteous good night, she went into the house curiously sad.

ONE morning some two weeks later Jane arrived at the house in a state of great excitement. Assisted by Honey, Mrs. McNeill was washing the breakfast dishes, indulging meanwhile in a running monologue on the virtues of her late husband, telling Honey for the hundredth time how sorry she was that "Pop" had never taken his long-dreamed-of trip.

Jane burst in, waving a letter.

"I've just heard from George!" she cried. "He's in New York. They sent for him—from the home office. He's going to get a big raise. And new territory: Connecticut — Rhode Island — northern New York. They want him to travel from there. We'll have to sell the bungalow and move. Isn't that simply wonderful?"

"Give up your home?" Mrs. McNeill asked. "Why, George could be here, just the same, when he's off the road. I think it's foolish."

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

The Business of Investment

MEN succeed in business by following simple rules—rules which have proven themselves through the ages—rules which are as valid today as they were a thousand years ago.

Men succeed in the business of investing money by following almost equally simple rules—of investing steadily and systematically in safe securities bearing safe rates of interest, and reinvesting that interest promptly, keeping the money at work every day in the year.

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STUTZ

The Symbol of Safety

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SAFETY STUTZ

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Honey wondered a little at her sister's excitement. Since the morning after the party at Ben Troup's, when she had seen Don Kendall drive up in his car to Jane's door, Honey had never asked any questions concerning that young man, and her sister had offered no confidences. Nevertheless, Honey had often wondered whether Mr. Kendall had continued his visits to the bungalow on Oak Avenue. A childish

" Hello, Honey child," he said in his low, deep voice. " I hope I'm not intruding."

jealousy on her part, perhaps, yet it persisted.

Whenever she had seen Jane lately, Honey noticed that her sister spoke of a desire to " run up to New York for a few days," ostensibly to " do a little shopping." But the money required for even a short stay in the metropolis was beyond George Sommers' means; so Jane had taken out her trip in talking. Now came the prospect of actually moving to New York.

" Won't it be wonderful, Honey? " Jane chattered on. " You say you want to get a job. New York's the place to find one. George and I will probably take a cunning little apartment, and you can come and visit us. No trouble to sell the bungalow. Pierce and Stratton, the real-estate people, had an offer for it only last month. We'd take our furniture, of course. And mother could go to Philadelphia and stay with Martin and his wife. They'd be tickled to death to have her, on account of the board. I'm so excited I can hardly talk."

" Have you heard from Don Kendall lately? " Honey asked, when Mrs. McNeill had retired to her armchair on the back porch.

Jane gave her sister a cool stare.

" Why do you ask me that? " she replied.

" Why not? " Honey countered. " You were tremendously interested in him, weren't you? "

" Mr. Kendall and I are very good friends. I like him very much. And I have had a couple of letters from him, since you ask me. What of it? "

" Nothing. I just wondered. I had a note from Mr. Gibbs—you remember him, don't you?—asking me, in case I came up to town, to let him know."

" Gibbs? Oh—that tall, serious, near-sighted young man with the glasses. I thought him very nice, myself. When you come to visit me, you can look him up."

" Is it all settled, then? You're really going? "

" Certainly. George doesn't know it yet, but he will when he gets back Saturday night. I've already spoken to the real-estate people about the house. Why on earth should I waste my life here in this miserable little place when I can step out in a real city? Nice little homes may be all very well, but what do they get you? What did living here ever get mother? Or father? "

WHEN Jane had gone, Honey went to her room, lifted the cover from the battered machine, and wrote:

DEAR DON:

I cannot tell you how much I appreciated your call before you went back to New York. I may be coming up to town myself very soon, and it would be nice to see you. I'll be staying with my sister, who is planning to take an apartment there. If I do come, I'll let you know the address. Good-by, and I do hope you haven't forgotten all about me.

HONEY.

Jane Sommers, now that opportunity presented itself, acted with characteristic energy. A For Sale sign bloomed against the front of the bungalow overnight — along with the altheas. An early-morning train took her to New York for a conference with George. The latter, overpowered by his sudden good fortune, did no conferring. He merely listened while Jane told him what they were going to do.

The very next day, after hours spent in a taxicab with a real-estate agent, going the rounds of available apartments, she found what she wanted—a four-room, kitchenette, and bath flat, two flights up, without an elevator, on Eighty-second Street, at a monthly rental that made her open her eyes very wide indeed, but that was still within the prescribed one-third of George's new income. Two weeks later she was settled in it.

Meanwhile Honey, helping her mother in the daily and dull routine of running the house, was tremendously unhappy. They lived in an atmosphere of gloom. Now that Mr. McNeill's pay check had been cut off along with Mr. McNeill himself, they were living on principal—nibbling the edges, as it were, of the $10,000 of life insurance that her father had left. There had been other nibbles to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

This digestive aid knows when to stop!

TO relieve after-dinner distress, many people take alkalies like soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it. And they get the relief they want, because these chemicals neutralize the acidity that usually causes indigestion, heartburn and flatulence.

But the drawback to alkalies of this class is that they don't know when to "call it a day." After they overcome the hyperacidity, they keep right on working. Unless you know exactly the right amount to take, they are apt to alkalize the contents of the stomach.

And that is a great handicap to normal digestion, for the stomach should be slightly acid (1-5 of 1 per cent) properly to perform its work.

Gastrogen Tablets are free from this objection

The commendable thing about Gastrogen Tablets is that no matter how many you take, they do just one thing—neutralize the acidity that causes your discomfort. Then they stop. They can't possibly alkalize your stomach. Any excess that you might take simply passes harmlessly and unchanged through the system.

So, next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try Gastrogen Tablets. They are mild, effective and 100 per cent harmless. They quickly quell digestive disturbance —within 15 to 20 minutes. They are aromatically pleasant to the taste, and they are surprisingly good for sweetening the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

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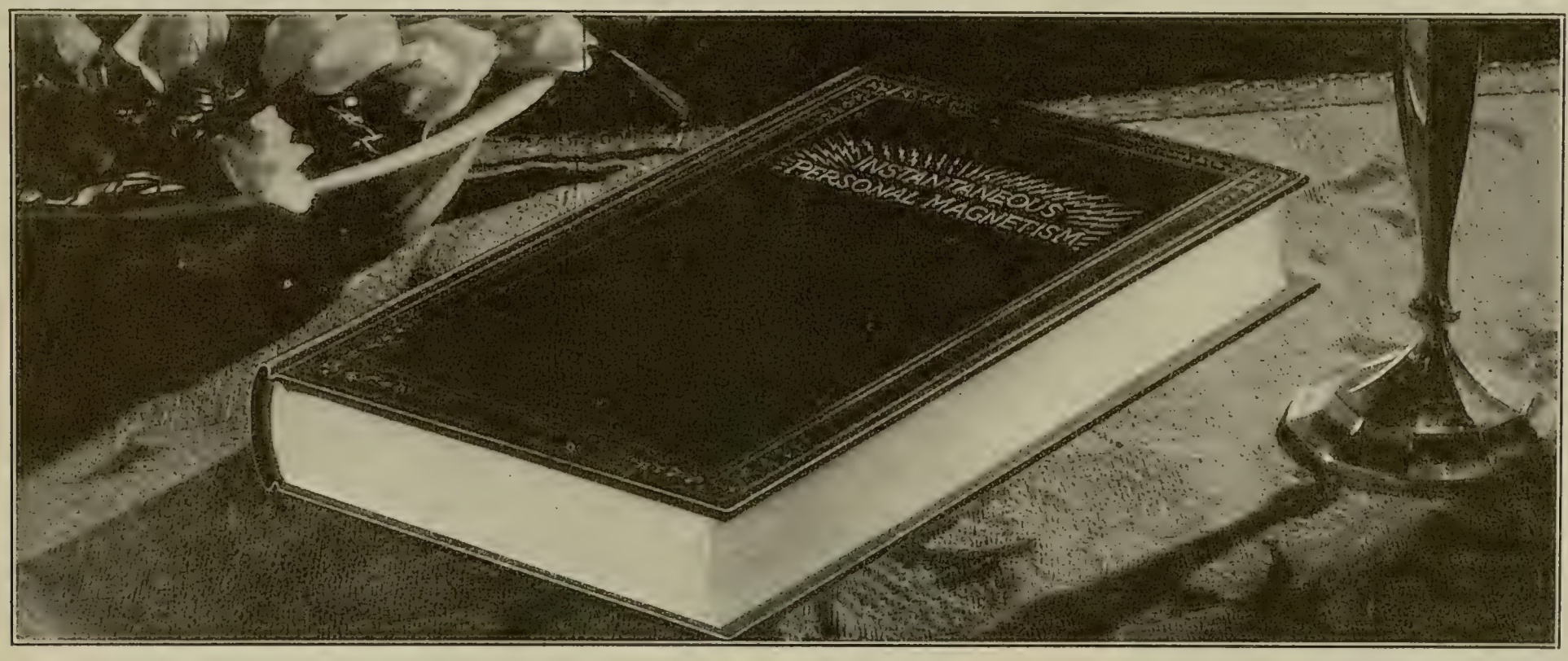

Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then *sent for a copy!*

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then *ordered copies for themselves.*

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality *instantly!* It explains how to gain *overnight* that personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

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Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into *entirely new beings!*

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- How to make your subconscious mind work wonders
- And dozens of other vital topics

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay $50 or $100 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price *within the reach of all!* And furthermore Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

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Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive—luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

What Others Say

What priceless benefits!—so profound!—so far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiast said of this volume, "Things I have read there I would never have dreamed of." Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life." Another wrote, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for $100,000!"

In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business, you will find what these people say to be true. You will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

settle Mr. McNeill's unpaid bills —not large, but still cruelly visible on the bank statements.

About the middle of the second month following Jane's departure, Honey received a letter from her brother Martin.

I am surprised [he wrote] that you are willing to go on living on your widowed mother. Before long her little bit of money will be used up. In my business I could have doubled it. Now that Jane and George have gone to New York, mother's place is here with me. As her son, I am the head of the family. Why don't you go out and find something to do? You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Honey finished reading the letter, crimson with indignation. She had told her mother a hundred times in the past few weeks that she wanted to go to work, and each time the old lady had begun to weep that it was selfish and inhuman on Honey's part even to suggest abandoning her mother, now that she was left alone in the world with no one to look after her. All of which was highly illogical, but had a definite reason behind it. Mrs. McNeill loved her home. It was like an old shoe. The mere thought of being deprived of it terrified her.

She was sitting in her favorite rush-bottomed chair, gazing out at the flaming hollyhocks and dreaming, no doubt, of a cherished past, when Honey, her cheeks flushed, her eyes blazing with determination, swept into the room.

"Why, dear child!" exclaimed her mother. "What's wrong? What's the matter? You look so —so excited. So lovely."

Honey did not notice the unaccustomed compliment. With a fine gesture she tossed the letter from her brother into Mrs. McNeill's lap.

"Read that!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. McNeill fumbled with her spectacles, but Honey continued:

"MARTIN says I ought to be ashamed of myself, sponging on you this way. He says we are using up your little bit of principal, and that I ought to go to work. I think he's right. I'm leaving for New York tomorrow. I'll stay with Jane until I get something to do. She told me I could. Martin says Grace will come over from Philadelphia and help you straighten things out—get rid of the house. You're going to live with them, in Philadelphia. We certainly can't drift on this way. I've known that all along."

"But, child," Mrs. McNeill began, her voice thick with tears, "I can't let a young girl like you go to that wicked city—"

"Oh, piffle!" Honey sat on the edge of the kitchen table, waving her charming legs. "New York isn't a bit more wicked than any other place. I'm sick of all this nonsense. I'm going out right now and send a wire to Martin to have Grace here tomorrow. And as soon as she gets here I leave."

She dashed out of the room, leaving poor Mrs. McNeill gazing helplessly into space and gasping.

HONEY, in an interval of packing, gazed around her roomy old bedroom. The pink-and-cream-striped wall paper was old and spotted, but she had been familiar with it since childhood. Two windows faced the side yard, with its row of lilac bushes. Two more overlooked the roof of the front porch facing Grove Street. Rusty green shades cut off the view in both directions. They were drawn, because it was night.

She had just finished reading an article in a magazine that Sally Terry had left her, entitled, How to Get On in the World. A girl, the article said, is not only justified but required to make use of her sex appeal in order to get along—to succeed—in the workaday world.

Why was it not as reasonable, the writer of the article argued, for a woman to use her charm to secure a business engagement as it was to secure a husband? It was to the woman of allure, not to her dowdy though intellectual sister, that the plums of life fell.

Honey had read the article sitting on the edge of her bed, surrounded by little pink and blue and lavender piles of underwear. A steamer trunk, which her father had bought for one of his imagined ocean trips, yawned on the floor beside her.

Putting down the magazine, Honey rose, stretched her lovely round arms above her head, and glanced at herself in the mirror of the dingy oak dresser. The curve of throat and shoulders beneath her lovely head and chin was classic. The tilted swell of her small breasts suggested a young goddess, eager, virginal. Her slender waist sloped into hips as perfect as might have been those of Mother Eve—the full yet graceful hips of a woman born to bear children.

From her crown of amber-colored hair to the tips of her exquisite toes, Honey McNeill was amazingly, tragically beautiful. Tragically, because in such beauty lies the certainty of great unhappiness, not for its possessor alone, but for those who are attracted by it.

Honey was not blind to her charms, but she was very much of a child in her attitude toward life. She stood dreaming a marvelous fairy story having to do with the adventures that lay ahead of her in that mysterious place, New York.

Would she succeed? Would the Prince Charming of her dreams drive up in his glittering coach?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

One Dial Controlled

TUNING a Grebe Synchrophase Radio is simple. Move the center dial with the finger tips—and get the station you want. But by means of the Grebe *Flexible Unit Control,* dials may be set individually whenever desired.

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The Synchrophase is also supplied in five console models.

GREBE RADIO TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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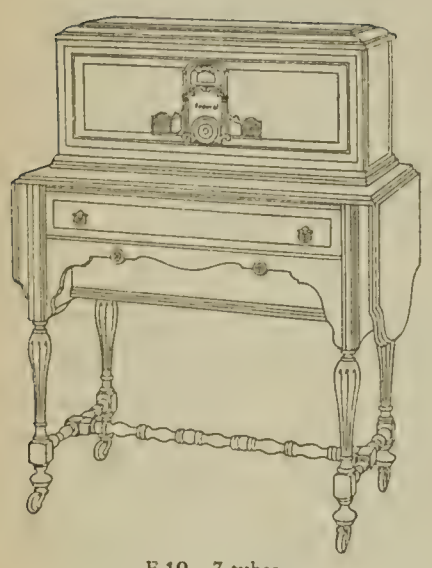
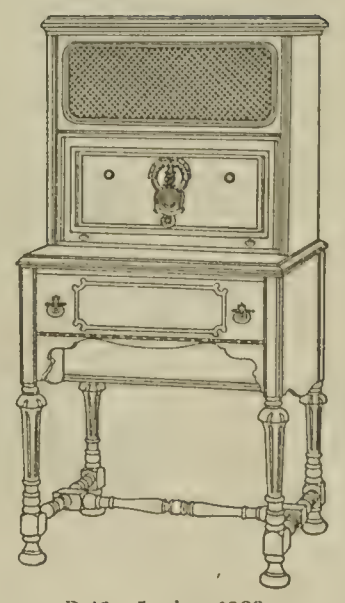


F-10—7 tubes
Including loop, $250
F-5—Console, $50

The Milan. Custom-built 7-tube set. Loop operated. Single control, $1000



D-40—5 tubes, $200

Such tones as you've *never in your life heard before*

FEDERAL radio tones are radically different from any you have ever heard over radio. Tones so pure, so colorful and mellow, so utterly lifelike, you can hardly believe that radio is bringing them in.

Federal alone embodies the Ortho-sonic principle of sound reproduction. Its patented and exclusive Ortho-sonic circuit, multi-shielded and all-metal, is literally years ahead of the times. No other circuit approximates it in richness and quality of tones produced.

Unusual selectivity, power, range and ruggedness—and single dial control—are other Federal attractions. And where did you ever see sets more artistic, more in keeping with your other fine furniture!

See Federals at your Federal Retailer's. Hear an Ortho-sonic demonstration. Ask about Federal's 14 Points. Deferred payments.

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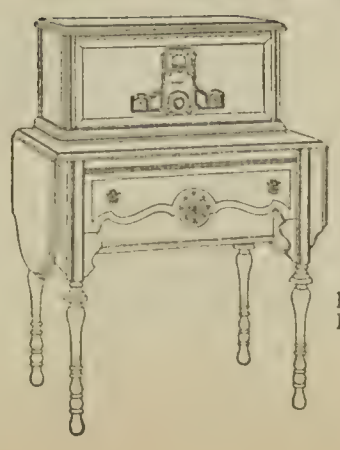
* The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U.S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

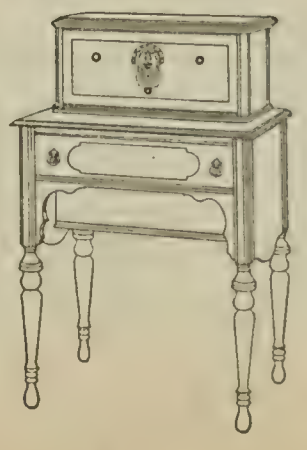
Federal Radio

The sign of the designated Federal Retailer

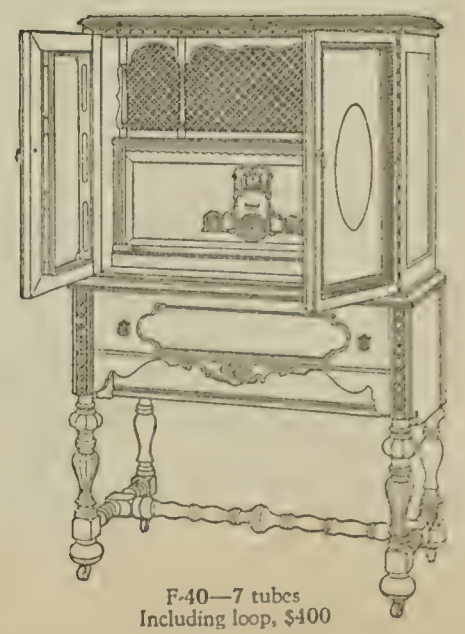
E-40—6 tubes, $300



E-10—6 tubes, $150
E-5—Console, $40



D-10—5 tubes, $100
D-5—Console, $30



F-40—7 tubes
Including loop, $400

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Or would it turn out to be only a pumpkin, after all?

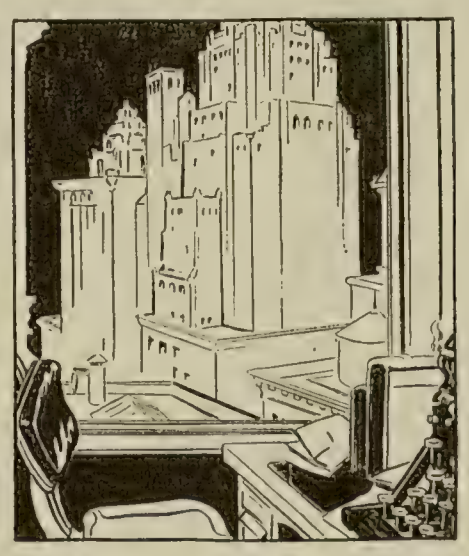
There were not many to help her in her quest. Herbert Gibbs, perhaps. George Sommers and his firm. Did they need girls in the office of a company selling washing-machines? Don Kendall? He would do nothing, of course. Had not even taken the trouble to answer her letter. A ruthless man. A hard man.

One needed to be hard to go through a war fighting a mile or more up in the air. He had told her, once, about some of his experiences in France; just snatches. Death a daily expectation. Release from tension for a few hours, with many bottles of wine in the company of unparticular girls.

A man could not face death smiling, day after day, and retain much sentiment. Yet, when she remembered his call and her drive with him on the day of her father's funeral, she knew that her estimate of the man was wrong.

It amazed her to find herself thinking so much about Don. Certainly he was not thinking about her. She pictured him in New York, making his gay round of the theaters and the cabarets, amusing himself nightly with a different woman. She hated him—she loved him. She never wanted to see him again—she wished for him from minute to minute, childishly, innocently, yet with a very real longing. In the end she turned off the lights and, throwing herself on the bed, buried her face in the pillows.

WHEN Honey settled into her seat in the Pullman car, she saw that the chair next to hers had been turned to face her, but it was unoccupied. She had decided against the day coach because it seemed worth the small extra fare to make her journey to New York a triumphal shaking of the dust of her home town from her feet.



She gazed at the chair opposite her, wondering who would come to occupy it. A cane and a light overcoat in the rack above, a costly English kit bag on the floor, gave evidence that the seat was taken. Her neighbor no doubt was enjoying a cigar in the smoking compartment.

Honey was thinking idly of these not very important matters when a man came along the aisle behind her and sank into the seat.

The impression she received was instantly one of wealth — wealth and breeding. They seemed to radiate from him.

Honey could not decide whether he was in his late forties or his early fifties. She examined him critically without appearing to do so, then began to glance through a magazine. Whereupon her vis-à-vis undertook an equally critical examination of herself.

Then he spoke, just as Honey had felt sure he would—in a cool, pleasant, rather deep voice.

"On your way to New York?" he asked.

"Why—yes," Honey stammered. "And for the first time, too. I'm terribly excited."

"I suppose so. Naturally. Well, you have many interesting experiences ahead of you. Visiting friends, I suppose?"

There was a very friendly quality in his smile.

"Yes. In a way. I'm going to stay with my married sister for a while, until I find something to do—work, you know. She has an apartment on Eighty-second Street."

"SO you are looking for work, are you? Well, it's quite the thing for women to do nowadays. If I am not too curious, what sort of work have you in mind?"

"Oh—anything to make a living. I'm a fairly good typist, but that's all."

"Not quite all—not by any means."

The man's eyes were dancing with humor as they swept from Honey's lovely face to the alluring curves of her legs. She was glad, now, that she had worn her new gray chiffon stockings.

"You mean—things that would help me in making a living?" Honey asked, remembering the article she had read the night before, in which women were told to use their good looks to achieve success in the world.

"Why not?" he laughed. "I have always maintained that charm in a woman is an asset in business. I have quite a number of employees around me, and I find that a well groomed, attractive office force is pleasanter to work with — to have about. Beauty in our daily life is an asset. We do not have enough of it."

Honey gave her companion a sudden brilliant smile, her long lashes fluttering.

"It's nice of you to think me good-looking," she whispered, so that the severe-looking dowager across the aisle could not hear.

"You must have seen so many women—"

"Not many," her companion answered, leaning forward in his chair, "so good-looking as you."

"Really?" Honey murmured, coloring a little under his direct gaze. "That's one of the very nicest things I ever heard. Especially coming from you."

"Why from me especially?"

"Because I can see—I can tell at once—that—that you are a man who has seen everything. The kind of a man who knows women. A man of the world."

With Honey this was not flattery. She felt it—meant it.

Her companion drew out a wafer-thin watch.

"Don't you think it would be nice, Miss—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

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Or you will know little of the great World around you. It is travel — far and frequent—that brings the spirit of the world into your own life and makes you a *living* part of the Universe. Travel is the most liberal Educator, the most profound Teacher, the Master Artist who alone paints enduring pictures on the walls of human memory.

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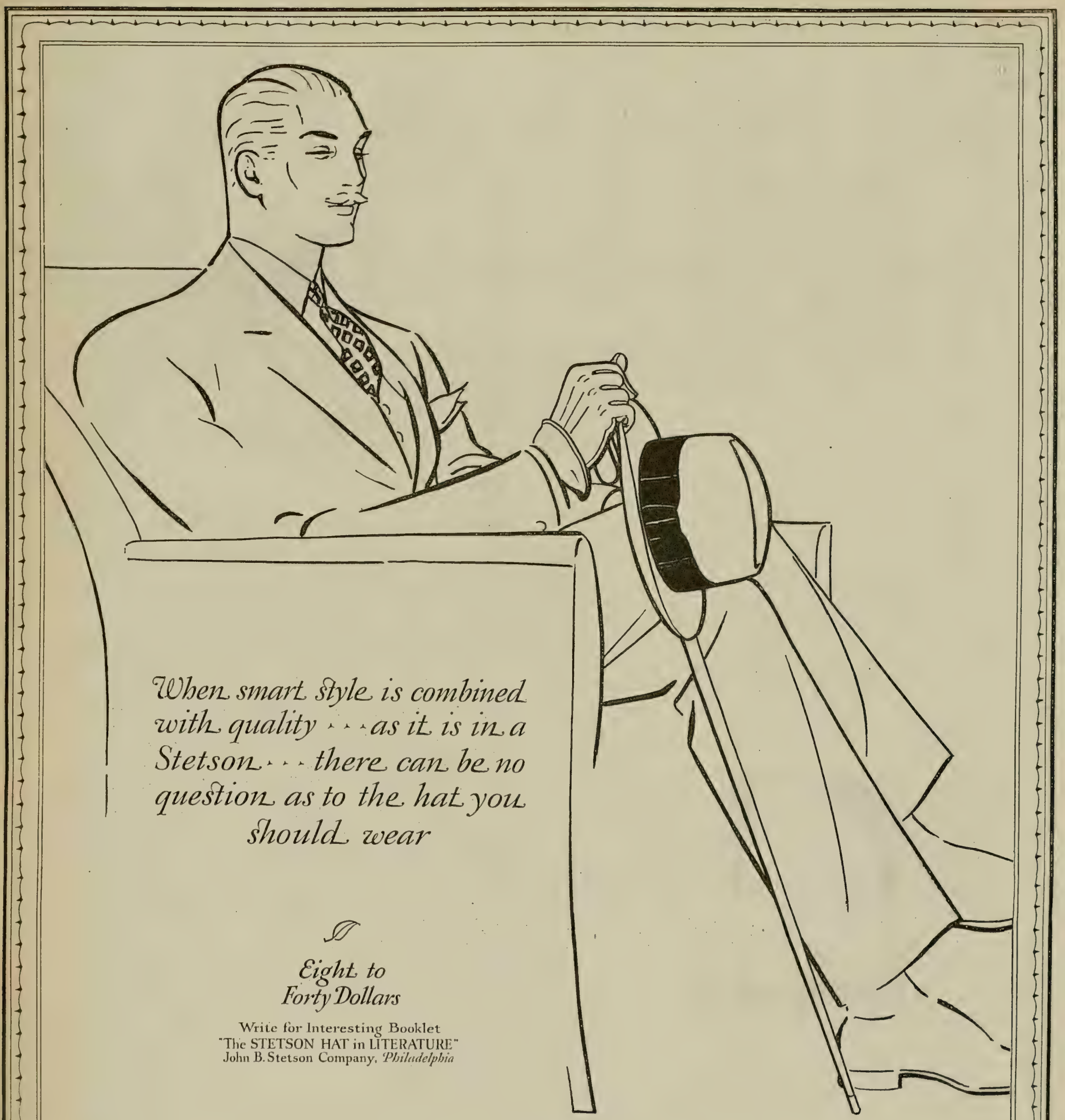

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STETSON HATS

Styled for Young Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

"McNeill," Honey supplied. "Margaret McNeill. But everybody calls me Honey."

"Really! Delightful. Most appropriate, too, I must say. 'Honey?' Well, since you say everyone calls you that, I hope you won't mind if I do so, too. What I was about to suggest, Honey," —he spoke the name in a way that made it seem almost a caress— "was that it is time for lunch, and, as I particularly dislike to eat alone, it would give me a great deal of pleasure to have you join me."

Honey glanced down at her satchel, in which lay the sandwiches her mother had prepared for her. She knew, without looking, that the prim lady across the aisle was regarding her with a contemptuous frown.

"Why—I—really, Mr.—" she stammered.

"My name is Ogden—William Ogden." He took out a small gold case and presented Honey with a card. "It really would be a favor on your part to have luncheon with me. Won't you?"

His voice, his manner, held a certain sincerity, a frankness, that impressed Honey deeply. There was no doubt about it, Mr. Ogden was a very charming man — in spite of his age; perhaps even because of it. He did not lose by it, certainly—in a way, it made him more attractive. Honey could not help feeling that anything he did would be suavely, perfectly done. There seemed no good reason for refusing his luncheon invitation.

"Why, Mr. Ogden, I'd love it," she said, rising from her seat.

Over the little swaying table they became more intimate. Mr. Ogden questioned her, in a pleasantly interested way, about her home, her parents, her future plans, and suggested that if Honey would look him up at his office he might be able to do something for her. He also mentioned the fact that he lived on East Sixty-eighth Street, but that his wife, who was something of an invalid, spent a great deal of time at their country place in Southampton.

MR. OGDEN explained all this in a light and almost casual way that put Honey quite at her ease. With equal casualness he mentioned that during the summer his town house was closed, and that he lived at his club, running down to Southampton for the week-ends. This, he explained, made his existence rather a monotonous one.

"You can't imagine," he said, "how dull the evenings are, at times, for an old fellow like myself." He said this in a way that showed he did not consider himself old at all. "Nowhere to go—nothing to do — no one to play around with—"

"You don't seem old to me, at all," Honey told him.

"Well, nowadays, when a man gets to be around fifty, the rising generation considers him antiquated," he laughed. "Although I think I could outstep a great many of these youngsters, at that. But my evenings are dull. Take tonight, for example. We get in around five. I go to my club, dress for dinner, have a cocktail. Then what? A stupid meal somewhere—alone. The theater — also alone, or with some fellow from the club. I hate it.

"LOOK here, Honey, why not take pity on me, cheer me up for the evening? I'll bet you haven't a thing to do. And I'll guarantee to deliver you at your sister's apartment, safe and sound, right after the theater. Unless you might want to have a bit of dinner first. No reason why she should mind, is there?"

Honey shook her head. This was going much too fast.

"My sister is to meet me at the train," she said. "She's expecting me. And if I appeared with you she might want to know—"

"Of course," Mr. Ogden interrupted, still with his pleasantly humorous smile. "I'm disappointed, of course. We'll do it some other time. Promise me that, won't you?"

"Certainly," Honey said. "I'd love it."

When she left him at the foot of the iron stairway in the Pennsylvania Station, it was with a promise to see him again—to call him up.

In the pocket of her coat she felt the card he had given her. She took it out for a moment, glanced at it. Being a personal card, it carried no address, but Honey knew she could readily find his number in the telephone directory. Was it worth while? Had not the man merely tried to "pick her up"?

She was about to tear the card in two, throw it away, dismiss the whole matter from her mind, when she remembered the purpose of her visit to New York—to obtain work at any cost, and soon.

Honey stood undecided at the foot of the stairway, the card in her hand, her satchel on the floor beside her. Then she turned the bit of pasteboard over. On its reverse side Mr. Ogden had written, in pencil, the words:

Admit Miss McNeill at any time. W. O.

Was not this her golden opportunity—her chance to win success? With a lift of her chin, she thrust the card into her pocket and, taking up her satchel, began to mount the stairs.

Honey was right. It was a golden opportunity, but gold in New York is a hard metal for tender hands to mine. In next week's installment, Honey turns into paths where strange dangers lie in wait for her.

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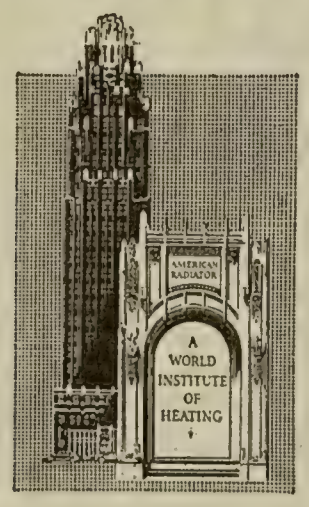
HOUR TO HOUR SERVICE WHICH BLANKETS THE NATION



FOR Thirty-five years the American Radiator Company has held fast to the conviction that the one and only indestructible market is that which is rooted deep in the instinctive preferences of the people.

This is the unwritten law of business growth which rises above all artificial considerations—to supply a basic human need so completely and so economically that in the mind of the average man there is never even a thought of turning to any other source.

The American Radiator Company saw thirty-five years ago this vision of a service so widespread and painstaking that it would render itself *indispensable* in every building operation from the most modest home to the most ambitious business structure.

That vision has become a physical, practical fact, not only in the economic soundness of the product and an actual hour-to-hour service which practically blankets the nation—but also in that other more important thing, the universal recognition that American Radiator Company and heat are synonymous terms.

Wherever there is growth—wherever there is expansion—the American Radiator Company, by right of the conquest of incomparable service, becomes an immediate and most intimate part of the process.

Clear across the continent, the American Radiator Company marches hand-in-hand with the spirit of development which is the instinct of America—an indispensable factor in the nation's growth because both its product and its service are indispensable.

The American Radiator Company is proud of its privilege and conscious of its responsibilities—more eager and alert to serve today and infinitely better able to do so than at any other time in thirty-five years.

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LEATHERNECKING On The Screen

In Which Lon Chaney Successfully Plays Behind His Own Face

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE movie producers continue to play a martial note upon their cash registers.

Tell It to the Marines, the screen's new glorification of the leatherneck, is another aftermath of The Big Parade. Uncle Sam's uniform is still an open sesame to a busy motion-picture box office, for here is another film hit.

Tell It to the Marines is not a drama of the World War, however. It is merely the story of the remaking of a brash young race-track tout before the freckled fist of the tough *Sergeant O'Hara.*

The scenes swing from the marine base at San Diego to the Philippines, and then on to a bandit fight in China. The picture is exceedingly well done, amusing, and at times darned exciting. A lot of this comes from George Hill's direction and from the three corking performances of Lon Chaney as *O'Hara,* William Haines as *"Skeet" Burns,* and Eleanor Boardman as a pretty naval nurse.

Chaney appears for the first time in many a blue moon with his face *au naturel.* In other words, there are no false teeth, padded jaws, or discolored eyes to deceive you. Chaney plays the hard-boiled *Sergeant O'Hara* straight —and proves his abilities as an actor.

"Skeet" Burns, ex-tout and present marine private, is young Haines' best performance up to date.

Haines is just twenty-six. Originally named Charles William Haines, he is a Virginian, born in Staunton. His father is a broker and Bill started out as a bond salesman.

At the moment, the Goldwyn studios were making one of those periodical searches for new faces. On a dull day the young bond salesman applied. Tests were made, and, out of the thousands of applicants, young Haines was shipped to Hollywood. Just one other applicant went along—an unknown girl named Eleanor Boardman. (More of Miss Boardman in a moment.)

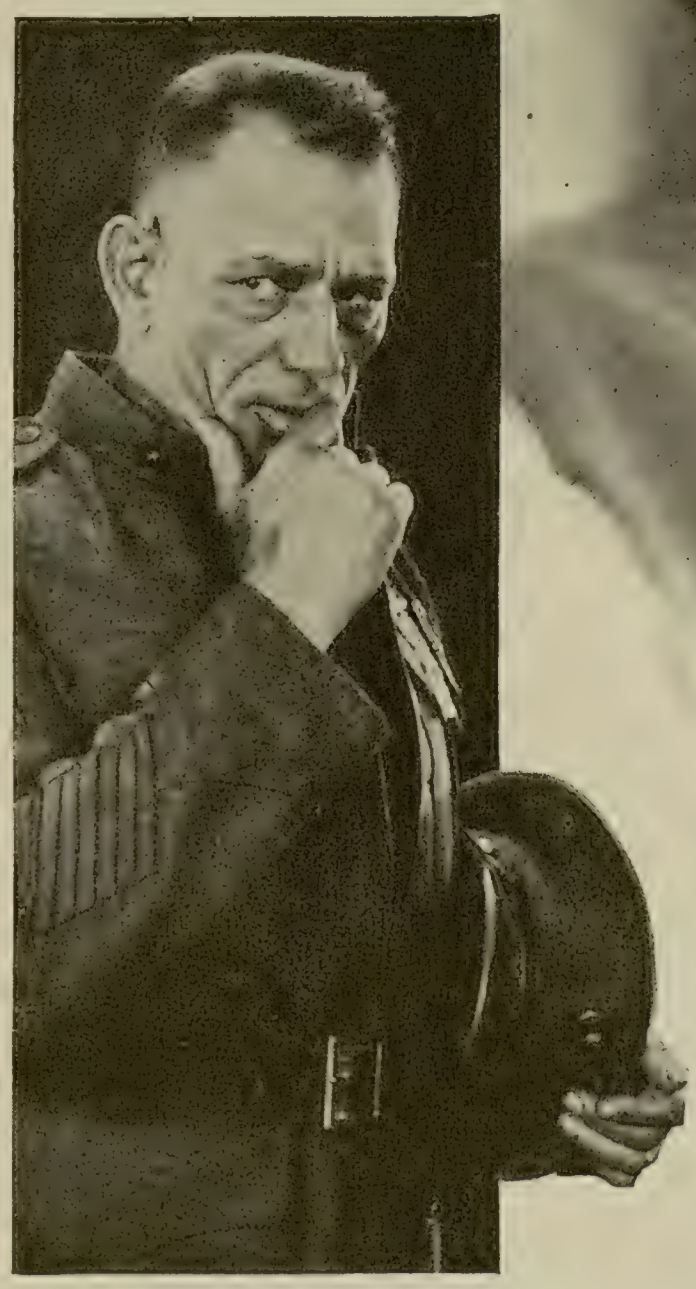
Haines hastened to the Goldwyn studios with high hopes. Abraham Lehr, then the production head, looked him over.

"You've no sex appeal," Lehr told him.

Haines got a few small roles, but he did nothing of consequence until Mary Pickford borrowed him for a picture. Then he was given the title role in Brown of Harvard.

Haines' fan mail jumped with Brown of Harvard. Overnight he became one of the first two dozen celluloid personalities.

Eleanor Boardman is a Philadelphian, two years Haines' senior. Her father was an interior decorator, and she herself studied for



Lon Chaney as he appears in Tell It to the Marines.

a time at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

Then she turned to the stage, first as a chorus girl, in 1918, in Rock-a-Bye Baby. After a season in Yonkers stock and in a play on the Chautauqua circuit, she secured a role in Laurette Taylor's The National Anthem. Just before the opening night, Miss Boardman strained her voice and lost the part. At this psychological moment of disappointment came the Goldwyn contest—and Miss Boardman's invasion of Hollywood.

Rupert Hughes, then directing, gave Miss Boardman her first role—in Gimme; but it was King Vidor's selection of her for a leading part in Three Wise Fools that shaped her

Eleanor Boardman, one of the graduates from the chorus, who has won screen fame.

career. For, besides filling that part, Miss Boardman is now Mrs. King Vidor.

Brief Comment

Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl—You would hardly recognize *Bertha* in this 1927 version of the old Theodore Kremer melodrama. *Bertha* is now a lingerie model. She wears brief step-ins, and how! The villain, however, is the same old clumsy 1898 model. Madge Bellamy is *Bertha.*

The General—The sad-faced Buster Keaton's newest comedy and a satire upon the heroics of the Civil War. Amusing and laughable, but not hilarious.

Do you know that—

The contract of Lois Wilson and the Famous Players has been terminated? . . . It is reported that Norma Shearer is to wed Irving Thalberg, the twenty-six-year-old guiding force of the Metro-Goldwyn studios? . . . Clarence Brown has been selected to direct the LIBERTY aviator diary, War Birds?

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The popularity of Lucky Strikes among those who sing is because these cigarettes never irritate the throat, also because they give greater enjoyment.

A. C. Scotti

The Thrilling Voice of Scotti

This famous baritone recommends Lucky Strike —Because "It's Toasted"

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"It's toasted"

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GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

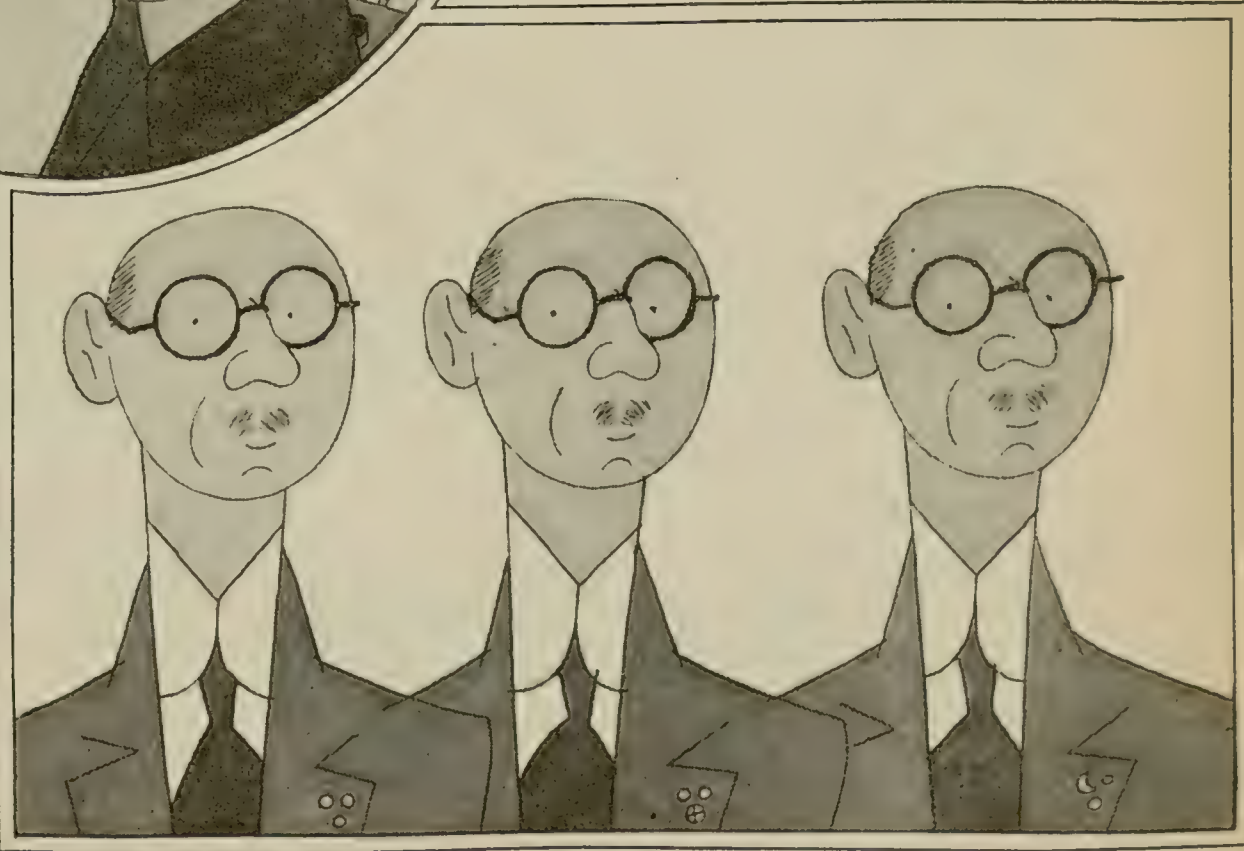
By RALPH BARTON

REPRESENTATIVES OF TWO GREAT FORWARD-LOOKING NATIONS CONFER: Mr. Oswald P. Pettiwhack and Abdur Habibullah Khan meet to talk over rum-running problems in the United States of America and Afghanistan, the two remaining bone-dry prohibition countries.

FILM COMEDIAN CAUGHT HOLDING OUT ON heartbroken and defenseless wife: Chaplin receivers discover two gold teeth, which they value at $92.50.

DISTRESSING EFFECT OF RADIO RECEIVER equipment recently issued to police when Silver Threads Among the Gold is tuned in.

LONELY TIMES AROUND THE OLD CAMP GROUNDS: Maj. Gen. J. A. Lejeune does a little parading while the rest of the marines are off playing around in Nicaragua and points south, west, and east.



THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY, or what Mussolini and Mustapha Kemal have done for their countries: George F. Babbitt of Indianapolis helps Giovanni (Jo) Volci of Rome and Ylderim (Yldy) Bayezid of Constantinople to form Rotary clubs.

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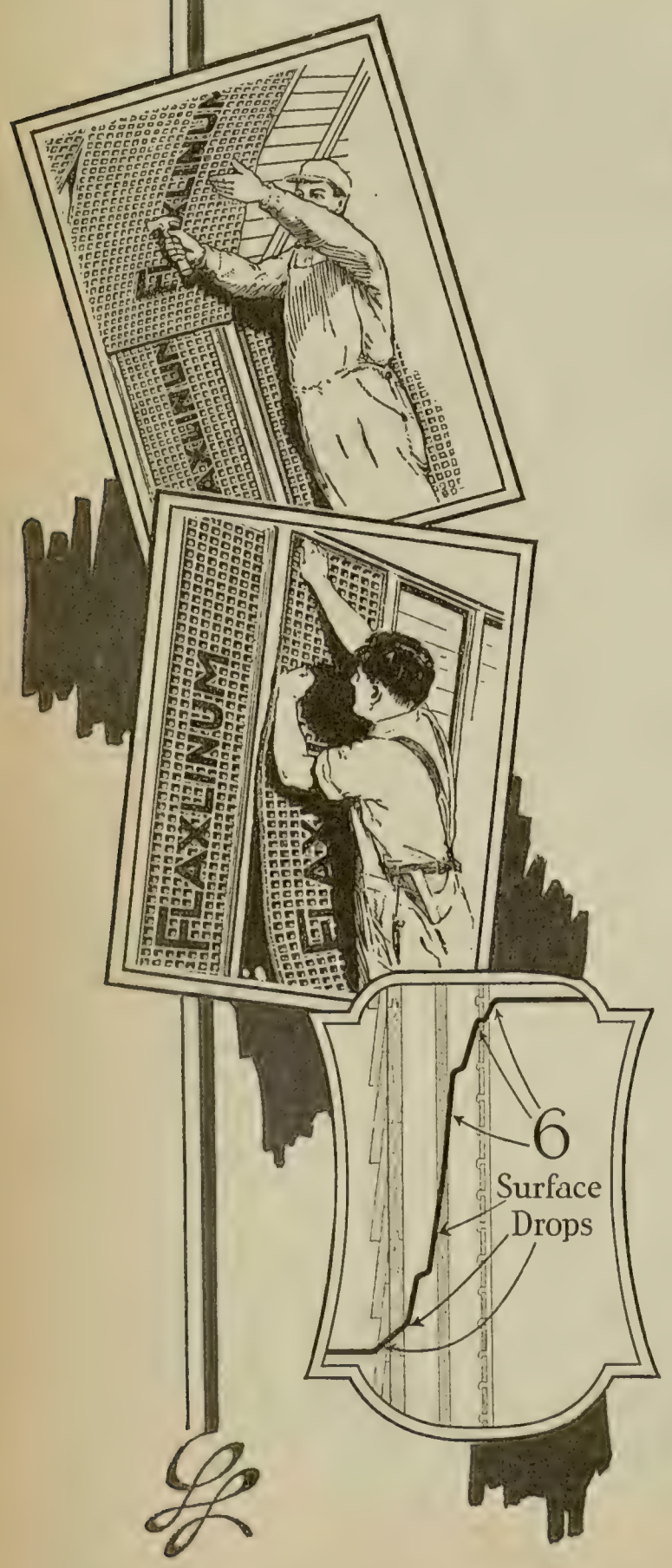

INSULATION is a practical necessity — just as necessary as an overcoat in winter—as desirable as cool clothing in summer. Just as an overcoat keeps you warm, so FLAX-LI-NUM keeps the heat *in* your home and shuts *out* winter's cold. In summer FLAX-LI-NUM shuts out the broiling heat of the sun, and keeps your home cooler, upstairs and down. Nothing can take the place of insulation.

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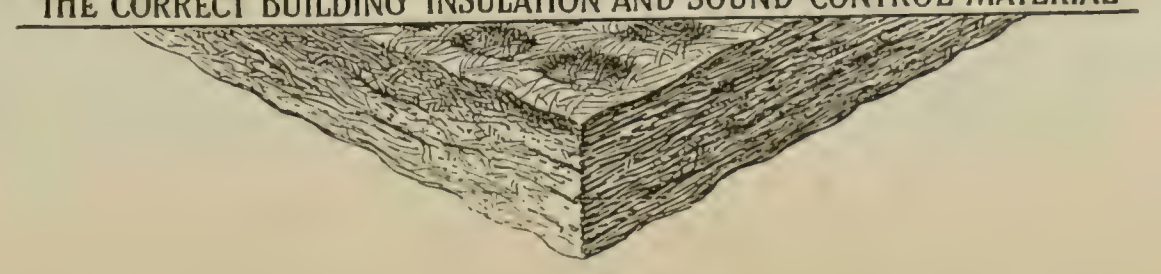


Are There Too MANY Attractive MEN?

The Wisest Woman Is She Who Has Learned to Love 'Em and Leave 'Em

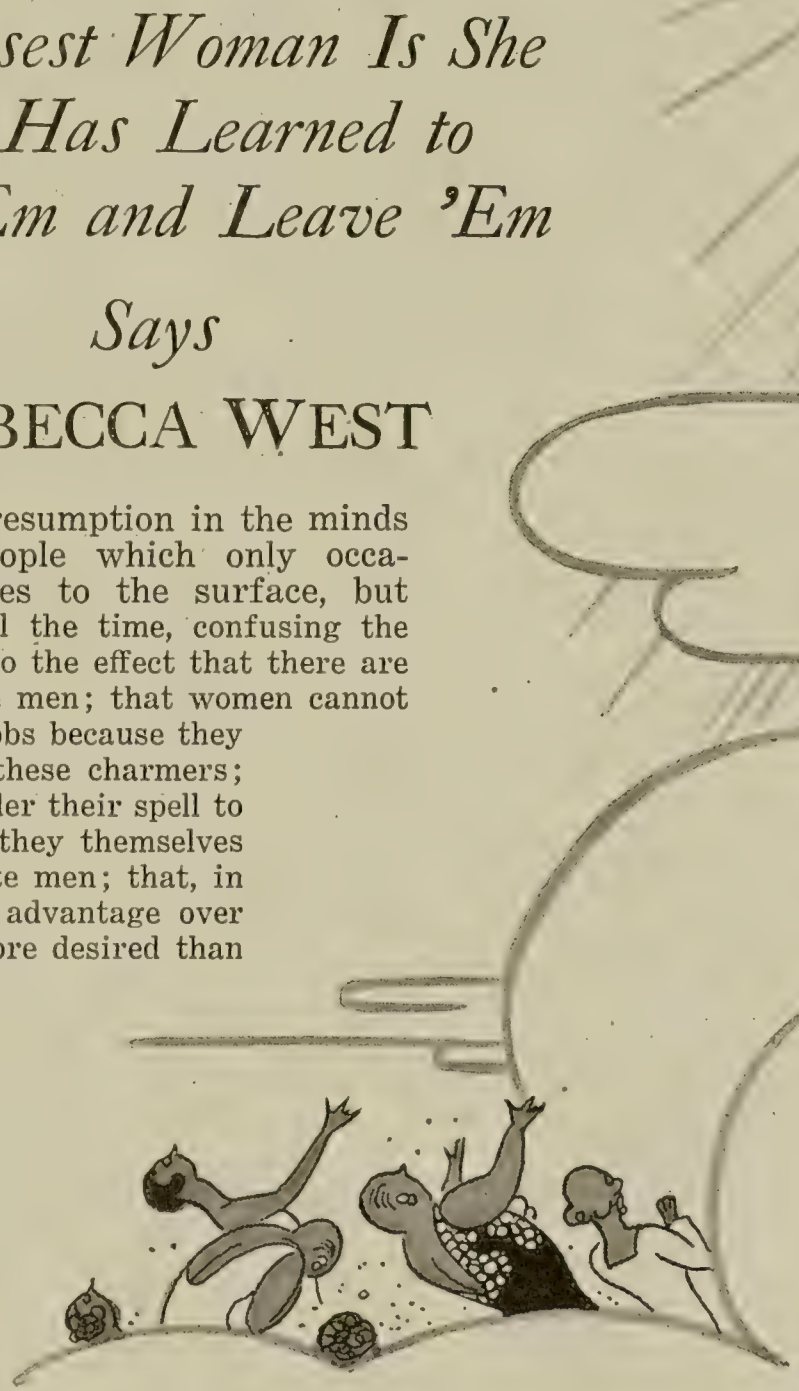
Says

REBECCA WEST

Pictures by REA IRVIN

THERE is a presumption in the minds of many people which only occasionally comes to the surface, but which lies there all the time, confusing the real issues of life, to the effect that there are too many attractive men; that women cannot get on with their jobs because they are so dazzled by these charmers; that women are under their spell to a degree to which they themselves can rarely subjugate men; that, in fact, men have an advantage over women by being more desired than they desire.

One would fancy that such a presumption would not be held in America, where women are treated in many ways according to the romantic tradition: counted as queens. But even here it survives quite strongly.



I got a glimpse of it the other night at a dinner party when I was talking to a well known psychologist who works in the literary field and prides himself on being able to deduce the whole of an author's life and character from his books. We were speaking of a woman novelist who, after producing a couple of novels of nearly genius, has ceased to produce.

I said, "You know, I suppose, what happened to her?"

With an expression of great coyness, with a flush of sex pride, with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, he replied: "No, but I can guess! She got married!"

He was so pleased about it that at first I had not the heart to tell him he was wrong, and that the poor girl had stopped writing, not because she had been drawn from her art by absorption in the charms of his sex, but because she had been obliged to enter an asylum for the insane. I did tell him later, when the president of a large manufacturing corporation, who sat on my other side, alluded with a proud chuckle, a kind facetiousness, to the fact that many women regard their work only as a stop-gap till they marry, refusing to learn any skilled technique and hunt down responsible jobs.

That attitude seems to me a proof of calmness and considered wisdom on the part of my sex. They do, of course, like to get married. So do men. No sex and few individuals enjoy celibacy. Owing partly to the arrangements for reproduction made by nature and partly to our social organization, many women have to give up their jobs when they marry. The price of marriage is heavier in the case of women; but this is no sign that they want to marry more than men do. This old gentleman, however, insisted on seeing the situation as if all the factories in the world were full of women so distraught with the attractiveness of men that they are unable to keep their minds on their jobs; that at the first opportunity of acquiring a husband they dash forth and leave their jobs behind them.

NOW, it would be lovely for women if the world were like this; if, in actual fact, they liked men so tremendously and unflaggingly, and so much more than men like them. All appearances to the contrary, it is better to love than to be loved. There is one disconcerting fact discovered by all women who excite love—who are among the desired of the world—and this is that, though they have a wealth of love offered them, it does not always make them happy.

It is much more tragic to grow tired of a lover than to have a lover grow tired. If a woman says to herself, "Good heavens! John Smith, whom I love, promised to come to dinner, and is not coming because he has ceased to love me!" she may do all sorts of things satisfactory to herself: she may behave as well as possible; she may give him up beautifully and nobly; she may indulge in the luxury of self-pity. But if she says, "Good heavens! John Smith, whom I have ceased to love, prom-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"You know how red they used to get"

"My hands . . . they don't say 'Dishpan' now"

WHEN you wash dishes your hands are exposed to the soap nearly half an hour, three times a day.

The free alkali in most soaps—regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes—dries up the delicate oils Nature placed under the outer skin of your hands to protect their smooth loveliness.

Lux diamonds contain no free alkali. They cannot redden or roughen the skin.

Women, themselves, washing their fine things in Lux, discovered how kind Lux is to hands. Quickly they began to use it for dishwashing and freed their hands of that tell-tale "in the dishpan look."

One teaspoonful whips quickly into all the foamy suds you need for a whole panful of dishes. The light Lux suds rinse off so quickly and leave your dishes, glassware and silver so sparkling that Lux actually makes dishwashing easier and quicker.

Save your hands. Keep a package of Lux always on your pantry shelf. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

One teaspoonful is plenty for all the dishes

[ARE THERE TOO MANY ATTRACTIVE MEN? Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

ised to come to dinner, and certainly is coming because he loves me!" nothing whatsoever can be got out of the situation.

She is plainly in danger of behaving not at all well. It is hardly possible to get rid of anybody to suit one's own convenience with any semblance of beauty or nobility. All the pity rightfully belongs to the other person. The sum of it all is flatness, which is worse than any grief. If women, therefore, cared for men more than men cared for them, they would be the luckier sex.

IT is very doubtful if they have that luck. For one thing, their attitude toward marriage suggests that they do not. Men can get married in cold blood. A man can easily decide that he would like to marry a woman, though he is not in love with her and feels no romantic passion for her. The fact that he likes her looks and her character and her conversation, and thinks she will run her home well, will seem to him an excellent basis for marriage.

Women cannot do this nearly so readily. It takes quite an amount of social and material consideration to reconcile a woman to a marriage of that sort. Almost invariably she wants to be very much in love with her husband when she marries; to be in a state of romantic passion.

Now, that is, in a sense, natural enough. One would, of course, prefer to have a romantic passion for one's husband, just as one would prefer to look beautiful in one's wedding gown. But a marriage without romantic passion, as is constantly shown in the Latin countries, where marriages of convenience are the rule, may give the persons concerned all the happiness they can get out of companionship and children, which is a kind of happiness desired even more by women than by men.

Why, then, do women insist on feeling a romantic passion? It may be because it is a kind of dope that makes all sorts of things about a man beautiful which are not true; which gilds him with all the virtues and charms she has wanted him to have, whether he has them or not.

The fact is, men find women so attractive that they can take them on for life in a state of stone-cold sobriety; whereas women find men so unattractive that they cannot take them on except in a state of emotional bemusement.

Brigham Young.

But we need hardly turn to the psychology of the bride for proof, when it is given every day so much more explicitly by the hostess. Was there ever a woman who gave a dinner party—even here in America, where conditions are far better than they are in Europe—who didn't have crowding in on her the thought of dozens of delightful, comely, amusing unattached females whom she would love to have at her table if it weren't for the difficulty of providing corresponding males? And isn't there constantly cropping up in all territory that has been touched by modern fiction and the drama a similar difficulty concerning the hospitality of the heart?

Almost everyone must have seen during recent years earnest little groups of young matrons in small-town society debating whether or not there is anything in this talk of sex freedom, and suddenly being brought to a standstill by the discovery—it is usually first made by those who think there is something in such talk—that, however free they might feel themselves to have love affairs, there is not a man in sight whom they could possibly love. To a lady in South Bend, Indiana, who has been reading Michael Arlen, this talk of too many attractive men is ironical.

For, mind you, it is not that there are too few men in the world. That is an error, a very significant one. In England, before the war, there was a widespread superstition that there were three women to every man. It only felt like that. Actually, there was a numerical preponderance of women over men, something under a million, due to the fact that women live longer than men. There was practically an equal number of men and women of marriageable age. The surplus women of those days were away up in the seventies and eighties.

BUT there was such a large number of women for whom there plainly were too few males of an equivalent degree of attractiveness that the effect given was that there were more women than men. Such males as there were faded into drabness and the mind refused to count them. In England, of course, the situation has been altered by the war, and there is now a sound statistical basis for the feeling that there are more women than men. But here in America there is the same state of illusion, the same feeling that there are not enough men to go round, when a glance at vital statistics will show us that it isn't quantity but quality we lack.

Now, there are possibly inexorable physical reasons why many men should fail to be attractive. There's the matter of middle age. It is a sad fact that the signs of middle age are, if anything, more displeasing in the male than in the female. Unfortunately, there is a conspiracy of silence regarding this sad fact, and the economic system of today frequently never gives a man the leisure and the easy mind necessary for love-making until middle age is well upon him.

Now, a woman who has wrinkles round her eyes and heavy hips, unless she is exceptionally silly, will adapt herself to her own physique, will assume an autumnal dignity of mien which will present her in

as seemly a light as possible if love or any other emotion comes to her. But a man who is getting bald and heavy round the back of the neck, even if he is otherwise fairly intelligent, will not regard himself as being under any handicap whatsoever; and he will offset what real attraction he may have by his failure to evolve any suitably modest behavior. This is a fairly general defect among men of more than forty-five.

There operates among younger men an equally regrettable force to rob them of their attractiveness, and that is the tendency to insist that, in the male sex, the beautiful shall be the dumb.

Madge Kennedy.

There is, of course, a good deal of pressure applied to the beautiful woman, as she goes through life, to abandon the use of her brains. It is nearly always to her financial advantage to give up working and use her beauty either in marriage or out, and she can always negotiate her beauty the better, the stupider she pretends to be. Also, if she does insist on using her brains, she will be met with suspicion. I knew a young surgeon for whom her college professors prophesied a great future, but who never could break out of hospital work into private practice because hardly anybody was sufficiently emancipated from tradition to let a girl who looked like Vilma Banky take out his appendix.

But this pressure, disagreeable though it is, at least is applied fairly late in life. It can't take brains out of a beautiful woman. It may even superimpose on them a new craftiness which, though she would be better without it, at least is not destructive.

The man who has the physical strength that is the equivalent of a woman's beauty is not nearly so fortunate. The school and college system may take him and turn him into a specialized athlete; it may make him concentrate on his body and neglect his mind. That is to say, it takes the men who are most likely to be physically attractive to women and prevents them forever from being mentally attractive to them.

THE case is worse in England. The Englishwoman's worst enemy is the horse. For the school and college sports of cricket and football are reinforced over there by the national passion for hunting, which consumes the time and the energy of its devotees throughout the winter, and their conversation and dreams through the summer.

It is very distressing to go in to dinner with a man who is a marvel of good looks and radiant health, and to find that, thanks to his exclusively horsy interests, he has almost forgotten how to talk, and would plainly feel more at his ease if he could neigh.

It is, of course, necessary that boys and young men should play games, since there is no other method that simultaneously develops strength and refines it by discipline; and it is splendid that men should keep themselves fit and out in the open air by golfing and hunting and polo playing. But surely these things should not be cultivated to the extent of creating a vast male army of equivalents to the Follies girls. Men would complain fast enough if all good looking girls were trained to be brainless.

Apart from these reasons, which are fairly deep rooted—the one in our physical structure, the other in the trend of education during the last century or so—there is a reason peculiar to the moment which would account for men being a little less attractive than we would like them to be.

ATTRACTION is not physical in its basis. Beauty in a woman or strength in a man is often part of it, but the secret is not there. It is, one discovers if one watches someone who is incontestably attractive, a thing of the soul.

I can think of no better example than Madge Kennedy. She is, I suppose, not so very pretty, but the greatest beauty in the world could not delight people more than she does. The minute she comes on the stage people feel something has happened to them as good as having money put in their pocket. And it is the same in her private life, whenever she comes into a room. I don't recall, on the few occasions I have met her, that she said anything very clever or amusing or significant, but nevertheless the time I spent listening to her I remember as being suffused with pleasure, just as if I had been listening to good music or eating a good dinner.

Now, if you watch people in her audience when they are watching her, you will notice that they are all smiling easily, that they have loosened up, that their bodies are enjoying a holiday of relaxation. They have untied the hard, stiff knots in their muscles and their minds because they are absorbed in someone who has no knots anywhere in her body or her soul, who is a person of simple, easy, spontaneous reactions. And that is the secret of attraction.

The people who are attractive are those who, when a thing hits them, come right back at it; who have a direct channel between the outside world and the care of their hearts, so that they are completely in touch with reality, are sure in their minds what they feel about it, and can instantly impress that feeling by word and action.

They are not tangled up. They are not twisting themselves always so that they shall not see life as it really is. They are not forcing themselves to some fake reaction to it. They are not frightened from saying what they feel about it all.

They know what is happening; they know what they want to hap-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why physicians advise Nujol

1 A lubricant is better than a laxative
2 Nujol is not habit-forming
3 It's a more natural method
4 Does not cause distress
5 It is non-irritating
6 Nujol gives lasting relief

By an overwhelming verdict, doctors all over the United States have endorsed the use of the Nujol type of treatment for constipation, in preference to dangerous drug-containing laxatives.

Among thousands interviewed, seven physicians out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

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Why? For the six convincing reasons mentioned above. The source of this warning is authoritative. Won't you act on it *at once?*

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Nujol appeals to the medical men because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

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Nujol

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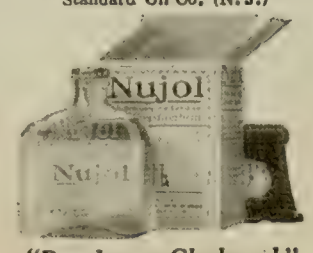

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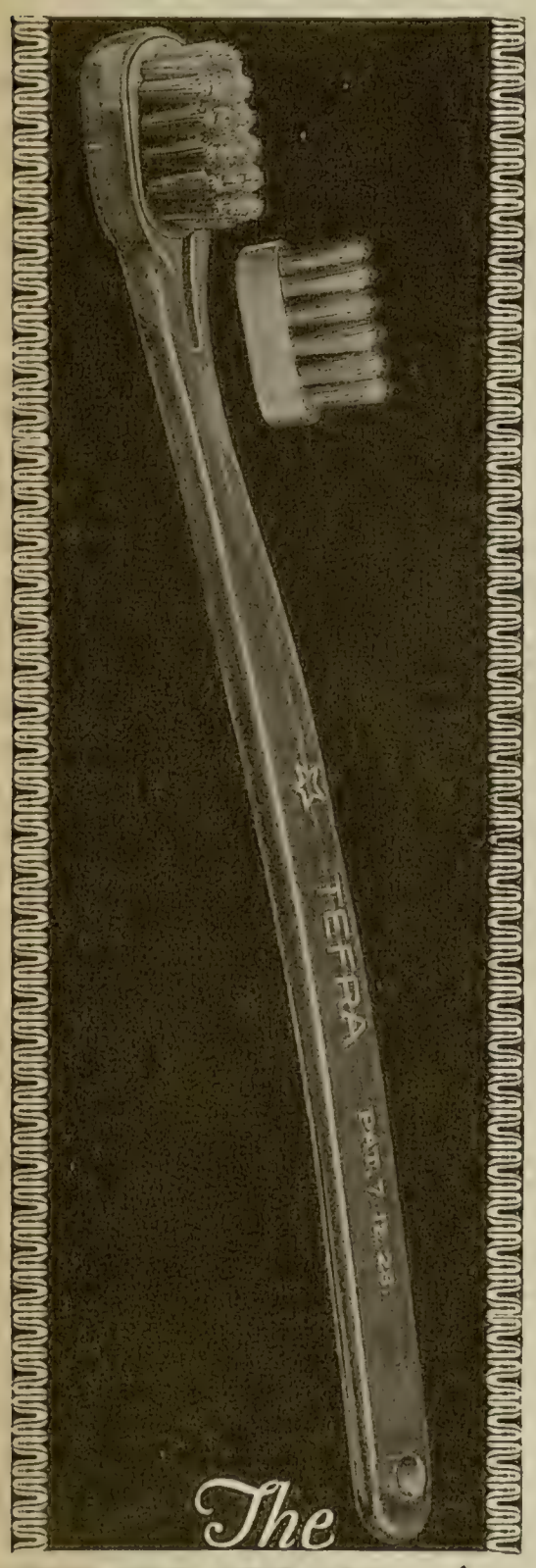

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Refill
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The next best thing to your dentist

If your druggist hasn't received his supply of Tefra Tooth Brushes, write his name below, enclosing $1. We will mail a Tefra Brush and one extra refill.

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Gentlemen: I am enclosing $1 for Tefra Tooth Brush and extra refill.

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[ARE THERE TOO MANY ATTRACTIVE MEN? Continued from Page Forty-one]

pen; and they go straight after it, happily and gracefully. It is as natural that we should be attracted to them rather than to the tangled-up type, strangled by fears and inhibitions, as it is that we should prefer to watch someone with a well made body dancing rather than a cripple hobbling on crutches. And, unfairly enough, this business of attraction has as little to do with morals or character as dancing has.

It happens that the constant accompaniment of Madge Kennedy's charm is sweetness, that her reaction to the world is always kind and gay as well as easy. But that is not an invariable characteristic of the attractive. Grossly selfish people can be very charming, just because their selfishness makes them go after what they want in life with that effortless, unhesitating grace.

AT this particular moment there are various forces at work on society which prevent men from attaining this ease and harmony. When men get frightened they develop a disposition to huddle together as close as possible; to form a herd. This is sometimes sound enough. It was sound when it was a question of a village under attack by Indians. But even there we see that the villages that were safest from Indians were those under the leadership of men like William Penn or Brigham Young, men who kept themselves sufficiently aside from this herd neurosis to retain their independent judgments and negotiate calmly with their enemies.

The war injected fear into the communities of the world. Society saw how easily it might be destroyed. All over the earth people huddled closer together. They said: "Let's do as the animals do and form ourselves into herds and packs; lots and lots of us, banded together for safety; lots and lots of us all looking alike, acting alike, talking alike, thinking alike." They don't pause to recall that animals that go about in huge herds are always the first to be wiped out. Animals that go about in very small packs, and constantly called upon for the liveliest use of individual judgment, stand the best chance of life.

Nothing will stop people from trying to look alike, act alike, talk alike, think alike. And they succeed marvelously. It is the men who most frequently fall victims to this infection; for, though the relative isolation of women in their homes prevents them from acquiring new wisdom as rapidly as men do, it also prevents them from as rapidly acquiring new follies. And folly is an end to all attractiveness.

Babbitt cannot be a good lover. Standardization puts men right into the tangled-up class. It does not, as it pretends, iron out life into something flat and easy. It ties people into roots and prevents all that simplicity, all that happy spontaneity, that makes a human being attractive. It forces them to hold and express the views of others instead of their own; to fear public opinion. It makes them snobs; it makes them long to bully and coerce others whom they suspect of taking an individual stand and cutting loose from the herd.

All these are unnatural, constricted, unwholesome attitudes for a healthy-minded person.

No man can be attractive if he has rubber-stamp ideas. He may be young and good looking, he may have nice manners, he may be kind and considerate; but if he says that prohibition is a fine thing because it does prevent the workingman from drinking, he might as well be a septuagenarian as far as women are concerned. Before he can say a thing like that he must have twisted himself right around to avoid seeing reality, and he has done it because he doesn't feel himself his own master.

Recently I was talking to a man who has every qualification for being attractive except that he is not. I hit on his secret when he began repeating bankers' stuff about the European situation, stuff he had not touched with his own mind, but had swallowed whole as it came from the makers. He was not a real person. He would not look at the real world. He refused to have a real reaction to anything he did happen to see. He was a wreath of smoke.

No man can be attractive if he is a snob. Nothing is more daunting to a woman than to find that a man worries about belonging to the right country club or gets excited about meeting a duchess or a millionaire. To begin with, it is an admission of inferiority, a confession that he regards a lot of people as above him; and the woman, with her age-old, inbred habit of agreeing with men, is apt to find it difficult to contradict him.

It is a sad fact that the signs of middle age are, if anything, more displeasing in the male than in the female.

But there is more behind it. It means he is a soul in purgatory, knowing no rest.

I often used to wonder why a certain man I know, who is extremely handsome and well mannered and fond of women, has no power over them. Dozens of women have smiled happily unpacking the roses he sent only because they arrived just the afternoon the other man was coming to tea. I learned the reason the other night when I heard him speak with a real flutter of pleasure because he had been invited to meet a certain vulgar and noisy woman who is married to an English peer.

He is not enjoying any serene sense of kingship that his good looks and his fine qualities give him. He is distracted by a sense that he ought to pull himself higher and higher up an endless ladder of social distinction that leads him nowhere except away from the fancied danger of an obscurity that in his case is purely imaginary. It is no wonder that neither I nor any other woman can feel any ease and relaxation in his company.

No man can be attractive who runs with the mob, and forgets justice in stamping out the new and unpopular thing; for he is stiff and strangled with fear.

BLUE laws leave me untouched so far as their subject matter is concerned, for I do not care if I never have another drink or never smoke another cigarette. But I grieve over them, for I know that the men who pass blue laws can never be good dancers. Their feet can never answer smoothly and happily to the rhythm of good music.

The consequences of herd abandonment to hate may be studied today in certain parts of Europe. As far as disposition and physique and education are concerned, there is little to choose between the southern Spaniard and the Hungarian.

Both are good, primitive, belligerent, domesticated stock, very good to look upon and not over-intellectualized.

But in point of attraction the Spaniard has it all over the Hungarian. That is because the Hungarian, owing to the position of his country, is surrounded by enemies whom he feels it is his duty to hate—Austrians, Czechs, Jugo-Slavs, Italians, and Roumanians. The herd has said it is his duty to hate them, so he does it; and in consequence he is always swaggering, sullen, and preoccupied, and unable to get on with his individual life. He is not worth any woman's trouble.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

BAKED IN REAL OVENS!—*That's Why*

Baked Beans are baked beans only when they're really baked—baked brown, baked tender, baked delicious, baked nutritious, baked as Heinz bakes them—in real ovens.

There's a big difference between beans that are not baked and beans that are. That is why the label cannot say "BAKED" unless the beans *are* baked.

Ask for *baked.* Look for *baked.* Serve *baked*—— and you have the *baked bean* dish supreme—HEINZ.

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See what a month of IPA can do for your teeth and g

IF your tooth brush ever shows the slightest tinge of "pink"—if your gums are a little soft or tender to the brush—in short, if the health of your gums ever causes you a single moment's concern—then, for just thirty days, give Ipana Tooth Paste its chance to show what it can do for your teeth and gums.

Do not wait even to finish the particular tube you are using. Ask the druggist for a full-size tube of Ipana and start your use of it this very night.

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First of all, you will enjoy its delicious taste and its refreshing effects in your mouth.

Then you will notice that your teeth feel much cleaner than usual, and after a few days your mirror will confirm your impression that they are whiter and more brilliant than they have been for a long, long time.

And finally, even before you have completed the hundred and more brushings the tube contains, you will find that your gums are becoming harder, firmer and healthier every day.

Our diet damages our gums — stimulation helps them

Long years of the soft, refined diet of civilization, the dentists say, are responsible for these widespread gum ailments of today. For our food, deprived of its fibre and roughage, is powerless to impart to our gums the stimulation so needful to keep the blood within their walls in healthy circulation.

Very logically, the dentists point out that the remedy lies in auxiliary stimulation—massage with the fingers or with the brush. And thousands of dentists recommend that the massage

of the gums, as well as the regular cleaning of the teeth with the brush, be performed with Ipana Tooth Paste.

For, because of its content of ziratol—a hemostatic and antiseptic widely used by dentists in their work at the chair—Ipana helps to tone and to stimulate the undernourished tissues. It improves the good effects of every massage and every brushing. That is why the dentists of America, through their own recommendations, first gave Ipana its start.

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The ten-day tube the coupon offers will quickly satisfy you as to Ipana's taste and cleaning power. Send for it if you like. But a large tube from your druggist makes the better test, for it will last a month—long enough to prove its beneficial effects on your gums. Then you can judge whether you want to make Ipana *your* tooth paste for life, as so many thousands have done.

YOU can give your dentist no better aid in keeping your gums healthy — your teeth clean and brilliant—than a twice-daily brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste.

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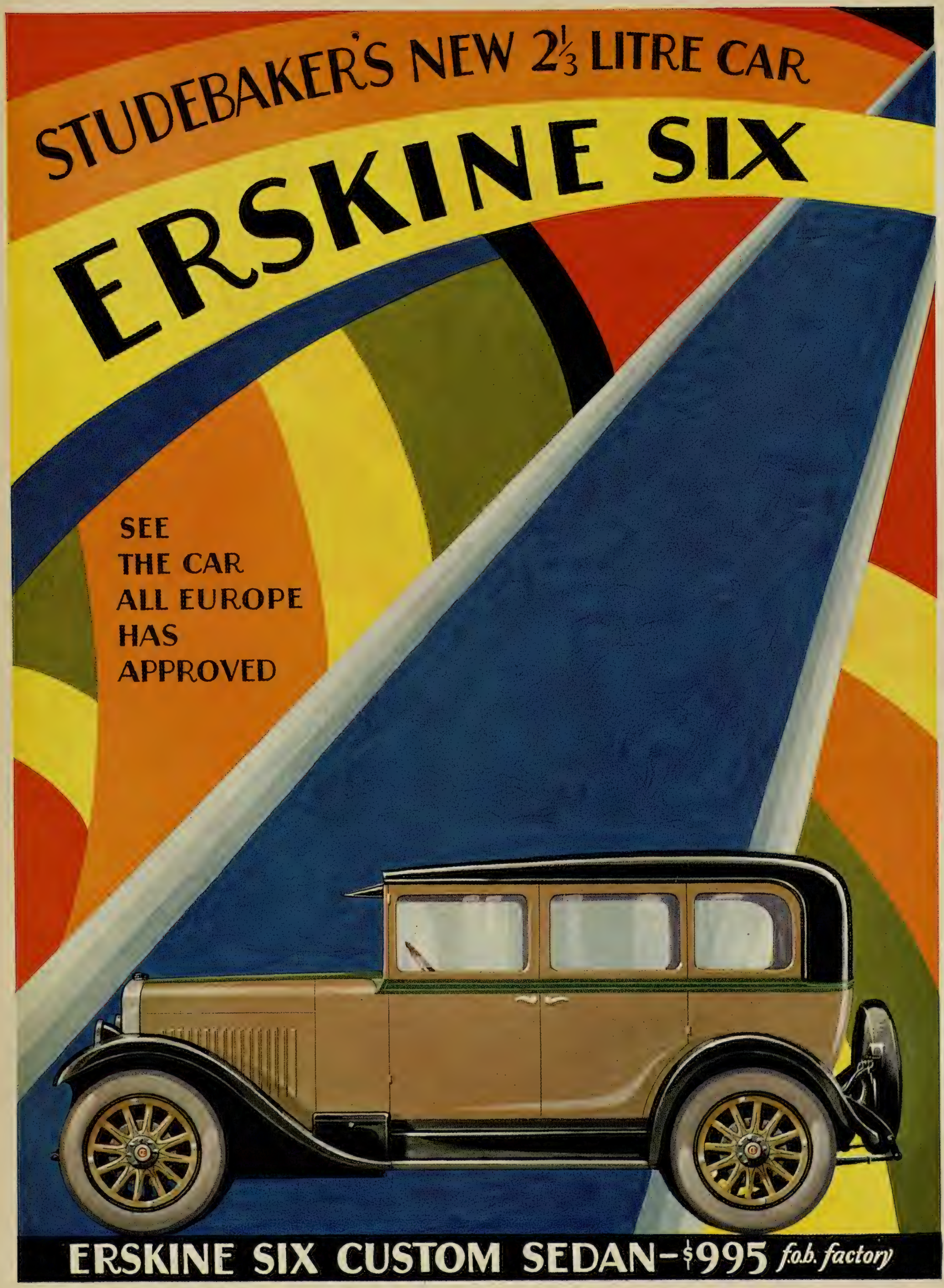
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

All that Spain imposes on the Spaniard is his dislike for the French and the Moors, both of whom he hardly ever sees and against whom he has no very acute grievances. He is, therefore, genially able to enjoy his individual life and to exercise charm. herd, they hurried out and looked for adventure.

They could not get any of the right kind of women, for they were not attractive and had done all that could be expected in getting their wives to marry them. So they got the wrong kind and found themselves in all sorts of squalid trouble which they were much too fine and dignified to have brought on themselves in any other way.

The Englishwoman's worst enemy is the horse.

But the women are equally unfortunate. One often comes on unhappy marriages that are breaking up, and that ought to break up as far as everybody's well-being is concerned, but that drag along because of the wife's refusal to allow a divorce. There may be no reason at all why the marriage should continue. There may be no children, no religious obstacles, no economic reasons, no relatives to be shocked. The wife will, nevertheless, not consider parting.

On analysis, one finds that it is because she is terrified by the old assumption that women always care for men more than men care for women; that when a marriage breaks up it is always because a husband is tired of his wife. And she accepts that humiliating interpretation in spite of the fact that in reality she and her husband are equally desirous of separation.

I KNOW two women whose lives have been ruined because of their acceptance of that suggestion. The first was middle-aged, of great beauty and charm, who had a pretty little house in an old-fashioned part of London, full of heirlooms and beautiful old furniture. There she entertained as amusingly as anybody in England. All the older aristocratic folk went to see her because of her family, and all the intellectuals went because of her wit. And she enjoyed her life.

Then she met a writer whom she greatly admired, and because he was ill and hard up and unhappy at the time, she married him. After a year or two he got on his feet again, and their marriage developed into a disastrous failure.

He was a large, untidy man with an unstanchable flow of anecdote; and he sat about, looking too big for her neat little house, and spoiled all her parties. He did not like the fact that his wife was more attractive than he was, and he was too clever not to see through all the attempts she made to share the center of the stage.

They were miserable. Being a fundamentally decent man, as soon as he saw he was taking the situation badly, he left her. She could, if she liked, have started her life again as if he never had been. But, instead, she sits and grieves. She is hypnotized by the belief that if a marriage is broken up the wife must have been scorned.

THE second is a sadder case, for the husband, being a poorer type, did not leave. One of the most delightful young women in England married during the war a handsome young soldier. In peace he turned out to be a hopeless waster, who had no good points himself and was incapable of appreciating hers.

He makes no motion to support himself. He is openly unfaithful to her. He alienates her friends. But when there is any question of their parting, she weeps and begs him to stay. She is saturated with the idea that it is always the woman who cares more and she cannot consider the fact of his going as anything but a humiliation to her. That it would be she who was rejecting him cannot penetrate this belief.

Such are the consequences of our failure to admit that there are far too few attractive men.

THE END

That men have let themselves become less attractive than they might be is a fact that has to be recognized; partly so that women may analyze it, and partly so that persons who assume that there are too many attractive men, and that women care for men more than men care for women, may understand their error. For there are two large classes whom that assumption leads to disaster. The first exists among men.

A LAWYER in England once told me that a large number of his clients who found themselves in difficulties arising out of affairs with women—divorce cases, breach-of-promise suits, or blackmail persecutions—had got there out of a sort of inverted Puritanism. They seemed to have involved themselves in relations with women who did not in the least interest them, out of a feeling that it was the proper thing to do—the feeling that makes other men go to church twice on Sunday or wear hair shirts. Throughout the proceedings they were frightened and ill at ease.

They were elderly men who had suddenly realized that nearly all their lives had gone by and they had not filled the popular conception of a male as one who has numbers of sexual conquests almost by virtue of the fact he is male. Therefore, being anxious to adhere to the conception of the

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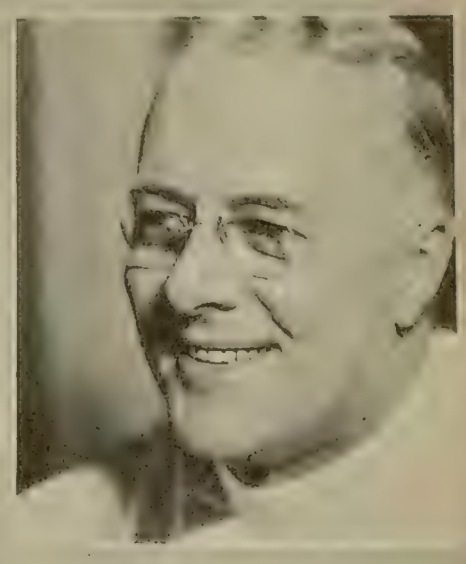

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Why do most dentists urge the constant use of Colgate's? Because utter cleanness is the first step toward beautiful, healthy teeth. Colgate's, through its dual action, gives to teeth a protecting cleanness!

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Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful, bubbling foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces.

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The face is soothed, refreshed, feels velvet smooth

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EVERY shave leaves the face nicked in countless unseen places. For the skin, instead of being smooth as it looks, is made up of tiny ridges and irregularities. A razor sharp enough to cut your beard is bound to nick it slightly.

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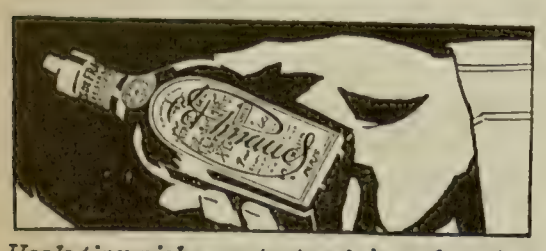

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For the Love o' Lil

The Mysterious Stranger

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Continuity

By LESLIE THRASHER

POP MORSE, puffing and red-faced, and Junior attacked the layer of snow on the front walk. From the window Ma and Lil watched their efforts.

"I think I'll read until Sandy comes," Lil said. "Then we're going coasting. Why, what's the matter, Ma?" Mrs. Morse's face had suddenly assumed a first-seat-in-the-roller-coaster expression.

"Oh!" she gasped. "It's Walter!" A long-legged sailor with a monkey had approached the front walk.

An uncouth world wanderer, a member of many an ocean tramp's crew, and a champion tobacco-squirter who never manipulated a necktie or nail file—that was the Morse family's black sheep. He was Walter, Mrs. Morse's son by an earlier, unhappy marriage. Always an unruly boy, he had run away from home the day his mother married Pop. His strange, erratic visits home were always hurried—usually ending with a blustering demand for funds.

Peering through the curtains, Ma and Lil now saw Walter swagger up to the gate and greet Pop and Junior with his loudest bellow. The shoveling stopped.

Lil had never told Sandy about Walter. Several times she had come to the brink, each time drawing back with a shudder. She would break the bad news *after* they were married.

"You talk to him first," Ma said to Lil. "I'll tidy up the spare room."

An impatient rattling of the doorknob. Passing into the hall, Lil glanced at her hat and coat. Oh, if Sandy would only keep away until the coast was clear!

"Hello, baby!" Walter boomed, giving Lil a cave-man kiss and hug. "See what I've broughtcha! Bill, scratch your tummy for Lil." And the monkey did this ungenteel trick.

"How long are you staying?" asked Lil. Then she meekly followed him into the sitting-room.

"A couple o' days," he evaded. Then, imprisoning Lil's shoulder, he drew her down on the couch.

En route to the Morses', Sandy had stopped in at Keith's jewelry store to make three more dollar payments on Lil's engagement ring. Now he wheeled into the front yard just as Pop had gone back to the kitchen door. He saw the light in the sitting-room. Lil was waiting for him! He peeked gingerly in at the window.

He couldn't believe his eyes: Lil was sitting with another man—clearly an old lover, for they were very clubby. Was she double-crossing him? She might have several engagement rings for all he knew. And after a lingering, bitter stare, Sandy turned away from the Morses' window.

"I won't butt in," he said to himself. "I've caught her and I'm through!"

(To be continued next week.)

Another Great
Sherlock Holmes
Story

The Adventure of
Shoscombe Old Place

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

THE master detective finds in the mysterious tragedy of a wealthy noblewoman one of the most amazing cases of his career.

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Sore Subjects

The Story of a Belgian Girl Who Risked Her Life to Save Two War Birds

By Elliott White Springs

Pictures by Frank Hoffman

ONE fine spring morning in 1919 I was walking up Madison Avenue in New York, and ran into George Tilly. He looked a little out of place in a new suit of civilian clothes, but otherwise he had not changed since the last time I had seen him, nearly a year before, resplendent in a magnificent uniform designed by a London tailor after the famous coat that was introduced by Joseph.

"Hello," said George; "I thought you were a ghost. I've shed many a tear over you. I heard that you were killed during the push in front of Amiens."

"I was missing for a while," I told him; "but I landed back of our lines and was sent to an emergency hospital. The squadron moved that day and things got tangled up. But I wasn't hurt badly, much less killed. Come on and let's get some lunch and sip a stein while we can still get one legally."

We went over to the club, and sat down in the grill-room.

"I don't think much of these reunions, as a rule," I told him, "but I'm glad to see you again. I usually try to avoid these rehashes of ancient history. I'm trying to forget the war and become an American again, though God only knows why. The last I heard of you was when you were reported a prisoner of war. How'd you enjoy your little visit to the Rhineland?"

George gave me an ugly look. "Don't try to be funny," he remarked sourly.

"Excuse me. I didn't know it was a sore subject."

"Well, it is. Have you ever had a stone bruise?"

"Not since I was a barefooted kid," I told him, wondering at the question.

"Ever had fallen arches, or corns on your instep?"

"No. Why?"

"Then you can't appreciate sore subjects. Look."

He held up a foot for my inspection. It was incased in a sort of glorified bedroom slipper.

"What about it?"

"That's what I brought back from Germany."

"How come?"

"It's a long story. Order some food and drink and let's get our feet in the trough. All I got out of the war was a taste for hard likker and a pair of sick dogs."

The waiter took our order, and curiosity got the better of me.

CHICK started making love to her before he'd even thanked her for saving our lives. I would have, too, but I couldn't speak her language.

"How'd you get the flat feet?" I asked.

"Walking."

"Did they make you walk?"

"No. It was my own goddam fault."

"Spin us the yarn," I insisted.

OH [began George], I was out on patrol one day with four other planes over the other side of Cambrai, looking for two-seaters. We had a top flight of six planes up above to protect us, all Sopwith Camels. We saw six Fokkers messing around in the clouds, and decided we'd suck them down on us for a dog-fight. The Fokkers didn't see our top flight and swallowed the bait.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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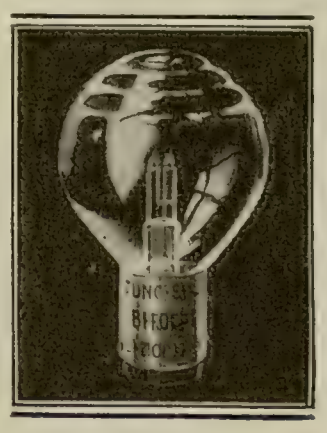

Tung-Sol Bi-Focal bulbs have two filaments, each rated at 21 C.P. Standard equipment on Buick cars. This type of double-filament bulb has been adopted by the makers of 21 leading automobiles.

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TUNG SOL MINIATURE

[SORE SUBJECTS
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

They came down on us like a ton of bricks, and it looked like we were going to have a frolic as soon as the others came in. But our top flight was composed of young gentlemen who had business to attend to after the war was over, and they didn't come down as they should. The result was that we got licked bad. Tod Wilson was killed right at the first. I saw him go down in flames while I was firing at one of the Fokkers, and then two of them got on my tail.

I went into a tight spiral to keep them from hitting me, and all I could do was to kick my rudder and wait for the top ones to come down and help. But as far as I know they never came down.

Finally one Hun got in a good burst and my motor stopped cold. I don't know what he hit, but it did the trick. I went into a spin, and came out in a dive, and tried to glide back; but I was too far over and they started shooting at me again, so I had to go into another spin. I came out of the spin at five hundred feet and pancaked in the reserve lines.

A squad of infantry took me prisoner before I had a chance to set fire to my machine. One of them was in favor of shooting me on the spot, and fired at me once. The corporal hit him over the head with the butt of his gun. I was quite grateful to that corporal.

THEN they took me back to an army headquarters and brought me into a German Major's office. And there, sitting beside him, as calm as you please, was Chick Willis. Chick was sort of dirty and had on a sweater and a soft shirt, and his arm was all bandaged up.

"Hello," says Chick, "and welcome. Meet Major Haslacker. This is Lieutenant Tilly, Major."

The Major shook hands with me pleasantly.

"What happened to you?" I asked Chick.

"Same thing as happened to you," he informed me sourly. "Those yellow curs up above didn't come down until it was too late. I've got a flesh wound here. Be careful what you say."

The Major smiled.

"Don't worry about that," he told us. "I'm an information officer, but there's nothing I want from you. We know what squadron you're from, we have the number of your planes, and we don't care about your names."

He spoke good English.

"The Major," Chick explained, "tells me that he used to sell dyestuffs in New England before the war. Major, do you think you could find another drink for my friend here? He looks white about the gills."

"Certainly," the Major said, and rang for an orderly. "Before you go back for detention, would you like to send a message to your squadron that you're safe? I'll see that it is dropped over to them."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Paris Does Know Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Every summer I go to Paris, when my stage work ends, to learn the latest aids to beauty. Paris gave me as a girl the beauty that made me famous. She has kept my youth. So I go there yearly to get her latest discoveries, just as dressmakers go for styles.

I bring them back to you. Every help I use is supplied by all toilet counters. It is at the call of every girl who wants more beauty, of every woman who wants youth.

One is Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream. That combines many helps in one. It contains, among other things, products of both lemon and strawberry, the greatest of complexion aids. But there are several other modern helps of great importance to the face skin.

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I apply one at night, the other in the morning. Never is my face skin without this care and protection. Please note the result. Few young girls have a complexion as soft and as rosy as mine. Yet mine is a grandmother's age.

I urge you to try my Youth Cream. It will surprise and delight you. It will bring you a new conception of what cream can do. If you wish to try it before buying, mail the coupon. It will bring you a sample tube, also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

For Trial Tube A63 L

of Youth Cream mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Name.....

Address.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

"I don't think I'd better," I told him. "One of our youngsters addressed a note to the squadron after he was captured, and it was dropped over all right, but that night sixty-two bombs were sent over as a postscript, which wasn't so pleasant. He's due for a court-martial if he ever gets back."

"As you please. It's quite customary. The Red Cross will notify them later if you do not care to trust me. We have all the information we want except the number of troops that are ready to embark in your country and the type of guns they will use. And I don't suppose you know that."

BY that time I was scared. A year's accumulation of gooseflesh was shivering all over me.

He smiled at me. "And you wouldn't tell me if you did. Quite right. Here is a drink for us all."

An orderly had come in with a tray.

"To your fourteen points," the Major added as he raised his glass.

He laughed and drank, then excused himself and went out.

"We are in a nice mess," I said to Chick.

"Yes," he agreed. "I wouldn't willingly have selected this method of passing the winter. Thank God, I can speak German. And I understand that they know they're going to lose the war eventually and are getting pretty decent to prisoners."

"Speak German?"

"Sure. Had a German nurse when I was a kid and have always kept it up. Went to school over here for two years. Ought to come in handy now. Did you see anybody else go down?"

"Only Tod Wilson; but I guess they got the rest of 'em too."

CHICK put his finger to his lips and slowly got to his feet. Then he tiptoed over to the wall and looked behind a sign that was hanging there. He nodded to me and made a sign of listening. Then he put his finger over his lips again. I gathered that there was a hole or a dictaphone behind the picture and that someone was eavesdropping. So we stopped talking. Those Germans were pretty cute. In a moment the Major came back.

"Your guard is ready," he told us, "and I regret I must send you back to prison. Do not think too hard of us, I pray you. War is cruel. You may meet hard treatment, but remember it is not Germany who invented war—we merely perfected it."

He shook hands with us and the guard took us out.

We walked a long way. Then they put us on a train with a lot of other prisoners, and eventually we got to the prison in a little town north of Lille. Anderson and Curtis were there, and two or three others of the gang.

The prison was an old barracks, and had a high wall around it with plenty of sentinels. There were about four hundred officers there—Belgian, French, British, and about ten Americans, captured with the British. The food was scarce and pretty bad; but the British outfit was being fed by the Red Cross, and they gave us some of theirs.

I had on a sweater, breeches, and regular long hip flying boots—sheepskin. They took my leather flying coat away from me when I first landed. I tried to get some shoes, but couldn't. Leather was the scarcest thing in Germany. There were no shoes to be had anywhere, so I cut the flying boots off at the calf.

The best thing about that camp was the likker. There was plenty of it and it was damn good. Chick and I both had some francs in our pockets, and as long as they lasted we stayed well oiled, and decided that it wasn't so bad to be a prisoner, after all. At least, you didn't have to worry about being killed.

The Germans worried us some at first about information, but we really didn't have any to give them. Most of the questions they asked us were about the British army, and they seemed to be more worried about an attack by the Third Army than anything else. They wanted to hang on to Le Cateau until they could get their troops out of the salient.

I found three good bridge players and managed to pass the time for a couple of weeks, but Chick didn't play bridge and was restless and fretful. He kept talking about escaping. He got a map from a British officer who had it sewed into his collar lining, and copied it. Then he gave a Frenchman fifty francs for a dinky little compass.

A lot of the officers had been wounded, and those who were very sick were in a wing over near the outside wall. Chick got permission to go up to see Knight, who was in with a bullet in his leg. There was a corridor with some private rooms on it that were right up against the wall, and that gave Chick an idea.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

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This wonder box weighs only 13 lbs., stands 9 inches high and is 4 inches wide. It is a mechanical device transforming ordinary 110 volt 60 cycle house lighting power into smooth, quiet radio energy for the new Crosley radios without slightest interfering hum and with the certainty of an electric motor. **PRICE $50.**

Crosley radios designed for use with this marvelous power supply are the AC-7, a 6 tube table model at $70, and the AC-7-C, a 6 tube console at $95. See these wonderful sets at any Crosley dealers, or write Dept. 76 for descriptive literature.

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NO MORE annoyances from the vital power supply end of your radio. A snap of the switch is the only demand your radio makes upon you from NOW ON.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

Some of the officers had given their parole and were allowed to go out in the town, and Chick got one of them to buy him some hack-saw blades from a Belgian, and he put them inside his leggings.

He kept close watch on the corridor in the sick wing, and when a Frenchman died in one room he was all ready. He tied a cord around his arm for two or three hours, and it looked as if it was really swollen. Then he rubbed his eyes for half an hour. Then he went to the doctor.

The doctor took his temperature, and Chick managed to get the thermometer out of his mouth and rub it up to 104 degrees. The doctor fell for it and sent him up to the spare room. Chick told me to get permission to come up to see him.

I went up that afternoon, and noticed there was a guard at the head of the stairs, so I couldn't see what Chick had gained. But when I got inside the room I understood it. Just outside the window was a corner of the building, and it was irregular masonry. There was enough room between stones for a toe-and-finger hold, and two stories below was a roof that extended out nearly to the wall. From the roof you could jump to the wall.

Chick had found out that the guard changed at six, so if I could stay until then the new guard wouldn't know I was there.

We got away with it, and as soon as it was dark we started in to cut the bars in the window. We only had to cut two, and that wasn't so much of a job. In the dark it was easy to get down the corner of the building and over the wall. I wasn't a bit keen on leaving, but Chick was so set on the idea that I couldn't back out on him. Though I wasn't so sure we could get away with it.

Once we got out, we didn't know what to do. The nearest boundary was Holland, so we started northwest by the compass. We didn't dare walk in the road, so we went straight across the fields. And maybe my feet weren't tender! Oh, boy, how they hurt after two hours of rock-crushing! We must have covered about ten miles before dawn, and then we found a lot of dead leaves in a thicket, and curled up and went to sleep.

About noon we heard a lot of voices, and there were three German soldiers about fifty feet from us, talking. They argued a while and then went on off.

"They were looking for us," Chick told me.

"Say, do they have bloodhounds in this country?" I asked him.

"Don't know," he said. "If they do, we're lost."

But the soldiers never came back. We walked on every night for a week, and my feet got worse and worse. We ate raw potatoes and beets and cabbage that we got out of the fields, and finally we got so hungry and tired we just went into a peasant's cottage.

They were Belgians and were scared to death. They knew they'd be shot if the Germans found out they were harboring prisoners. But they fed us, and gave us some directions about roads, and asked us please to leave at once. Before we left, the man told us there was a priest in Brussels who would help us if we'd go to him. So we lit out for Brussels.

The map didn't help us much, and though we did a hell of a lot of walking we didn't get very far. My feet were about to kill me. The boots were loose and my socks were through, and my feet began to get chafed and raw.

WE only walked at night, and stuck to the fields and kept away from the highways. We knew we'd never get to Brussels wandering around that way at night, so we decided to get rid of our uniforms, though they were the only things that stood between us and being shot if we were caught. As long as we were in uniform we were all right; but if we were caught in civilian clothes we would be shot as spies at once. That's international law.

We had to spend all day hiding, so we took to hiding near houses. One day we saw a whole family leaving a house to go to town, so we sneaked around and broke in a window and helped ourselves to clothes. We got a pretty good farm outfit apiece, and found some food too. We left a gold ring of mine for payment, and cleared out.

I was all right except for my feet. I tried walking in wooden shoes, but it couldn't be done; so I went back to where we had hidden our uniforms and got my flying boots again. Even with them I couldn't make much progress. But now we were going in the right direction, because Chick could walk into little towns and ask the way. In one town he saw a big sign offering a reward for us, and got out in a hurry.

By the time we got to Brussels my feet were in terrible shape. They were infected and covered with sores and the arches had broken down. We waited until night and sneaked into town. We knew that if anybody stopped us we were lost, as I couldn't speak German and had on the flying boots. We had arranged that Chick was to do the talking and say that I was his deaf-and-dumb brother.

We found the priest's house, and went around to the back and knocked. After a while we woke up a servant, who told us that the priest had been arrested for harboring fugitives and was sentenced to be shot. So we left that neighborhood in haste.

I was ready to give up. The infection from my feet was making me sick, and I could just barely hobble along. I begged Chick to leave me and go on, but he wouldn't do it.

We wandered around the town, not daring to ask anyone where to go, and saw several signs offering rewards for us and threatening death to anyone who aided us.

About dawn we got desperate and climbed over a wall into a garden back of a private house, and went to sleep in a summerhouse.

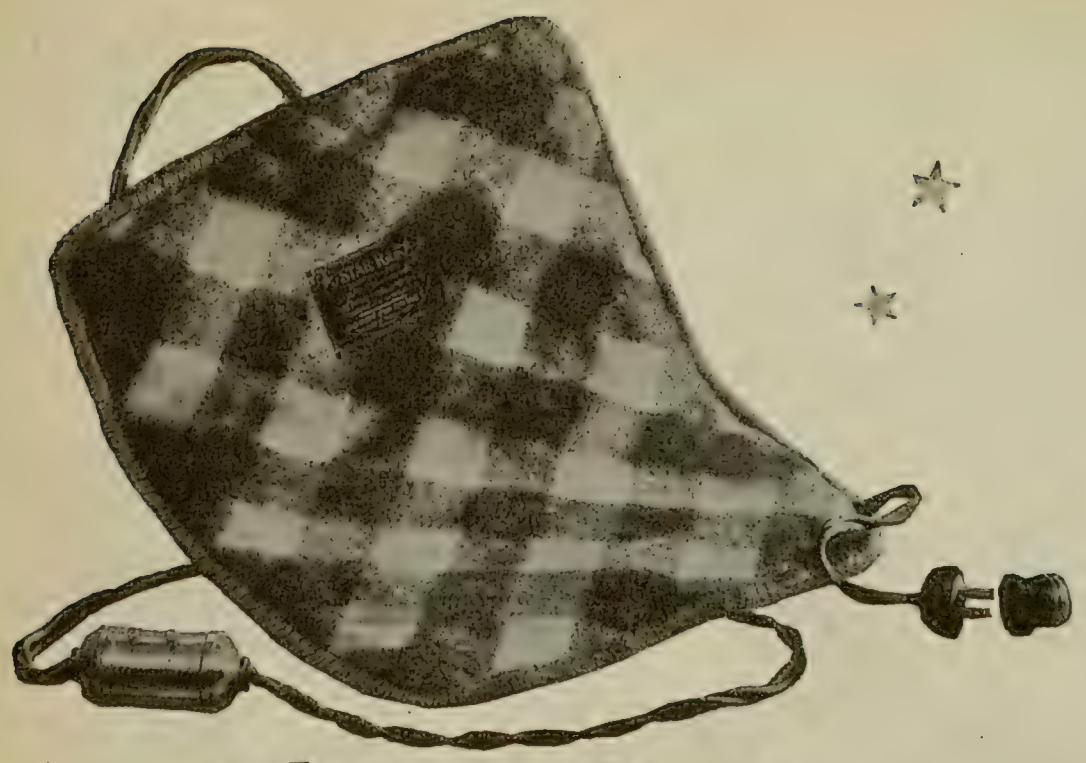
When I woke up, two German officers were having breakfast in the courtyard about thirty feet from us. I woke Chick up with my hand over his mouth, and he listened to them talking. They finished breakfast and left. Chick whispered to me that they were air pilots and were talking about a bomb raid.

Later an old Belgian man and a woman came out and sat down to read the paper. Chick listened to them for a while, and then we came out of our hiding place. I could hardly walk then. They were nearly frightened out of their wits at the sight of us, and we did look pretty bad.

Chick explained to them who we were, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A SQUAD of infantry took me prisoner before I had a chance to set fire to my machine.



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Large over-size pad of virgin wool in soft old rose tone. Three heat control, the finest of them all.
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Makers of the famous Never-Leak Cylinder Head Gaskets

[SORE SUBJECTS Continued from Page Fifty-three]

they jabbered like a couple of magpies. One thing they were sure of: we had to leave—and leave quick. The two German officers were billeted there and might be back at any moment. If we were found there it would mean death for them all.

Chick explained that I couldn't leave, and that we'd be caught and shot if we went out now. The man said in that case he'd have to give us up—it was impossible to let us stay. Chick argued and pleaded, but it was no good—he gave us fifteen minutes to get out. He told us his daughter was there with them, and he had to consider her as well as us.

We couldn't very well blame him, but we didn't want to go. I couldn't.

About that time a girl came out of the house and listened for a few minutes to the argument. Then she got in it. She looked at my feet, and told Chick to help carry me into the house. The old man protested violently, but it didn't do him any good—in we went. They took me upstairs and put me to bed in the biggest, whitest, snowiest bed in the world. As soon as I felt those welcome sheets I passed right on out in peace.

THE girl got a Belgian doctor to dress my feet and lance a couple of abscesses; and in a day or so, when the poison got out of my system and I got a little food, I felt better. She brought us up some soup and black bread from time to time, and once or twice some milk. It tasted awful good. She got Chick some decent clothes and he went out to scout around.

The room we were in was right across the hall from the one the German officers had, so we had to be very quiet. Luckily they were out at the airdrome most of the day and some of the night, so didn't bother us much.

We were perfectly comfortable there, but we knew we had to get out quick on account of the Belgian family. We'd rather have died on the spot than get that girl in trouble. God! she was a beauty—as pretty as they come. You know those Belgian girls—blonde curls, red lips, blue eyes. This one had 'em all. And she was a buxom lass, too.

You know the meaning of the word buxom? It means fat only in the right places. That was her. And as sweet and bright as you could want.

Chick started making love to her before he'd even thanked her for saving our lives. I would have, too, but I couldn't speak her language. She and I could converse in French a little. My French was fine in a barroom, where I could always get what I wanted, but was no good in a bedroom.

Chick was so crazy over her that he lost track of the war altogether. I was afraid he was going to murder me to get me out of that room so as not to interfere with his love-making. Finally he

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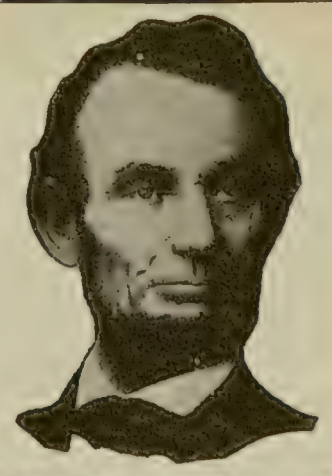


Abraham Lincoln and the Harmonica

On one of his journeys for a debate with Douglas, Abraham Lincoln picked out of his pocket a little harmonica and played upon it, seeming to get happiness in the playing thereon. Says Carl Sandburg in "Lincoln, The Prairie Years": "Someone remarked about his playing on the harmonica and he said: 'This is my band; Douglas had a brass band with him in Peoria, but this will do for me.' "

Back in the days when Abraham Lincoln was engaged in his world-famous debates with Stephen A. Douglas, the Hohner factories were engaged in making "The World's Best" Harmonicas. Today, Hohner Harmonicas are available at leading dealers the world over. Ask for the Free Instruction Book. M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 157, 114 East 16th St., New York City.

HOHNER Harmonicas

So Soft— So White

By Edna Wallace Hopper.

Nearly every woman who sees them envies me my hands. They ask me how I keep them so soft, so white, so young.

They know that I travel all the time. My stage work encounters all sorts of grime and dirt. In most cities the water is hard. Yet the most sheltered women rarely have such hands. They never chap.

The reason lies in a hand lotion perfected for me by great experts. I apply it whenever I wash my hands. It is not greasy or sticky. It disappears at once. And it overcomes all that water does, all that soap does, all that grime does to the hands. Also all that weather does, all that the years do. My own hands form evidence supreme.

This hand lotion is sold by all toilet counters. It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Hand Lotion. Price 60c.

I urge you to try it. I have tried nearly everything of this kind, but nothing compares with this. A guarantee comes with it. Your dealer will return your money if it does not please. Try it and see what it means to you.

For Free Trial Tube A103L

of Youth Hand Lotion mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Name.....

Address.....
(Only one to a family)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

forgot his manners and just disregarded me. Oh, boy, he was persistent!

The girl told us that the only way to escape was to go up to the Dutch frontier and get across the wire. The Germans had a high-tension wire across the border to keep anyone from crossing it, and had it patrolled by sentries as well. But she said if we would go to a certain priest up near the border he might help us.

But that wasn't any help to us, because I couldn't walk that far and there was no chance for a ride. I begged Chick to go while he could and get into Holland, and then I'd come on when and as I could. But Chick wouldn't leave me. Nothing could have persuaded him to leave me with that girl. He was right, too.

THEN Chick got his big hunch. Why not fly back? There were plenty of planes there, and we could fly, so why walk? The only trouble was that we first had to get the plane, and then we had to get down on our side of the line before we got shot down. Because as soon as we crossed the lines in an enemy plane our Archie would open up on us and our planes would attack us and shoot us down.

We decided that the only way to do would be to take off just before dawn and try to get across the lines and on the ground before the sun was up.

So Chick went out to the airdrome and had a look about. There were a lot of big twin-engine night bombers out there. And one small two-seater. The two-seater was in a hangar at the end of the line.

At first Chick's idea was that we could go out and hide in the tail of one of the bombers, and then, after it had crossed the line, sneak up and crown the crew and take charge. But that was bad, for a lot of reasons. In the first place, we'd affect the balance of the plane and might cause a crash. Then, we might get caught. And last, even if we did kill the crew, our own planes might shoot us down.

Then Chick decided that we should steal uniforms from the two officers across the way, and boldly walk out to the airdrome and get in one of the planes and take off and land in Holland. But in that case we'd be interned and never get back to the front, and the girl would probably end up by being shot after the investigation over the uniforms.

So we decided we'd just have to steal a plane as we were. Chick wanted to take the girl with us, and she said she'd go; but I argued him out of that. What would we do with her after we got back? We'd be back at the squadron, and they wouldn't allow any girls at the front. And, after all, the only reason we were escaping was to get back into the scrap. We weren't ready to go home yet. And if she disappeared her parents would be suspected. So he gave in.

But one day the officers told the girl they were going to be gone all night on a bomb raid, which meant there wouldn't be many guards at the airdrome. So we dressed ourselves up in German uniforms that we took from their rooms.

The girl went out to the airdrome with us, so she could bring the uniforms back after we got into flying clothes. She hid outside the field, and we walked on in. There was a sentry at the gate and he passed us with a salute. We'd watched German officers so long we knew all their correct mannerisms.

There was another guard at the hangars, and Chick gave him orders to open up the hangars and help us get the plane out. Only the big bombers were out on the raid. We dragged the plane out, and Chick got up in the seat to see if it had plenty of gas and oil.

We'd decided to take off by moonlight and fly west till we hit the coast, and then follow it on down to Dunkirk and fly around until our gas gave out or the sun came up, and land on the beach there in a hurry, Archie or no Archie.

CHICK told the guard to go get us some flying suits and helmets and goggles. He trotted off and came back in a minute with a supply clerk. The clerk began to ask questions and I could see we were in trouble. Chick winked at me, and I got behind the guard, and he went up close to the clerk.

The clerk was getting excited and said something to the guard. Just then Chick caught him a wallop on the jaw. The guard tried to bring up his gun and I caught him on the side of his head with a piece of pipe. But his damn gun went off.

We had to run for it. The guards came dashing up from all directions. But we ducked into a hangar and out of the back of it and got away. But we knew the game was up then.

We beat it back to the house and got off our uniforms and got ready to leave. The girl came back in a few minutes, and said the alarm was being spread all over town for two German officers who were spies.

We replaced the uniforms in the Germans' room and decided to leave Brussels right quick. The girl wept on both our shoulders, as we fared forth into the night.

It took us six days to get to the Dutch border and locate the priest. He was scared stiff and made us go out and hide in some woods. The next night a Belgian came to talk with us. He said he'd send a carrier pigeon over to Holland to his friend, who would come across the next day and take us back.

We waited three days, and then another Belgian joined us. He said the only way to get through was to wait until the moon was dark and cut the wire. There were three high-tension electric wires in the midst of a barbed-wire entanglement, and it was impossible to get through without cutting the wires. You couldn't get through the gap where the wires were cut, because the sentries would run to that spot. But when they did we could get across somewhere else, before new fuses were put in to get juice back in the wires.

The Belgian took us out the next night, and we crawled the last mile to the wire on our bellies. There was a sentry patrolling for about a hundred yards in front of us, and another one about a hundred yards to the left. They would walk toward each other and then turn and walk back again.

This Belgian told us to stay where we were, and when we saw a flash to dash across. He wiggled down to where the sentries met, and waited until they were at the far ends of their beats. He had on rubber boots and rubber gloves and carried a pair of big wire-cutters.

By that time I was scared. A year's accumulation of gooseflesh was shivering all over me. I wanted to stand up and yell. The suspense was just about to crush me.

We heard three sharp snaps and saw the sparks flying, and the sentries both dashed to the spot. We heard them firing, and then we jumped up and climbed over and through the wire. We lost most of our clothes and a lot of skin, but we got through; and, in spite of my feet, I did manage to break the Dutch record for the 220-yard dash.

We made for the nearest American consulate, which was at The Hague, and reported. But they didn't seem to know there was a war on, and asked if our families were good Democrats. So we went over to the British consulate and they took care of us. They fed us, gave us uniforms, and got us drunk, and kept us that way for three days, and then sent us on back to London.

WE reported to Eaton Place and asked for orders back to the squadron. They said nothing doing, because escaped prisoners were never sent back to the front, for if they were captured again they would be shot as spies. We said we'd take a chance on that.

The Information Office kept us busy for a week answering questions and drawing diagrams. We tried to arrange to get a reward for that Belgian, but he wouldn't give us his name and address. They told us in London that they were paid by the British Secret Service for their work. We kept the girl part to ourselves.

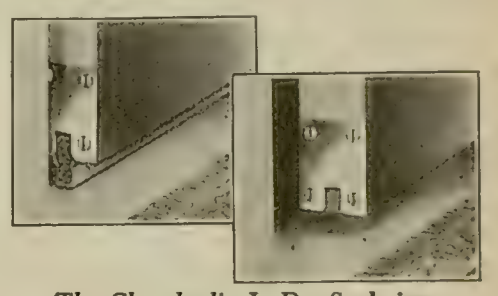
Jeff got orders for us, finally,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

CHAMBERLIN
IN-DOR-SEALS

— stop those Under-door draughts

that you can feel at bedroom doors when bedroom windows are open and which so often chill off your entire house. With In-Dor-Seals you no longer need to endure uncomfortable morning temperatures in your dressing room, bath room or dining room. Nor need you force your heater and waste fuel to quickly make every part of your home comfortable. These In-Dor-Seals are ingeniously hidden in door bottoms where they operate silently and automatically. A thick but soft felt strip does the work—it rises clear of rugs when the door opens and drops snugly to the floor when the door closes. You need Chamberlin In-Dor-Seals all through your house. For, besides barring dust and under-door draughts, they deaden sounds and at kitchen doors prevent the spread of cooking odors.



The Chamberlin In-Dor-Seal rises automatically to clear rugs or runners the instant the door is opened and lowers snugly to the floor sealing the under-door crack an instant before the door is entirely closed.

As with Chamberlin Weather Strips, Chamberlin In-Dor-Seals are installed exclusively by Chamberlin mechanics, trained to work to the exacting Chamberlin standard. For homes, public and residential buildings, etc., be sure to buy Chamberlin—for 34 years the leading and standard weather stripping equipment—and obtain a service-guarantee effective "for the life of your building".

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Please send me literature on Chamberlin Weather Strips and In-Dor-Seals. Also send me an approximate estimate for weather stripping my home which

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Electro-magnetic *Discovery* Brings HEALTH *to* Thousands

The accomplishments of I-ON-A-CO in the treatment of disease are substantiated by authenticated letters and statements from the patients themselves. These demonstrated results confound the most stubborn skeptics.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE, *Inventor of the* I-ON-A-CO, *founder of the famous Wilshire Boulevard of Los Angeles.*

THE RECENT invention by Gaylord Wilshire of an electro-magnet for accelerating the oxidation of the tissues, is revolutionizing the treatment of disease. If clinical results mean anything, if the unsolicited testimonials of thousands of sufferers can be believed, mankind is standing on the very brink of an era that will be free from many diseases which have afflicted it from the beginning of time.

Results which seem miraculous are being daily obtained through the use of the I-ON-A-CO, as this new electro-magnet is called. The I-ON-A-CO is based upon the recent discovery of Dr. Otto Warburg, the great German Biologist, that the iron in the system acts as a catalyzer or transfer agent uniting the oxygen we inhale with our tissue cells. Dr. Warburg demonstrated this theory in his recent lecture before the Rockefeller Institute. Through magnetization, the I-ON-A-CO improves the catalytic value of the iron — thus enabling it to deliver an increased supply of oxygen to the system.

We all know that oxygen is essential to life, that it burns up cells, destroys the wastage of our living cells and constructs new cells, but until Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO there was no means known to medical science of increasing oxidation. Even were we to breathe pure oxygen, the amount we would use would not increase because the use depends entirely upon the catalytic value of the iron. Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO is the first device ever discovered which improves this catalytic value.

In hundreds of instances during the past year Gaylord Wilshire's new invention has given new life to those on the brink of the grave. So-called incurable cases have responded to this delightful treatment. The treatment cannot possibly cause harm and the proven achievements offer such amazing promises of new life they should not be ignored.

Medical science has neglected magnetism and concentrated on the study of electricity. Yet it begins to appear that magnetism is by far the more important of the two forces and charged with immensely greater possibilities for giving man command over health.

Sunlight itself is but a form of electro magnetism. Burbank has explained to us how every living thing owes its continued existence to the mysterious little laboratory in the green leaf of the plant. Here oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorous and iron are transmuted by the electro-magnetic power of the sunlight into protoplasm. Here is the origin of the food of the world; the basis of life itself.

"I want to let the world know what Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO has done for my neuritis. I could not raise my arm for three months and my wife had to put my shirt and coat on me every morning. With one I-ON-A-CO treatment for ten minutes, I was able to raise my arms above my head without any pains, same as I always had done.

"You may use this letter for publication as the I-ON-A-CO certainly did me a wonderful lot of good."

H. H. LAPINS
249 Eddy St.
San Francisco

Gaylord Wilshire's invention has now had enough real cures to its credit to justify anyone who is ill, giving it a trial. No dieting, no exercising, no drugs, pills, powders, purgatives, or any of the other unpleasant and sometimes dangerous remedies are attached to the I-ON-A-CO treatment. Not even faith is required.

You merely place Wilshire's I-ON-A-CO around the waist over the ordinary clothing, press the button and immediately its magnetic force begins permeating your system. You feel no sensation other than pleasant relaxation. But its results are so positive that often one treatment of a short ten minutes will give complete relief from the most excruciating pain—the worst case of nervousness, insomnia, etc.

If you are ill, run down, or suffering from any ailment whatsoever, you owe it to yourself to find out more about this new electro-magnetic discovery.

"It gives me pleasure to tell you what satisfaction I have derived from the use of your I-ON-A-CO, especially after my strenuous performances on the stage. I have found it quite invaluable for the relief of fatigue and lame muscles."

MARGARET SEVERN
103 East 40th Street
New York City

"My little girl is six years of age, but has the stature of a child two and a half or three years. At birth she had a condition known as Spinabifida. She has practically failed to develop from the waist down. The toes and ankles of each foot were turned right back against the shins. Previous to using the Ionaco she was never able to stand alone. By holding on to chairs or balancing herself against the walls she was able to waddle around like a duck, always walking on the heels only.

"Having tried medicine, surgery, osteopathy, chiropractic to no avail, we carried her to your office in utter desperation. After the first treatment she brightened up, and wanted to play when we brought her home.

"The contraction of the muscles in the legs is now gone and both her feet are now flat. She can stand and walk alone.

"It's wonderful how it seems that her whole spirit has come back to her and she now takes a normal interest in things that interest any normal child. She wants to play, eats well and sleeps fine.

"What has been done for her in less than a month seems to be almost a miracle. When the Ionaco can do what it has for my little girl, others should know about it. You are at liberty to use this letter and her picture for publication when you so desire."

MRS. W. J. SOUTHARD,
40 South Shore Drive, South Alameda, Calif.

A beautiful booklet has been prepared telling the marvelous story of the I-ON-A-CO in detail, explaining its scientific principles, giving testimonials of many who have found health and happiness through its use. This booklet has opened to thousands of people a new short, delightful road to health. It may do the same for you.

Sometimes the simplest little act, seemingly of no importance, will change the entire current of one's life. The signing of this coupon may be such an act. Read of the many sufferers who turned to I-ON-A-CO with little faith in its power to help them, who came to scoff and remained to praise.

Since the booklet costs you nothing and obligates you in no way, surely the information it contains is at least worth sending for.

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Send me your book "The Short Road to Health."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

to go back to the squadron, and we got a new outfit and started back. When we got to Paris the Armistice was signed. Now what do you think of that? Can you beat it? After all the trouble we'd taken to get back, they go and stop the war! That's what I call a dirty trick.

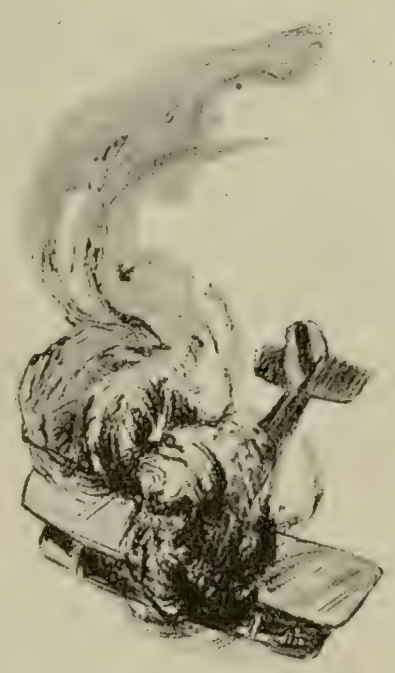
* * *

GEORGE TILLY looked at me disgustedly, and took another drink.

"Why was it a dirty trick? Didn't you have enough of it?" I asked him.

"Hell, no," he assured me. "I hadn't got a Hun yet. You boys got some Huns and were all right, but I hadn't got one."

"Don't you think that escaping from a German prison and walking through Belgium is much more difficult than shooting down a Hun?"



"But that wasn't what I joined the army to do. I wanted to get a Hun," he insisted.

"Forget it. If our pilots had killed all the Germans they got credit for, we'd have to go over to Germany and help them out with the next generation. What happened to Chick?"

"The last I saw of him was when we split up in Paris. He and the hotel porter were trying to figure out the train schedules to Brussels, which was now in our hands. I gathered that he was going back after the girl. Well, I've got to hobble along and see my foot doctor. Cheerio! Thanks for the lunch and likker."

And he left me.

ABOUT three months later I ran into Chick Willis at a benefit dance. We chewed the fat for a few minutes.

"By the way," I said to him, "Tilly told me about how he and you escaped from Germany. What happened to the Belgian girl? Did you ever find her again?"

Chick gave me a dirty look. "Are you trying to get funny?" he snapped.

"No, I'm not," I assured him. "What's the matter?"

"Matter, hell!" he responded. "That goddam son of the desert, Tilly, wired the girl, and she'd left Brussels for Paris the day before I got there. He was no linguist when it came to using his tongue, but he must have been awfully good at talking with his hands.

"AND just to think that while I was out running around, sticking my head in the lion's mouth to arrange our escape, he was making time with the girl! He'd have been over there yet, wandering around southern France with her, if he hadn't been picked up A. W. O. L. in February. And I'd have beat hell out of him if I hadn't been in jail in Paris for the same offense.

"Now let me tell you something about jails. When it comes to jails, give me the German variety every time! They're clean, airy, and bright, and the jailers are gentlemen. But when it comes to American jails, well—"

The rest of his remarks were lost in a cloud of brimstone and sulphur.

THE END

A wild-eyed reunion of war birds, a mysterious and beautiful lady, and a spectacular escape furnish the thrills in Reunion, Elliott White Springs' next war bird story, which will appear in next week's LIBERTY. Don't miss it.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Woman Is Only a Woman

Junior, aged six, had played almost daily with little Virginia, aged four, who lived across the street. In his own words she was his "sweetheart."

For several days they had not been seen together. Junior stayed in his own yard.

The grown-up girl who lives next door asked him:

"Junior, why haven't you been playing with Virginia lately?"

"Aw, I've got a turtle now," replied Junior disinterestedly.—H. J. T., Oxford, Furnas Co., Neb.

* * *

A Comprehensible Interest

My little boy had just returned from a visit with his grandparents, who allowed him to sleep and eat at whatever hours he chose. Putting him back on schedule, I had repeatedly refused him anything to eat until the dinner hour.

"Well, then, mother, let me have your mirror."

"What for?" I asked, surprised.

"So that I can watch myself starve to death."—Mrs. L. D., Oklahoma City, Okla.

* * *

Even to the Vegetable Kingdom

Chicken was being served for dinner. Mervyn, aged five, looked his helping over and asked his older sister:

"Has a chicken got a heart?"

"Sure," replied the super-intelligent twelve-year-old. "Everything has a heart."

After thinking it over, Mervyn replied:

"Oh, yes, even lettuce and celery."—Mrs. M. A. B., San Francisco, Calif.

IN ONE MINUTE

You can have what many men have taken a lifetime to get

YOU, like everyone else, want *an estate*. You like to think that your wife and children will always have enough to keep them comfortable.

But when do you want to have that estate—now, or thirty years from now? And how are you going to get it?

Some men spend a lifetime accumulating a fortune dollar by dollar. Others create an estate of, say, $25,000 and then make small deposits regularly in order to maintain it, knowing all the time that if anything happens to them from that moment on, they will be worth the full $25,000 and not merely the small total of the deposits made.

Do you realize that, simply by signing an application for life insurance and making your first deposit, you can actually *create* a $25,000 estate right then and there?

Only a minute and the thing is done.

And best of all, such an estate can be made payable in any of a great number of ways. One man has arranged to have us pay his wife $4,000 in cash upon his death, to take care of her immediate wants. Another $4,000 is to be reserved to put his son through college (meanwhile the interest on this money goes to his wife). And the remaining $17,000 will come to her in the form of a *regular income* of $100 a month.

But if this man lives, then when he is 65, he can choose between receiving $25,000 in cash or monthly checks of $200 as long as he is here to use them.

Don't you want to do this?

Any Phoenix Mutual Counselor will be glad to explain how this plan can be fitted to *your* needs and earning power. Send for the booklet, "How to Get the Things You Want." Some of the subjects it covers are listed in the box below. Read the list. They are the things you want and the booklet tells how to get them. Send for it today.

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HERE are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

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4 CREATE an estate.
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6 LEAVE an income for your family.

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In an Alpine Village of Switzerland

these rare blends were perfected

IN a little green Alpine valley Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate—and started an industry that today is known the world over.

Only six of the finest varieties of cocoa beans go into Peter's.

Roasted and mixed by Daniel Peter's secret Swiss process they make a delicious blend—richest in chocolate flavor.

In America today Peter's is made just the way Peter used to make it. It is the choice of all who prefer strong chocolate taste.

Then thousands of people demanded still another blend—creamy and mellow in flavor—so Nestlé's was created. Nestlé's, too, is made by the methods of Swiss experts. The richest milk with all its cream goes into Nestlé's to make the favorite milk chocolate for all who love a milder, mellower flavor.

You can get Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars—plain and almond—or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Fulton, N.Y.

Richest in Chocolate

Richest in Cream

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

EVERY week LIBERTY asks twenty questions. *You* send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer *published,* we will pay $5. Address Questions Editor, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

How many of these can you answer?

1—What liquid conductor of electricity when solidified becomes a non-conductor?—*H. E. Gumm, Ashland, Ky.*

2—What is used to produce the smoke in skywriting by airplane?—*P. J. Searles, Boston, Mass.*

3—What is the oldest regiment in the United States Army?—*Captain A. E. Duncan, Alston, Mass.*

4—When and by whom were the first cablegrams exchanged between England and America? — *Norma Huycke, Alpena, Mich.*

5—Who originated the popular symbols of the donkey for the Democratic Party and the elephant for the Republican Party? — *Peggy Ewing, Waurika, Okla.*

6—Who left a bequest to provide pensions for widows of ex-Presidents? Who was the first beneficiary?—*Rosalie Harris, Mount Vernon, N. Y.*

7—What United States battleship has the greatest horsepower?—*Loretta Woerth, Mansfield, Ohio.*

8—What country has adopted compulsory voting?—*Nettie Stahle, Solon, Ia.*

9—What was the only American cavalry regiment in the World War?—*Isaac G. Brogan, Sergeant, U. S. A.*

10—What lake in the United States has a tide?—*L. E. Weltmer, Hiawatha, Kan.*

11—What Indian tribe practices a form of trial marriage?—*Elizabeth Lloyd, Greenville, Ill.*

12—Which dirigible holds the record for the longest nonstop flight?—*Mrs. E. Haus, Spokane, Wash.*

13—In what poem is found the quotation: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?—*O. M. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y.*

14—Where is the United States government conducting experimental work on rubber?—*Josephine Lowe, Newark, N. J.*

15—At the Arms Conference in Washington, which nation refused to forgo the use of poison gas in warfare?—*Mrs. W. E. Constantine, Elma, Ia.*

16—What is the ice-skating record for the mile, and who holds it?—*Mary E. O'Brien, Charlestown, Mass.*

17—When and where was electrocution first adopted?—*Mrs. L. G. Rogers, McGregor, Ia.*

18—Who wrote the first ten amendments to the Constitution?—*J. A. Morrison, Alpena, Mich.*

19—What is the range of the United States army rifle?—*Dale D. Kier, A Co., 6th U. S. Engineers.*

20—Who were the first and only men to be executed in New York for a political offense?—*Joseph R. Bolton, New York City.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What has been the longest successful forward pass in a football game?—*B. O. Conn, Hancock, Md.*

A.—Seventy yards, by Harold "Brick" Muller of the University of California, in a game against Ohio State in 1920 at Pasadena.

2—Who was the first person to be deported from America?—*Mrs. Minnie F. Comstock, Troy, N. Y.*

A.—Michael Picquet, in 1647, a Frenchman who "talked too much."

3—What criminal offense is taken directly to the Supreme Court of the United States?—*Paul Baker, Philadelphia, Pa.*

A.—Piracy on the high seas.

4—What country, by law, compels its workers to take an annual vacation of fifteen days?—*E. A. Gallet, Marshfield, Wis.*

A.—Brazil.

5—What animal uses both lungs and gills to breathe with?—*Mrs. A. M. McNeel, San Antonio, Tex.*

A.—The salamander.

6—Does the United States own the strip of land through which the Panama Canal runs?—*Elmer Whittaker, Segreganset, Mass.*

A.—The United States holds the Canal Zone on a perpetual lease from the Republic of Panama, and pays $250,000 annual rental.

7—Which girls' basket-ball team holds the world's championship title?—*Clifford T. Paulson, Bilby, Alberta, Canada.*

A.—The title is claimed by the Edmonton Commercial Graduates of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

8—Which two Presidents were signers of the Constitution of the United States?—*Violet Smith, Natchez, Miss.*

A.—George Washington and James Madison.

9—How many Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower, and when?—*William B. England, Philadelphia, Pa.*

A.—One hundred and two persons landed, including seventy-four men and twenty-eight women, on December 25, 1620.

10—How many immigrants are permitted to enter the United States this year?—*Mrs. C. P. Williams, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

A.—164,667.

11—Which is the only State (of the United States) whose law is not based on the English Common Law?—*Genevieve R. McLeod, Dayton, Ohio.*

A.—Louisiana, whose statutes are based on the Napoleonic Code.

12—What war hero is buried under his monument in New York City?—*Charles N. Luric, New York City.*

A.—General Worth, of Mexican War fame, is buried under his monument at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, New York City.

13—What is the average weight of the human brain?—*H. Latane Lewis, Jr., Bethesda, Md.*

A.—The average weight is 49.5 ounces for men and 44 ounces for women.

14—On what date was Christmas first celebrated, and by what church was it first observed?—*Mark E. Taylor, Springfield, Mass.*

A.—January 6, about A. D. 220, by the Eastern or Greek Church.

15—What is the official status of Cuba in regard to government control?—*Simon S. Hershkowitz, New York City.*

A.—Self-governing in every respect, but has not the power to declare war.

16—What is the sole restriction upon the President's pardoning power?—*Professor M. A. Weber, St. Louis, Mo.*

A.—It is absolute except in cases of impeachment.

17—How was the largest diamond field in the world discovered?—*Mrs. L. L. Roark, Denton, Tex.*

A.—The Kimberley District in South Africa was discovered in 1867 by a Boer youngster who used diamonds as playthings.

18—What is the smallest number of individuals allowed to form a corporation?—*Wanda Craig, Mansfield, Mo.*

A.—Three.

19—May Frenchwomen vote?—*George Kervin, Washington, Pa.*

A.—No.

20—What substance burns when exposed to the air?—*Mrs. E. G. Kulp, Norristown, Pa.*

A.—Phosphorus.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

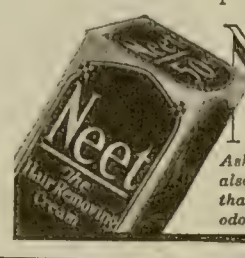
Your Arms

should be hair free—
but soft and smooth

For beauty's sake keep arms, as well as underarms, hair free and softly smooth. You need not use the razor. For science now offers you a dainty new cream called Neet that removes hair with almost unbelievable ease and speed—by dissolving it.

Applied to hair blemished surfaces, Neet acts on hair at the roots—softens it so that clear, cool water rinses it away. Entirely unlike shaving, Neet leaves no harsh stubble or darkened skin. Instead, skin takes on surprising new beauty and whiteness—becomes as smooth as the petals of a rose. And you escape the coarse regrowth common when the razor is used.

Test Neet just once. Discover why women everywhere now use it to remove unwanted hair from arms, underarms and legs. Your druggist or department store carries Neet in the ready-to-use, liberal size 50c tubes. One test will amaze and delight you. Hannibal Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



Neet

Ask your NEET dealer for IMMAC also. It's the white cream deodorant that rids underarm perspiration of odor—insuring personal fragrance.

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Portrait of a LADY With RED HAIR

Photo from
Albert Davis Collection

Scene in Act III of Du Barry, with Mrs. Carter, Claude Gillingwater (standing), and Henry Weaver, Sr.

The Record of a Flaming Life Written in Fire

An Autobiography by

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

PART SEVEN

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Leslie Carter had reached the pinnacle of success when David Belasco created, from the life story of Madame du Barry, a vehicle marvelously suited to her talents. The Heart of Maryland and Zaza had brought fame to both Belasco and Mrs. Carter. Belasco spared neither time nor money in the creation of settings true to history and in writing a play that later fired every audience that saw it.

Just when the future looked brightest, Belasco faced the greatest fight of his career, a war to the finish with the Theatrical Syndicate through which he had to make his bookings.

In this installment of her autobiography Mrs. Carter tells how the problem was solved with the aid of Oscar Hammerstein, and of the overwhelming triumph of Du Barry, her third consecutive success. She relates also how her pleasure was made complete by a reunion with her son, who had been taken from her years before at the time of her divorce from Leslie Carter in Chicago.]

NO play of Mr. Belasco's was ever rehearsed until prefaced by what we call mechanics. These are the physical movements that subordinate themselves to the requirements of the action. These mechanics are equivalent to rhythm in verse—the meaning sometimes lies latent and can be brought into life by a gesture, a walk across the stage, a look. Every move, every action, must be placed to its right tempo; every action, every move, to a certain pace.

I had taken a country place at Shelter Island, which was to be my real home for seven years. Here Mr. Belasco rounded Du Barry. There were two months' hard mechanics of the play before even attempting to study the lines.

When, with much relief, he laid down his distinguished pen, she was a pattern of faultless construction and dramatic conception. Someone said of him that he could not think, but he could feel. What greater quality could you expect of a dramatist?

Now the time arrived when we found ourselves facing a barricade. It was a thing that vitally concerned my stage career and that was indissolubly linked with his own. William

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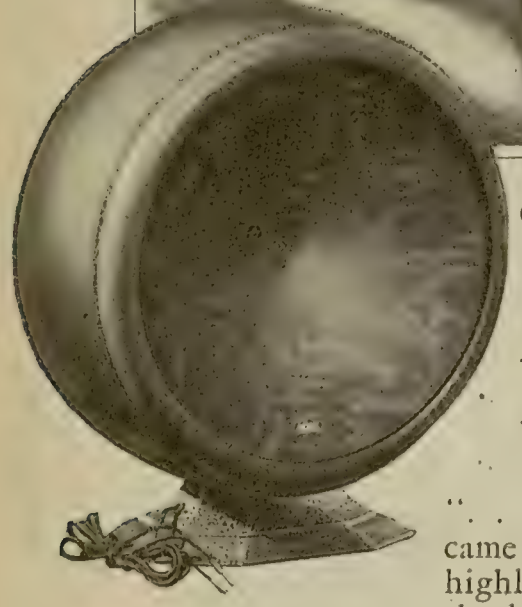

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

Winter, the most nonpartisan critic the theater has ever known, and honest straight to the kernel, called it "the most unjustifiable, contemptible, outrageous war in the history of the theater."

Its beginning was small; circumstances like these never germinate from one cyclonic event. They are generally equipped with a hundred intricacies of conduct.

In that long-ago time, at that period when disappointment, ugly, sordid poverty, and discouragement held us all in leash—when Mr. Dave wanted more than anything in the world to write The Heart of Maryland, but couldn't because he had a wife and two little girls dependent on him—he came to our small flat with the old miserable, sickening ache at his heart, and laid his head on his arms and wept.

Hitherto he had always been able to borrow money on the future when he contemplated writing a new play; but this time, for some reason, every such avenue was denied him. I knelt beside him, just as I had knelt that day when he gave me his promise in writing to see me through.

"Mr. Dave," I said, "can't you see it's me they are fighting? I'm an interloper! I take you away from their interests! If you leave them, it's a losing game for you. Let me go."

"Where?" he asked quietly, raising his head.

"Anywhere, as long as it does not interfere with your chances."

"Never!" That set, still look took possession of his features. "We'll fight it out together!"

MR. BELASCO, in those early days when I first met him, was closely allied with Daniel Frohman at his theater. He stage-managed the Lyceum's productions with new devices, inventions, and a hundred subtleties. Innovations sprang with a new vision from that sharp young brain.

A mediocre actor himself, he coached the Lyceum's stars with the precision and polish of a lapidary cutting gems. There had never been anyone who brought the enthusiasm, the thrill, and the application of love—of sincerity—to the stage as did this young Lochinvar out of the West.

All kinds of pressure was brought to bear to alienate Mr. Dave from his concern in my career, until he finally severed all relations with Daniel Frohman and the Lyceum.

At the close of Miss Helyett, with no money, no friends that could be of real assistance, with only mother as my bulwark and his devoted family for his, we faced the most dispirited and anxious moments of our whole precarious lives.

It is a fine precept, that *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but the facts are too much a matter of dramatic history to eulogize the dead.

Charles Frohman asked him to write a play for his Empire Theater opening. They had harassed him, badgered him, and broken

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

everything but his spirit, so one could forgive a little bit of deliberate bravura on his part.

He set the *mise en scène* at a dinner given by Charles Frohman for him, myself, and some visiting English actors, writers, and friends. I felt something ruffling his plumage at this dinner, but was ignorant of his intention. Before it ended, the conversation was deftly guided by him to a drama for the Empire premiere. Mr. Frohman spoke from the head of the table:

"David has promised a new play for it."

"A promise that depended on something, Charlie," Mr. Dave said quietly.

"On what?" questioned Frohman sharply.

"On the graciousness of Mrs. Carter. She has commissioned me to write a play for her." (The splendid liar, when I hadn't a halfpenny to my name, and they all knew it!) "You will have to ask for her permission to allow me to do so. It rests entirely in her hands."

I can see Charlie Frohman now, as his face whitened. To think he had to come to me—to me: he, whose brother had, only two years before, through powerful pressure, written these lines:

DEAR DAVID:
The stockholders request me not to have Mrs. Carter rehearse on our stage any more.
Yours,
DAN'L FROHMAN.

Whatever emotions he felt at that moment of humiliation, of resentment, of humbled pride, he never forgave me the sting of them. He lifted his little body to his feet and, resting his small hands on the table, said simply:

"Will you give your permission to David Belasco to write a play for my new theater, Mrs. Carter?"

I answered just as simply:

"It gives me a great deal of pleasure to do so, Mr. Frohman."

You could have forgiven me that, Charles Frohman. I waited eighteen months for my Maryland—months filled with poverty, exile from the stage, and many bitter lessons.

THERE sat in the seats of the mighty at this time a group of men known as the Theatrical Syndicate. Like great Carthage, which for 400 years so ruled the Mediterranean that the citizens of Rome were told they must not wash their hands in the sea without her consent, so this triumvirate ruled the theatrical sea. Not to have theaters in which to show their wares meant oblivion for small producers.

Just before writing Du Barry, Mr. Dave had taken a young Californian, David Warfield, from the field of burlesque, where he had discovered him, and was about to exploit him in his first starring venture.

Before doing this he had to procure his bookings, which meant going to Abraham Erlanger, who was not alone a partner in the syndicate, but was also the head of an agency that arbitrarily arranged tours for companies through the States.

He was in a position to give what was known as the Pendulum Route, which swung a play from city to city so far apart that the expenses would ruin a manager more swiftly than would bad business. To avoid any such complications, Mr. Belasco approached Erlanger personally. After making his wishes known in regard to Warfield's booking, Mr. Erlanger asked coolly:

"Where do we come in?"

"I don't understand you," replied Mr. Belasco. "You receive your customary commission for booking the play." This commission was generally between $400 and $500.

"Not much," replied Mr. Erlanger. "We are going to get something more or you don't get in."

"Listen, Mr. Erlanger. Every bit of risk and liability in this venture is mine. I don't really see where I am soliciting a favor."

"You're not in a position to solicit anything. I want fifty per cent out of Warfield, and if I don't get half you can't get a route for him."

"That's blackmail," retorted Mr. Belasco.

The truth of this remark must have infuriated Erlanger, for he turned on Mr. Dave, saying:

"I not alone want fifty per cent of this, but I want it of every damn thing you do. If I don't get it, I'll sit on you, jump on you, push you, and crush you out of this theatrical business."

David Warfield being an unmade star, the man directing his destiny—not yet having arrived at that pinnacle of power from which he could dictate terms—was forced to surrender.

"A man with ideals in this business winds up with a benefit inside of three years," Erlanger once said to him. "If you refuse our terms, I'll make you go on the streets and blacken your face to earn a living."

DAVID WARFIELD played a road tour of twenty weeks, the net profit from the venture being $80,000, of which David Belasco reaped but a small reward.

Without any egotism on my part I can honestly say, by my success, which was made possible only through him, he felt strong enough to face a situation wherein never again could they practice their throttling brigandage.

They might batter and hammer the rungs of his ladder; he had been building it for a long time with enduring tools, and they never would unbalance him.

The first blow in the bitter war, which forced Sarah Bernhardt to play in a circus tent, which drove Mrs. Fiske into unkempt, smelly halls, which caused a President of the United States to sit for three hours under an umbrella for shelter from a leaking roof, was struck by David Warfield. In the middle of a third season under their despotic rule, he said:

"The trouble and annoyance that this whole affair has caused me have made me ill; but, sick or well, I absolutely refuse to play in The Auctioneer for anyone but my own manager, David Belasco."

For one year he remained idle.

Harrison Grey Fiske, with his star, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Madame Bernhardt, Richard Mansfield—many others—all borrowed color enough from Mr. Dave's courage to throw back their heads and say:

"We *will* wash our hands in the Mediterranean. It's as much our sea as yours."

When Mr. Dave found later that Du Barry was running into unheard-of sums, he went to Charles Frohman, offering him a half-interest. It was refused.

It seems almost impossible, in the light of an intelligent retrospection, to believe that such a situation could occur as presently threatened to engulf us.

We had a completed play, with actors engaged and contracts signed, and no theater at our disposal in which to rehearse. When he tried for one, the answer came clear, swift, and definite. Some years later, when Belasco fought the arrogant, oppressive tyranny of it in the courts, exposing the methods of the Theatrical Syndicate, I was asked this question on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo from Frank J. Wilstach

One of the Du Barry costumes worn by Mrs. Carter (above); and the program for the New York presentation.

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

the stand by one of the syndicate's attorneys:

"Are you not coloring the truth a little, Mrs. Carter?"

"The truth can't be colored," I answered.

I was reminded the other day by Max Steuer that that answer was never forgotten by any lawyer, young or old, who heard it.

What to do? We would advance a step to find here a screw tightened; somewhere else the mechanism clogged; there a barrage of enmity that would singe your eyebrows. Doggedly, persistently, Belasco fought, barely seeing ahead of him the next foothold.

Through the influence of Frank Sanger, we were *allowed* to rehearse on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, for the sum of $112 a rehearsal. Since we must rehearse every day in the week except on matinee days, it became too costly and we practiced there no more.

Photo from Harold Seton

Mrs. James Brown Potter, mother of Mrs. James Stillman.

Finally one of the gods sitting on high Olympus, like Jove, nodded his head. We were given the smallest—and, they reasoned, for this lavish production the most ruinous—theater in all New York: the Criterion on Broadway. Its seating capacity was only 930 persons.

The play Du Barry was composed of five acts, eight scenes, and the burden of it was sustained by fifty-five actors. Each one of these was dressed in costumes minutely, historically correct. Every scene, from the Palace of Versailles to the huddled, high-shouldered houses through which *Du Barry* was dragged, was an exact copy of the places of that time.

The coverlet for her bed from which she held her court was a copy taken from the records of the Bibliophile Nationale, drawn by Caesare of the Comedie Francaise, and made under his artistic supervision. The velvet, to get the width to cover the huge bed and have it seamless, was woven especially for us at Lyons. The entire cost of the spread alone was $12,000.

It would take a book to tell of the stupendous amount of labor, the lavishness, the *luxury*, that went to make of Du Barry one of the most magnificent historical plays of the American stage. It could not possibly have been produced in a theater the size of the Criterion, had not Mr. Belasco, at great expense, torn the stage apart.

SUCH dauntlessness! Such fine contempt for obstacles! Such sincerity! The gift of it could not be hidden. It was only the existence of such a feeling communicating itself to me that accounted for the amazing conquest I seemed to make when, with all her indiscretions, *Du Barry* made her bow.

Another Belasco first night! In the same old electrical manner, they flung themselves upon me, holding me high like a beacon.

Passionate, tremendous, and French, she never deviated by a hair's breadth from the heart he found in her when he went to look for it in Fredericksburg. Poor little *gamine* of the streets, who, bewildered, amazed, tormented, found herself only as a pawn in a king's bedchamber.

As the season neared its end, Mr. Dave came to my dressing-room after a performance, with all struggle and harassments gone from his countenance, and that sort of "Moses-wist-not-that-his-face-shone" expression which radiated it when something particularly good happened to us.

"I am going to have my own theater," he said, trying to make his voice casual; but it trembled.

That afternoon Oscar Hammerstein had come into Mr. Dave's little office in Carnegie Hall, saying to him:

"The trust is trying to crush me out of business. They have prevented attractions from patronizing my houses. I must have attractions—you must have a theater. Without these we both perish. If you will take control, my Republic Theater, in Forty-second Street, is yours."

Without one moment's hesitation Mr. Dave answered:

"I shall be very glad to take over the theater, Mr. Hammerstein."

A FEW weeks from that day, the lease signed, business arrangements ended, David Belasco assumed control of a theater of his own.

First, he decided that everything everywhere would have to be literally thrown out. Before beginning its demolishment, he built a dancing platform over the orchestra seats, and, using the stage as our drawing-room one never-to-be-forgotten evening, with William Winter, the famous critic, who unbent for this night to assist us, we received "everybody who was anybody."

On that brilliant occasion there was an absolute severance of formalism between the different worlds of New York. From each world the guests stepped with their distinguished names for a minute to pay tribute to this man who had grown from a skylark into an eagle.

They came from every direction of the creative compass—opera, architecture, writing, painting. Nellie Melba, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Eames with her Munich husband, Stanford White, Blakely Hall, Charles MacLellan, Mrs. Fiske, Brayton Ives, Senator

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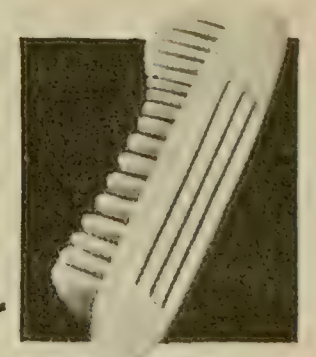

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

Clark, Admiral Dewey, Mrs. Burke-Roche, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould—these are only a few of them that come to my remembrance.

Sherry served; a famous orchestra of the day played; and the next day an account of it in the newspapers, with its attendant guests, read like a roster in the Hall of Fame. The distance of time always clothes events with a sort of sentimental exaggeration; but I think I can honestly say that was the hour in my life when everything in it said, "It is yours—you have but to pick it up."

The verve and the rush of it, the vigor of its tumbled moments! I made some show of snatching them, but who can grasp the whole of it? The stage has always reminded me of a big garden in which the actors run around madly, exactly like children snipping off the tops of flowers—not waiting to pick the stems—then, crushing odors, colors, blooms all in their tightly clenched hands, they hold them out, saying:

"See—oh, see what a beautiful bouquet I have!"

TO add to the fullness of this time, I was sitting alone after a rehearsal in my suite of rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when without knocking someone quietly entered the room. It was a boy, pale and determined. Shy, unemotional, without any mental flurry, he came over to my side.

"Well, mother, I've come! I always told you I would. I've come to stay!"

For many years, at all our meetings, we had looked forward to the day when we should never separate. But I had not wanted the issue to come in just this way. I was fearful for his inheritance. All that afternoon and night I tried to persuade him to return to his father.

"Listen, Dudley. You must go back. This life of mine is filled with a sort of superhuman industry in which there is no repose, no calm, not even security. In the one you want to leave, at least there is that, and it's yours by right. You know what it will mean if you stay?"

This was his exact answer, word for word:

"Money isn't the only thing in life, mother. I cannot think in their way; I cannot act in their way. If I did, no one would touch me with a pair of tongs."

He stayed.

Now there slowly arose out of the old Republic a theater of distinction of which there was no counterpart in America. Vision, knowledge, and experience had equipped it with every known ingenuity and device learned in a hard school. Mr. Belasco had originated a new mechanical arrangement by which one man could with ease do the work of half a dozen. The different stages and platforms fitted one into another like a perfect mosaic.

In the old days, at the rear of the auditorium there were only velvet curtains to keep the drafts from the audiences. Mr. Belasco built the first screen in an American theater—an enormous one of rosewood, which ran the whole length back of the seats, and excluded all street sounds.

The theater's inner decoration and coloring were left to me. In collaboration with Mr. Rudolph Allen, who was director for the famous architect who remodeled it, there came into being a house of so much grace and dignity that all the emotional experiences remembered there were blended with a sense of extreme beauty.

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Mrs. Carter (at right) as she appeared in the first act of Du Barry.

The seats were upholstered in delicate reseda green, toned with silver shading. On the back of each seat was embroidered the emblem of the bee. What better summing up than in that silver insect could there be of energetic, ceaseless endeavor?

The decorators had not finished on scheduled time, so with my own hands I helped to hang and tack and hammer the draperies in the boxes. I began to have a peculiar feeling about the place, as one does about a home one loves. It was my home, wherein I could drive away all weariness and loneliness. It was my church, wherein I could find my statues and my saints. I could stand on its stage alone, among the shaded lights, in the austere stillness, and weave a mysterious secret tapestry of prayer as sacred as that called forth by altars and choirs. I named it myself:

WE had been dining at the old Martin restaurant in Ninth Street. As we stepped into a hansom cab, I said to the cabby:

"Drive us to the Belasco Theater."

Mr. Dave very deprecatingly put his hand on my arm.

"Now Mrs. C., Mrs. C.!"

"The Belasco, ma'am?" questioned the puzzled old New York cabby. "I don't know any Belasco Theater."

"Oh, yes; it is on Forty-second Street. It is a new theater and has only just been named."

IN September we opened the new Belasco with Du Barry. There is nothing in that night that is susceptible of analysis when I come to write of it; only it is detached, quite apart, on a different elevation from any other night of mine in a theater.

In the first place, there was a certain atmosphere beyond definition that clothed us all in a shining garment—an instantly recognizable quality of tremendous elation, of restrained intensity. No one remembers what one said to another on that night; no one recollects what one did. We were all like bees before the nuptial flight in a sort of ecstatic trance, directed by something far greater than ourselves.

The orchestra began "Maryland, My Maryland." That alone drenched us with a certain wildness. Of all music, these strains will pluck at your nerves, lighting them into flame quicker than any I have ever heard.

The signal was given. The curtain rose!

Now the play swung into a thing of vigor—of form—into an unerring selection of perfect tempo. Something caught us all up in the grip of a precise turn of its phrasing; not a breath came too soon or too late. That something was the art of acting.

It gave us an audience frantic, thunderous, that stood waving, pounding, calling. After the third act, in which Charles Stevenson, Hamilton Revelle, Campbell Gollam, I, and the company, had answered twenty curtain calls, and I ten separate ones, it still waved, shouted, and vociferated. On the wave of its clamor was one name.

He came to them—weary, dishevelled, with a face the color of old ivory. What he said to them then was wrung out of vision, a deep-toned inner happiness, and a sure integrity. It was the longest speech of his career.

"I do not ask or expect of Life that it should be made easy for us," he told them, pulling his forelock nervously in his earnestness. "We can fight, just as you can, for our rights. But I am justified by their tyranny to ask you to become my ally."

He had many things to say to them—he had many things to thank them for. He ended with:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: There is another of whom I must make mention, one whose sympathy and help have contributed to my being here tonight—my friend and companion in work, Mrs. Leslie Carter. Here and now I wish gratefully to acknowledge the debt of her services, her unselfishness and loyalty in time of many struggles."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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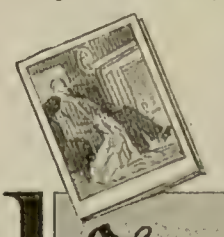

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

What else had the world to offer me? With this from David Belasco, with my boy's hand tightly clasped in one of mine and my mother's firmly in the other, what else, I say?

It was at this period that I read many highly spiced accounts of the "color" of Mrs. Leslie Carter's life.

I was accustomed to reading of this wonderful theatric lady, who did things when the press agents of the Belasco forces or the newspapers or young reporters called upon their picturesque imaginings. My mother would turn to me in pained surprise on reading these accounts, saying, "Dolly! Dolly! This isn't you. It has never been you."

Headings like this would appear: "Mrs. Leslie Carter and the Bad Old Man." The item would read: "Amorous New Yorker, man of wealth, has caused Mrs. Carter great worry and annoyance by his unwelcome attentions. His notes," etc. Or: "Mrs. Madge Kendall, the Mother Superior of the English Stage, Snubs Mrs. Leslie Carter."

This very chaste, much-married, many-childrened actress I had not even a bowing acquaintance with, but I was supposed to have presented to the lady a lovely bracelet, which she quickly sent back to me.

STUDYING quietly, or busying myself with work, popping in with my morning coffee would come the news: "Mrs. Leslie Carter was almost hysterical last night, and had her entire special train searched for the scion of a well known New York family, who has become so bold in his efforts to be near her as to make her life miserable," etc.

In England the press agents were in their glory. They shuffled lords and marquises, and once a duke, to suit their Munchausen-like stories, as though they were face cards in a game of solitaire.

"The Marquis of F—— has offered for life his estate, B—— Manor, to Mrs. Leslie Carter if she will live there. He says she is the reincarnation of his ancestress, Lady Evelyn M——, red hair and all."

"There's Lord F——, who offered you his country house in Hertfordshire," said Amy Lowther, one day at Richmond in the Star and Garter.

We both laughed heartily. The young Marquis of F—— was still at Cambridge, unmarried, with no obligations, a little callow, a little wild, and would be the last to deny such a story. Nevertheless in England this was untenable ground.

So the puppet that danced to the tune of their vivid make-believe, which was taken out of a crimson cupboard only to whet the appetite of a hungry public, never troubled me or even touched me.

There is no doubt the public's interest in acting is in three aspects of the actor: his person, his personality, and his impersonation. Year after year they go to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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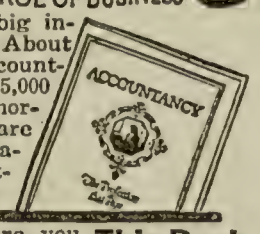

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

see their favorites in plays that never depart from their early successes. If an actress with a strong personality is ambitious, she may find her popularity in certain genre plays a hindrance to her advancement.

This brings to my mind a conversation in regard to just that thing. During the run of Du Barry, Richard Harding Davis brought to my dressing-room a novelist who had become interested in theosophy. The conversation turned on plays and acting, swinging itself around to Mr. Belasco's desire to present David Warfield in a more ambitious effort. Richard Harding Davis, whose interest in the theater was always very strong, said:

"Warfield is like the humorist who wants to write serious novels, or the clown who dreams of *Hamlet.* I don't think Belasco will ever make anything but a comedian of him."

"I'm not sure of that," replied the fiction writer. "His old incarnations may help him. We are all a little of the past. Everything we have ever been lags a little bit behind."

"What strange philosophy!" I said. Then, in a spirit of fun, I asked:

"What do you think some of my old incarnations were?"

"A courtesan," he replied with directness and quite gravely. "Perhaps Poppæa Sabina or Lais; or maybe some one of those lovely Hellenic ladies. In this reincarnation"—he rose from his chair and bowed smilingly, his eyes filled with a cancan of two dancing imps—"dramatically speaking, of course, I think you are suffering from a hangover."

Acton Davies, the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun,* Hamilton Revelle, Dick Davis, and I all burst into shouts of laughter.

That night I went to Mr. Belasco and said:

"One of the finest minds I know has just intimated I can play nothing but what Dick Davis calls 'gorgeous demireps.' Will you show the public I am capable of doing something else? Will you?"

He looked at me searchingly, one of his long, estimating, gentle stares, then said quietly:

"I am beginning to think the time has arrived when you can."

In that moment the thought of Adrea was born.

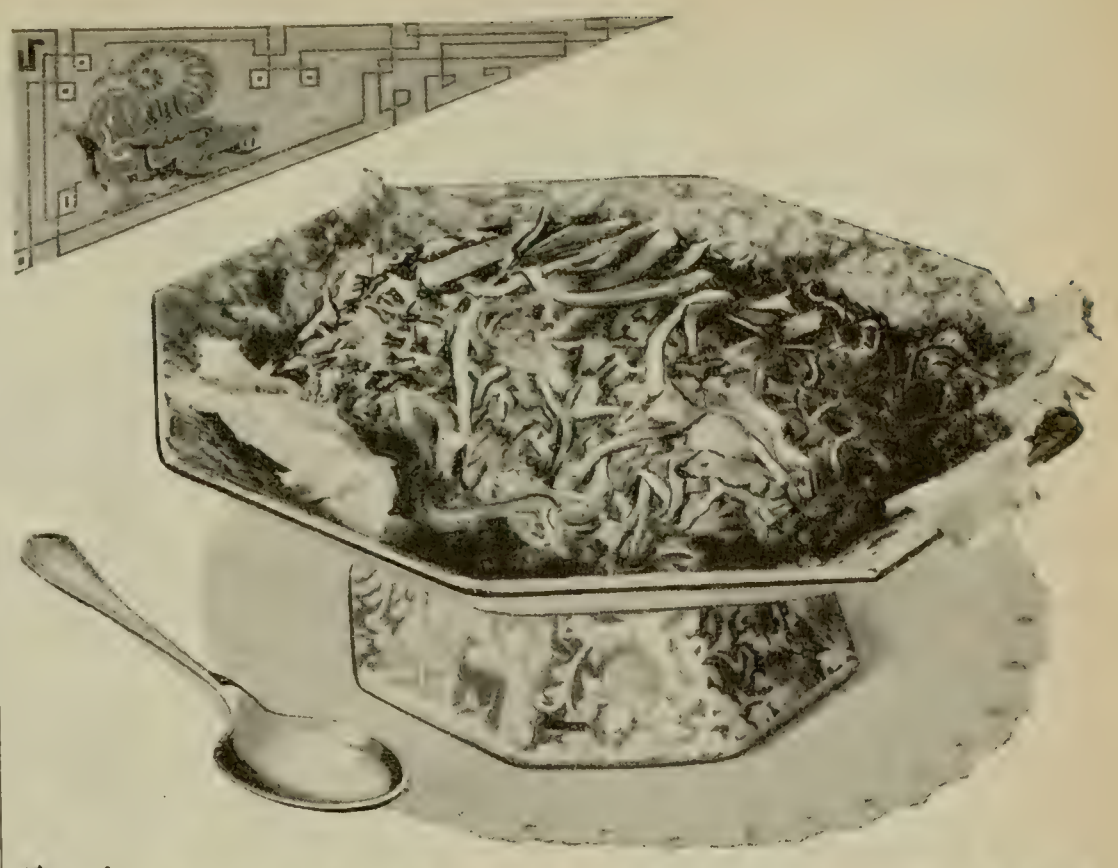
I HAVE said so little about my friend Cora Brown Potter, and I wanted to say so much, as she is the most significant illustration of what befalls the actor who cannot confine himself to the demands of his own vocation.

She was Cora Urquhart, of a Southern family. In her was a heritage of class and race attenuated to a finished degree by a long-drawn-out process of refined breeding.

She married a nephew of Bishop Potter, and it shows the broadness and generosity of this churchman when I recall the fact that it was he himself who placed her in David Belasco's hands.

At his dinner table, one night,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

a friend asked how he felt about having a Potter on the stage.

"Actresses will happen in the best regulated families," he answered, a smile on his big, handsome face.

Whatever it was that drove her, after bearing one child, a girl, to James Brown Potter, she was completely dominated by a genuine desire to act. For six years she strove under Mr. Dave's dramatic guidance. The last part in which she was coached while on the amateur stage was given in William C. Whitney's ballroom in Washington, when he was Secretary of the Navy. It was called The Russian Wedding.

The evening before its production there, Mr. Whitney gave a large dinner to the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, the Senators with their families, and the rest of the institution called Washington society. Mrs. Potter, one of the guests, was asked to recite, which she graciously did, giving them George R. Simms' poem, 'Ostler Joe. I should like to have seen her standing there, her face a handful of white camellia leaves. There was always a touch about her of passion, yet I never saw a head more ascetic or pure.

THERE was nothing salacious in 'Ostler Joe. There was nothing even audacious. And yet, Mr. Belasco, who was there that night, had the amazing experience of seeing a lot of presumably well bred women behave with the manners of stable boys.

'Ostler Joe was a poem describing the casual sort of way the impact of life has struck a woman who was the wife of a hostler. The theme pivoted on the simple grandeur of the stolid village oaf who could forgive his wife seventy times seven. It seems unbelievable, but it is quite true, that a certain ostracism of Mrs. Potter followed the recital of that anæmic 'Ostler Joe. After this episode she went over entirely to the stage.

For many years, whenever she played and the distance permitted, James Brown Potter brought her little daughter—the present Mrs. James Stillman—to see her. Jimmie Potter finally chafed under the limitations brought about by the exigencies of this life, and a separation and divorce followed.

Mrs. Potter played many fine roles, but they were only snatched up as a beautiful dress and could be flung down by her as such at any moment. The characterization never became a part of her.

She said to me once in London:

"If I could only do one of the things you did tonight I would be entirely happy."

I told her: "You could, if you would stop doing the things you are doing."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this: If, instead of using the Mayfair drawing-rooms as a stage and acting with half of Burke's Peerage, you would give as much to real acting with real actors in a real theater, you could do not only one of the things I did tonight, but you could do all of the things I did, and you could do them equally as well as I do."

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

David Warfield in his younger days.

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

A. L. Erlanger, a theatrical power.

Inter. Newsreel photo

Oscar Hammerstein, who aided David Belasco.

The Duchess of Manchester, formerly Consuelo Yznaga, told me that King Edward once said to her that Cora Potter had a face he never tired of. She had the loveliest eyes, filled with all sorts of things, as if they had been on inconceivably long journeys to strange, far countries. She bore herself like one of Goya's Spanish Infantas, and plowed through the London drawing-rooms with the elan and success of the rest of her compatriots. Which reminds me of a letter Sarah Bernhardt at one time showed me, written to herself by Oscar Wilde, in which he said:

> The American women once discovered Europe, and have kept on discovering it ever since. Never having learnt English, they set out to learn French. They explain their unending visits to our land, saying they come over to finish their educations, and we have to tolerate people who are so fascinatingly unreasonable as to attempt to finish in a foreign land what they never had the courage to begin in their own.

With a company of 147 players, we took Du Barry to forty-two large cities, playing as far south as Galveston, Texas, and as far west as San Francisco. That tour involved travel of more than 10,000 miles, during which the whole company and I were luxuriously transported in special trains.

BEFORE leaving New York on the first day of the new year, we had, on the stage of the Belasco Theater, presented to Mr. Belasco a loving cup of silver, set on an ebony pedestal. It was very massive, and exquisitely beautiful, having in *repoussé* about its base the twelve labors of Hercules. On it there were three inscriptions.

The first read: "Mrs. Leslie Carter in David Belasco's play Du Barry." The second was: "Presented to David Belasco by the members of his Company." The third was a line from the play: "Remember that we loved you, we loved you through it all."

Mr. William Furst now struck up Maryland, then swung into the plaintive strains of the Du Barry music.

Mr. Dave couldn't speak at first. When he did, it was in a whisper and no one heard him. This was a Du Barry night on New Year's Eve in New York City.

The ordinary mortal does not know the secret by which the actors live—the emotionalism, the idealism, the demonstrative affection, unmolested by any gift of the intellect, which enfolds them. They are eternal children. Do not be too hard on them.

Under Mr. Belasco's management now were three really fine players: David Warfield, Henrietta Crosman, and Blanche Bates.

For the first he had remade and refinished The Music Master, ostensibly written by Charles Klein. For Miss Crosman he had written Sweet Kitty Bellairs. And for Miss Bates, in collaboration with John Luther Long, he had created The Darling of the Gods.

JOHN LUTHER LONG could walk back through the high roads of history with an observation that was your delight and distraction. But he was dramatically cold. In the plays he built with Mr. Belasco, if there was ever a moment for some extraordinary touch, you may be sure the deft rent was made by Mr. Dave.

Together, now, they hunted for me some period that would lend itself to a majestic, grim theme, "where you will no longer stand like a windmill, waving your arms," said Mr. Dave to me.

Mr. Long wrote to him from Philadelphia, where he lived:

> I have now, my dear Goliath [his name for Mr. Dave], been pretty well over the history of Rome once more, and I have found only two places where we might possibly stick in our pin. One is the Augustine era—and Livia and Julia—the other, the reign of Claudius and Messalina. But, as you and Mrs. Carter have put the ban on the hetæra, I've dropped that.

Later on he wrote again:

> There is a small island, built anew on the debased Roman Empire, with the blood of the old Patricians alone. In this era, fifth century after Christ, there are no males of pure Roman blood, so the succession falls to two women. In one of them I think you will find your play.

Out of this germ Adrea came.

In next week's LIBERTY Mrs. Carter tells of the construction of Adrea, and of how Belasco beat the Syndicate in Washington.

We were SCARED half to DEATH!

IT WAS a crazy thing to do. But I had done it before and got away with it. Something told me we were running low on gas, so I pulled over to the side of the road and got out to look. I struck a light and held it close to the gasoline-gauge.

A sudden burst of flame sent me staggering back. I yelled to my wife and boy to "Get out — *quick!*" They did! . . . Then we stood at a safe distance and watched our sedan illuminate the sky. It might have been worse, as I look back on it now. But it was bad enough.

I blame myself for that night's work. The irony of the thing was, my Eveready flashlight was home in a bureau-drawer all the time! We have another car now. In the pocket of the left-front door is an Eveready . . . ever ready to brighten dark places, without danger of fire.

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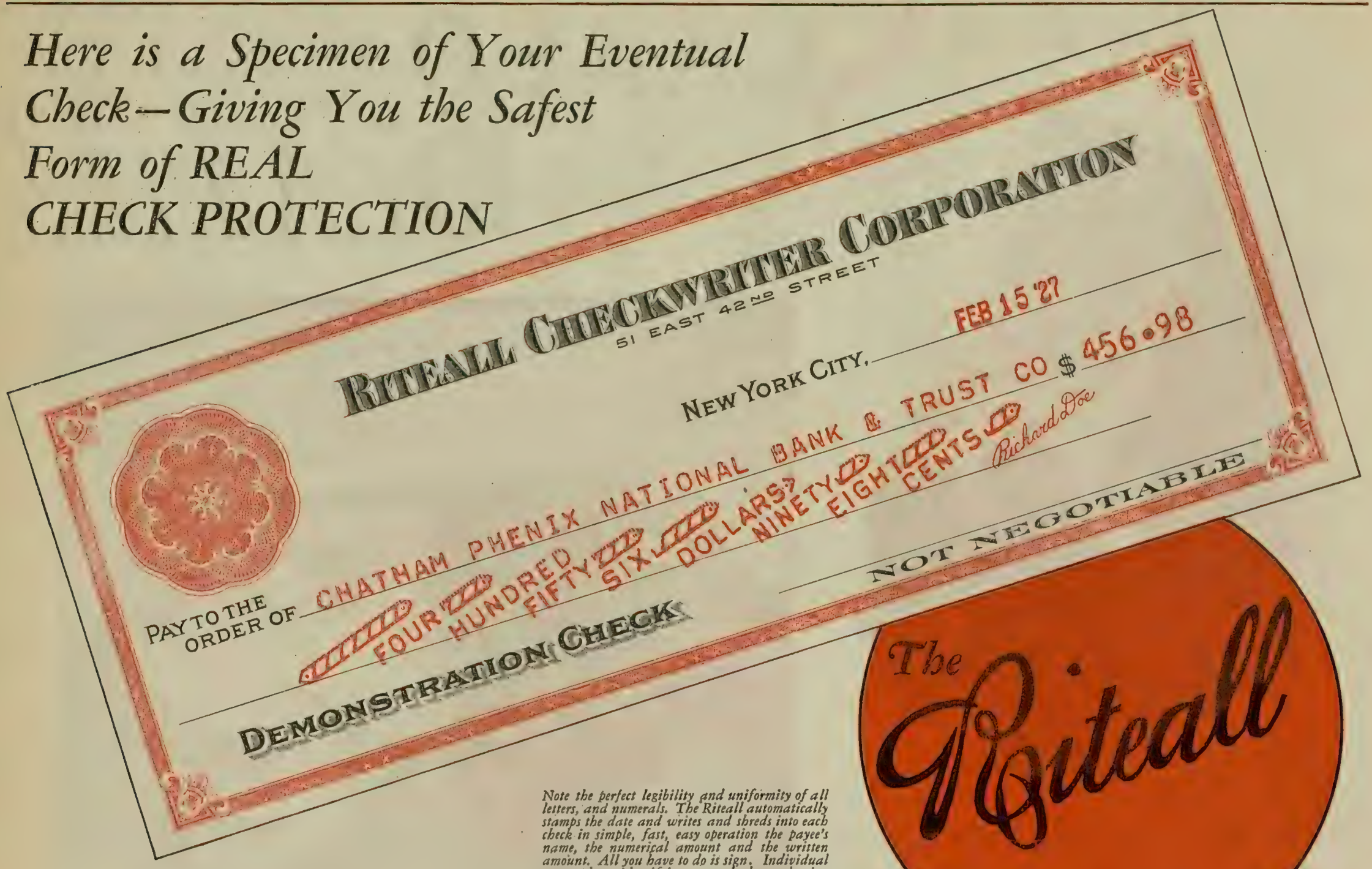

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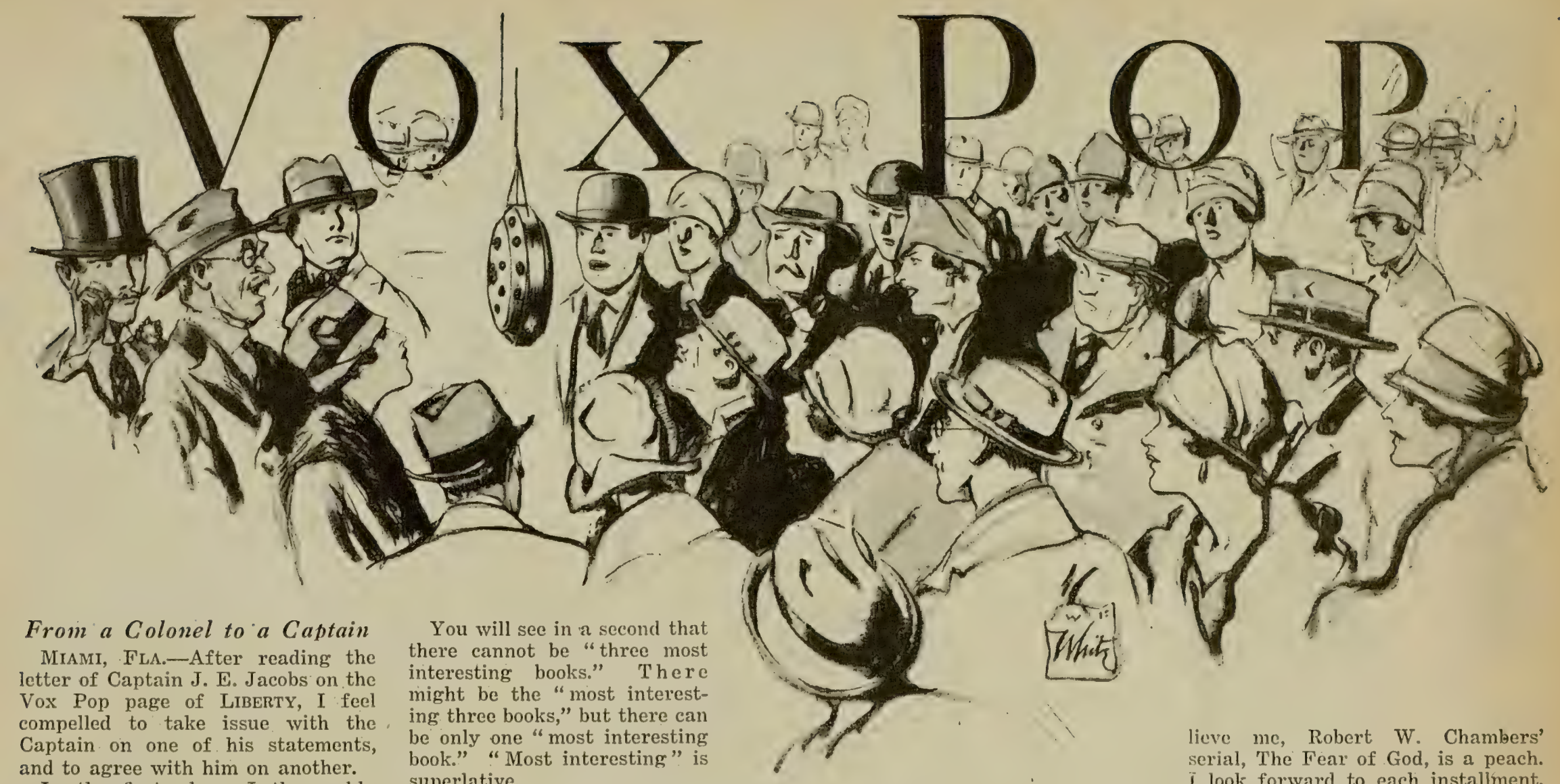

From a Colonel to a Captain

MIAMI, FLA.—After reading the letter of Captain J. E. Jacobs on the Vox Pop page of LIBERTY, I feel compelled to take issue with the Captain on one of his statements, and to agree with him on another.

In the first place, I thoroughly agree with him that the Regular Army officers are the best in the world. And I want to help him *yell* about the way the government fails to make the least preparation for future trouble until after we are committed to war and have lost thousands of men uselessly, just as we did in the Spanish-American War, in the Philippines, and in the late war. I happen to know, because I was in them all, and I want to say right here that the death of many an American soldier should be laid directly at the door of those Congressmen who refuse to vote to appropriate money for national defense and preparation for the wars that are bound to come as long as men populate the earth.

I cannot agree with the Captain that the author of War Birds was not a soldier. Wars, for hundreds of years, have been won by just such happy-go-lucky young fellows as the author in question, and they were continually "kicking" about the discipline, the marches, the food, and everything else they could think of, but they went through to the finish just the same!—*George L. Duncan, Lieutenant Colonel, Inf. Res.; Provost Marshal, 3d Division, A. E. F.*

Knocking Knickel Knockers

COLUMBUS, OHIO—In answer to R. J. J. of Fall River, Massachusetts, who wrote: "You may think your magazine good, but I don't. I think it's *rotten.*"

Please take this, R. J. J.! [*Editor's Note:* A nickel was glued to the letter at this point.] It is surprising you didn't ask for it. From your letter you are evidently one of those tight-fisted Puritans who wouldn't spend five cents to see The Signing of the Declaration of Independence, put on with the original cast.—*A. A. M.*

"The Most Unkindest Cut of All"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was very much amused by one of your titles. You will see in a second that there cannot be "three most interesting books." There might be the "most interesting three books," but there can be only one "most interesting book." "Most interesting" is superlative.

So please pardon the suggestion that some of your fellows put an English grammar in your list.—*A Reader.*

Here's a Wet Vote

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Your editorial, Canada Can Handle Liquor: Why Can't We? was a masterpiece. —*Capt. J. D. Dickson.*

We Started to Print This, But Decided Not To

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Just a line to compliment you on your editorial, Nicaragua and Destiny. I am sure all red-blooded Americans feel the same. But I must say, outside of that and your Cross-Word Puzzle, the rest of that issue is rotten.—*E. M. Burnett.*

And Tie a String to the Nickel

MEMPHIS, TENN. — Those who think LIBERTY "rotten" should spend their nickel for gum.—*Charles C. Termor.*

Call the Doctor! !

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A year ago the word "LIBERTY" would have meant a magazine full of peppy short stories. But now—"*Dunt esk!*" It is filled with special articles that give one the jimjams.—*A Once Enthusiastic Reader.*

Here's One at Least You'll Like to Read, Don!

TARENTUM, PA. — Something not quite definable is happening to LIBERTY. It's losing its pep. It always used to create a furore when I brought it home—to settle who read it first. But recently I have been buying it only through force of habit. Where I used to enjoy at least three-fourths of LIBERTY, I now find it hard to read through more than one or two stories, at most.—*Donald J. Osborn.*

Balm for Our Wounds

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Let us have LIBERTY just as LIBERTY is.—*Carl Douglas Frank.*

Some Can't Forget

FORT COLLINS, COLO.—I would like to ask J. B. of Youngstown where he gets his information; meaning his statement that "war stories and war articles are dead and forgotten." Many there are who would like to forget, but not those who served. Keep up the war stories, LIBERTY.—*C. H. Crosby.*

Who's Goat Now?

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—In a recent issue, Bob Pirie tells us that *Ovis poli* is not a goat but a sheep. Thank Bob for me and tell him what a load he has taken off my mind.

J. B. wants short stories by new authors. That's the idea! Dig up these birds who complain about the stories in your magazine and ask *them* to write a story. Can't you imagine what you would get? It would be a riot! I might write a story myself and then they would have something to kick about.—*John Laubergarten.*

First, Maybe—But Safe? ? ?

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Where does Gillette get that stuff—that he is the inventor of the safety razor? The idea was thought of by a poor barber with a family of eleven in Syracuse, New York, who was so short of funds that he could afford only one razor.

One morning he was stropping his razor, preparing for his meager business, when it dropped to the floor and the blade broke in half. Being of an inventive turn of mind, he rigged up a little holder for one of the halves, and this was the first safety razor.

Gillette, who was a patron of the little shop, came in that morning and was shaved. He saw the possibilities in the new device and had it patented in his own name.—*Fred A. Murray.*

Lonely Nights with a Peach

COHOES, N. Y.—LIBERTY is some companion on a lonely night. Believe me, Robert W. Chambers' serial, The Fear of God, is a peach. I look forward to each installment. —*A. M. Benoit.*

Sure! Our Readers Write It

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—P. G. Wodehouse is good; so is Bill McGeehan. But my idea of real comedy is the page bearing the title, Vox Pop.—*Bill Williamson.*

A Hard World for a He-Man

LINCOLN, NEB.—Is LIBERTY unable to secure any real feature writers?

You let F. S. Tisdale burst forth with a noise like a slow leak. He gave us: Powder and Perfumes for Our He-Flappers. All about effeminate men! We know that women do not admire he-men. But the he-man can't help it. He is not to blame for his muscular development. He is fully aware of the fact that women neither admire nor love him. He knows that they love and admire the pseudo-passionate, slinky, hothouse boys.

The average man knows that women do not marry his kind for love. If women married for love, Rudolph Valentino would have been married many millions of times. He *was* married many millions of times—in the hearts and minds of women. Yet the average man—the so-called he-man—can't help being what he is. Why rub it in?

In that same issue Thyra Samter Winslow was allowed to continue her gloating over the stupid male, in Don't Tell My Husband. We know that women have many things they do not wish their husbands to know. We realize that all this ancient chatter about chastity, fidelity, and monogamy is simply female blah.

Men are not always so dumb. More of them are refusing to marry than ever before. There could be no greater indication of good sense. —*Dave Cleogh.*

Brains Will Win

WILKES-BARRE, PA. — I would "walk a mile for a LIBERTY," if for no other reason than to read the editorials.—*S. B. H.*

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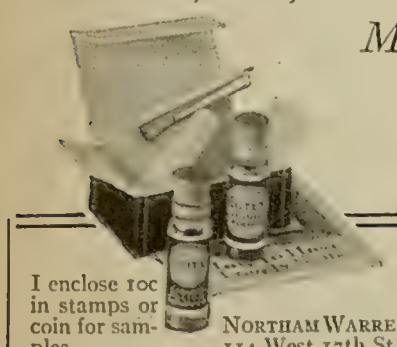

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An Article by

Eileen Bourne

A FACE depends for its beauty on a certain refinement of feature, of skin texture, of chin, bone, and muscle contour. Character is lent it by mouth and eyebrows, the latter being outstanding in a beautiful face.

There have been periods when a standardized eyebrow line was a practiced art. The Grecian eyebrow was straight and narrow. Later periods show the extremely high arched brow and the moderately arched brow.

The modern beauty, true to her individualistic trend, has no fixed outline. Her eyebrows may be arched, straight, uptilted—heavy or light. As long as they conform to her particular type of face, it is enough, provided they have a well groomed look and add expression to the eyes.

A few seasons back we ran the risk of looking like a sex of scared rabbits, with eyebrows plucked to a thin, expressionless, characterless line. Fortunately, most women recovered before the half-witted expression became a fixed one. But some women still practice tweezing to the detriment of facial appearance.

Eyebrow plucking as an indoor amusement is not an enjoyable one. However, most women have some of these undisciplined hairs straggling above the brow or over the eyelids. So the tweezers may be applied to these scattered hairs or to eyebrows that are too heavy.

Some women have dense broad eyebrows set close to the eyes that could be improved by neatly pruning the hair along the lower edge.

The tweezers are considered, by both professional and home operators, far the most satisfactory means of grooming the eyebrow territory. Some women use a special small safety razor, but then there is the possibility of eventually leaving those small black pittings often seen on men's shaved faces.

Depilatories require skilled application to lay the paste on evenly and finely enough to cover only the area being treated. As with superfluous hair on other parts of the face, electrolysis may be used to remove heavy growth above the nose.

In grooming eyebrows the ambition is not to change the natural line, but to keep it smooth, removing only such hairs as will refine the face. It really requires quite a lot of skill to pluck brows artistically.

Not even all so-called professionals are skilled and, unless you are sure of your expert, you may exit after the operation owning a pair of mismated brows or be the object of a prejudice for a certain type eyebrow which is not becoming to your particular style.

If you are tweezing your own, much of the sting may be taken out if you apply a hot towel to the area to be treated, following with a light cold-cream application before you tweeze.

WHEN making your toilet, if you will take a tiny comb and push all the hairs in the brow straight up, then from above press lightly down on them, you will be surprised to see the slenderizing effect.

There are four shades of eyebrow pencil to emphasize with make-up: a light, almost reddish brown; medium brown; dark brown; and black. For the black, one must have decided coloring of hair and eye or the result will be hard. Very blonde brows over blue eyes are benefited with the light-brown pencil. It is wise to experiment with the different shades, and apply the pencil only to the hair—not to the skin—unless you want an unnatural, made-up look.

If the eyebrows are dark enough without benefit of pencil, add a touch of vaseline to the tiny brush to remove traces of powder.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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by **Helena Rubinstein**
INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY SPECIALIST

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2. *Make your skin work actively.*
3. *Cleanse thoroughly twice a day.*
4. *Tone and brace tissues and muscles.*
5. *Protect against extremes of climate.*
6. *Nourish and, if necessary, bleach.*
7. *Use harmonized beauty preparations of one brand.*
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Much VARIETY Is Seen in the NEW MODES

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

FROM France comes news. At the wedding of Miss Emery and the Grand Duke Dimitri, aigrettes were seen on hats! This was at Biarritz. But even around Paris one sees occasionally a little feather in a hat, and sometimes the corolla of a flower, and sometimes even a gay ribbon.

Short, short hair is getting even more fashionable for the daytime, but shaved necks are not popular for the evenings. Therefore women are adopting silver and gold turbans.

While we in America are preaching the doctrine of the principle of uniformity and standardization and absence of all individuality in dressing, Paris is issuing a new dictum.

Once again individuality is coming in. We have had news in this column of its tentative approaches and its setbacks. But it is surely coming. Even with dead black as the favorite of all afternoon colors, even with definite measurements as the standard for all cuts, individualism is coming into the styles and dominating them, as it is coming to control all other forms of art in the world today.

In fact, fashion is faced with a revolt. It is a revolt against the mass production that, for at least the period since the war, has swayed the world. The fashion of obliterating your personality has had its run.

I have often wondered that women of engaging presence have stood for this obliteration. Yet they are the very ones who are making it difficult now for individualities to push through.

Perhaps this new style influence is in reality going to extend itself to art and industry. At any rate, the decree is, be yourself; do not sacrifice your prettiness or your type.

Plaits of all kinds are fashionable on skirts—from the flattened plaits pressed down by the iron to the big hollow plaits in the rounded outline of the pipes of an organ.

Raglan coats with undulating hems and fitted shoulders and tailored sleeves are returning. And, yet, many a coat, like our sports model (5517) is drawn in across the knees. Indeed, the wrap-around movement is extremely popular, and the fashionable model for the newest skirts suggests the old riding habit for the side saddle, where it pulls up narrow and goes into an ample hemline on one side.

Although black is once more extremely popular, never before has such a wide range of color been seen in the tearooms and on the avenues. The shades appear in combinations, two contrasting colors in the same costume being almost compulsory in the present recipes for chic in day dresses, and a new movement showing itself far above the remote horizon of fashion has for its motif the blending of three nuances or shadings of the same color. One sees this in sweaters and in sports clothes everywhere.

Scarfs are said to be out, and at the same time one sees descriptions of very fetching ones of soft felt, of supple leather, or even of shaved fur. One may deduce from the materials that they are good principally for *le sport*.

If not scarfs, then neckties play an important part in the daytime dress of the smartly gowned woman. Sometimes they are gently knotted in a flowing Lord Byron effect. Sometimes they are little stringy things, like the one worn with our sketch 5518, which I call the man's shirt-front effect. In our model the tucks are repeated in a pleasing design on the skirt. This is a style that lends itself especially to cotton or linen.

The correct sports fur is the black-and-white unborn calf. After all, if we have had baby lamb, why not baby calf? And shaved chinchilla! I should have thought chinchilla hard enough to get, and expensive enough, to be kept in all its perfection. But the French are like children—they simply cannot leave things alone.

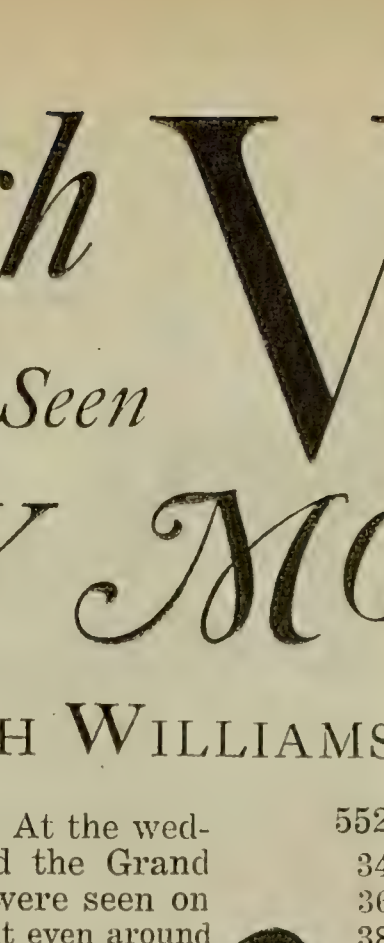
PERHAPS the most popular of color combinations is what they call overseas blue and lacquer red. Materials are combined, too, and these colors appear in blue serge with red taffeta. Beige and gray are skillfully combined, and lighted with shades of blue and pink, like a cloud with the sun shining behind it. In materials, reps combines with gaberdine and cloth with satin.

As for colors, the most fashionable of all is sky blue, although one sees a great deal of clear sapphire, blue-gray, turquoise, pale green, bright blue, mauve, and yellow. Soft symphonies of the blues are the favorite combination.

Flowers, which have been so popular for a decoration on the shoulder, now frequently replace the bow of the necktie under the chin.

A little black crepe-de-Chine jacket over a sleeveless frock is, to my mind, the most charming creation that has thus far come out of the laboratory of the fashions. It is shown in model 5519 and completes, as a costume, the coming smart fantasy of the sleeveless sports dress.

PALE blue linen made this charming two-piece dress with its shirt front of crossbar tucks.



THIS sports dress of beige crepella with brown satin bands expresses the trend for combining colors and materials.

VERY fashionable is the white flannel coat with corded self-trimming.

WORN under a black crepe jacket, the cotton frock is extremely chic.

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Evening Frocks from London

By Bettina Bedwell

London, January 30, 1927.

ENGLISHWOMEN are quite as intensely occupied with the art of personal decoration as are their neighbors, the Parisiennes. There is, however, a difference. The Parisienne clothes herself with an eye to adornment; the Englishwoman for the real character of chic. No smartness that does not complement her own character appeals to her. If she is a plain woman, she uses clothes to make herself an attractive plain woman. She never tries to be merely a pretty mannequin.

This has created a distinctly English genre of fashions. The smart women of London do not slavishly ape Paris styles; and there are numbers of great London dressmakers creating clothes to supply the demand for an exclusive English mode.

The English evening mode is distinctive. In the first place, the low-necked, bare-armed evening toilette is universal among women who have any claim to being smart, and is frequently worn for the tete-a-tete home dinner—which is one reason why Englishwomen wear evening frocks with such supreme ease and grace.

A CHIC black georgette gown with a rhinestone-studded shawl.

LONDON loves the white satin frock embroidered with pearls.

A LUXURIOUS wrap of beige crepe satin with sable.

THIS Isobel model of beige crepe de Chine is a typical London afternoon frock.

Englishwomen love the draped evening gown of some simple fabric such as georgette or marquisette. At the Embassy Club, in Old Bond Street, I counted twenty draped frocks of this type in one evening. There were more, but I gave up numbers to concentrate on the how and whither of the drapery. I decided that the draperies have very little to do with the flowing lines that suggest Venus, and everything to do with the kind you see in the arrangement of the leaves of the rose. Sex appeal is very much subdued.

An example is our black crepe georgette model with a single ornament of brilliants on the left hip. Both frock and shawl are the creations of Isobel, court dressmaker.

Madame Isobel tells me that black and white are the favorite evening colors of the London season.

When London ladies wear white, they choose something on the order of our frock in white crepe satin, also by Isobel. Extremely uncomplicated in cut, exquisitely embroidered in pearls and iridescent bugles, this frock has a rainbow-tinted girdle of soft satin.

The Englishwoman of fashion gives to her entrance, exit, and limousine appearances a great deal of study. When Paris and New York are wearing lamé evening wraps, she comes out in satin and velvet—lustrous fabrics that are eloquent commentaries on the shining magic of the evening. London likes the evening cloak of such a fabric, rich, unobtrusive, and extremely opulent—like the one shown in our photograph.

Made of beige satin, this Isobel cloak has a full-length collar-and-revers-in-one of Russian sable. The entire skirt portion and the giant-sized cuffs are embroidered with bronze and gold thread. The evening cloak is allowed a sensuous beauty very telling.

ENGLISHWOMEN are most charming at tea, when they wear simple frocks such as our photograph shows—just a plain crepe de Chine frock of beige, without folderols or foolishness, but completely charming, because you can look at it and forget it, except as an unconscious complement to the pink-and-white complexion of the English lady. She wears a hat to match, of beige felt, and beige stockings that are nicely set off by novel strap slippers.

English chic is based on the idea of letting your character so shine before all that your clothes become a part and parcel of it, and cease to exist except as accessories to your own particular personality.

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"Lady Rose's Daughter"

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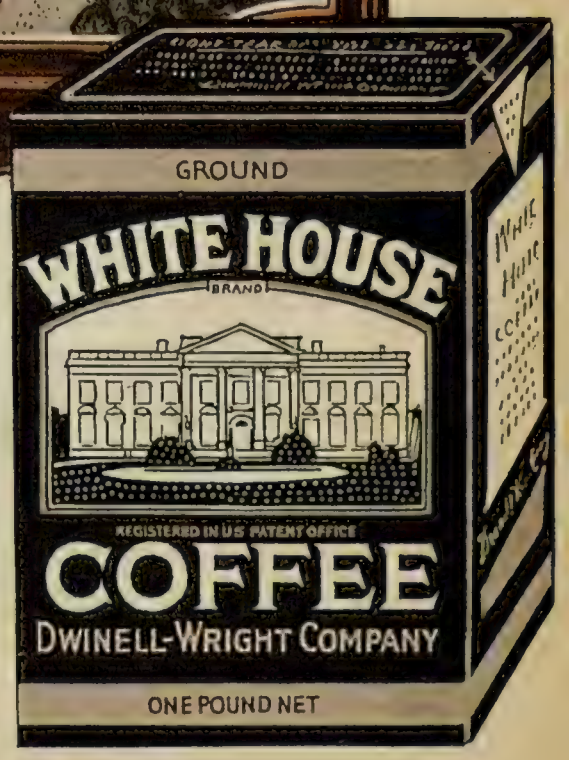

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I CAN recollect hearing the Recollette nun tell Nicole that poor Monsieur de Sainte-Hélène had been killed.

The Fear of God

The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

A SERIAL *by* ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

AN insult changed the course of my life. My father, a colonel under Louis XIV of France, had been forced to flee to Canada in the Huguenot persecutions. I, motherless, a girl barely twenty, took refuge in England.

In a pleasure garden there, high-born tipsy revelers laid hands upon me. Sir Harry Quarles' sword flashed in my defense. A brawl! I saw Vicomte de Frontenac, son of Quebec's Governor, killed—saw a second man wounded. Armand Gribouri he was: the French spy who had pursued me with his attentions.

Sir Harry and I escaped together, and set sail, at length, for Canada. By cruel chance, Gribouri was on the same ship! He swore to expose milord.

To buy the freedom of the Englishman I loved, I married this Gribouri, in Quebec. The ceremony over, came the sudden attack of the English and—thank God!—my husband rushed to arms.

There was much else for which I was grateful. My father, a forest outlaw, had been pardoned, to aid the French. Our old regiment had come to Canada, and with it Colin, our drummer, and dear Nicole, his wife, who in France had been my maid. She and I were quartered in the château, together with Governor Frontenac himself.

PART TWELVE—(CONCLUSION)

THE château roof leaked very badly. It was rain water dropping upon my face that finally awakened me. The room was shaking with the cannonade. I had slept restlessly, being troubled by frightful dreams. When the new leak in the roof awakened me, I realized that I was feeling very ill. My eyes pained me; my face and body were hot; my bones ached; and I coughed continually.

However, I crept out of bed and dressed me, and went out on to the balcony, where Monsieur de Frontenac stood with his telescope, and all the officers seemed very intent upon the ships below, which our two batteries in the lower town had been firing upon since sunrise. Yet I had slept through the cannonade.

Nicole said the English ships were terribly battered. I saw that one great ship had already abandoned the battle. She seemed to be on fire.

The Admiral's ship, also, seemed to be a dreadful wreck, although her guns still fired at us. But they told me that she must sink very soon unless hauled off beyond harm from our guns.

Even as I listened to the officer who was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

explaining this, I heard Frontenac say very coolly: "Sir Phips has cut his cables. He's adrift. Gentlemen, observe the beginning of the end of Monsieur Phips!"

As I stood shivering, my whole body cold and hot by turns, watching the crippled ships withdrawing one by one beyond our cannon range, Monsieur de Frontenac turned on his spurred heel, dryly remarking that Sir Phips had now danced his English jig and would never desire to dance another to any Canadian music.

Noticing me huddled near the recess of my open window, he saluted me very gallantly and came to kiss my feverish hand.

"What's this?" said he sharply. "Your hand is burning up like Sir Phips' quarter-deck!"

He gave me a penetrating look. "You have taken a chill," said he.

"It will pass, my General—"

"*Hé!* Well, then, as you admit that I really am your General, I order you to bed. You understand what an order means, madame?"

I smiled faintly and curtsied. However, I was quite ready to get into my bed again, for I felt really ill.

The weather had become intensely cold; and Nicole told me there was an inch of ice in the water pails on the balcony, which were kept there in case of fire.

I had dull pains all over me, and a sore throat and fever. In the beginning they feared smallpox—the New England army having many sick of it; but a Recollette nun who came to see me told Nicole it was a kind of rheum, which those who are lately come from Old France are likely to contract during the first approach of winter; and that, unless cared for, an inflammation of the lungs might follow which very often proved fatal.

So they rolled me in blankets and laid hot bricks in my bed, and gave me tisane and hot brandy with maple sugar, and other strange medicines, all day long, until, having vomited, and now being thoroughly intoxicated, I fell into a stupor.

I SAW a tall coureur-de-bois pass swiftly in front of me and strike Gribouri across the face with a leather mitten.

I THINK, at times, my medicine and the fever made me light-headed; yet I can recollect hearing the Recollette nun tell Nicole that poor Monsieur de Sainte-Hélène had been killed, and that the Chevalier de Longueuil, one of his brothers, had been wounded in the fighting on the St. Charles.

Also I can remember asking for news of my father, and of being told that he and his forest runners had crossed the river and were in battle with the New England infantry; and that Frontenac himself, with three battalions of Aulone, had marched to their support.

Somehow, in my illness, I must have missed a whole day. It was Sunday that I next remember, and I was feeling much better.

I got up and made Nicole bathe and dress me, and went to the balcony to look across at Beauport, where my father was.

I could hear distant shots in the woods where our sharpshooters were firing at the boats of the English fleet, and I could see the powder smoke whirl up over the tops of the naked trees.

Nicole fetched me a bowl of hot broth with wine in it; and when I had finished it I felt *très bien plantée sur mes jambes.* Also very restless from long confinement to my balcony. So I borrowed Nicole's hooded cape of heavy gray felt, and put on her pattens and wool mittens, and went down to the parade, which was full of muddy, weary soldiers who were returning from the *côtes* of Beauport and Beaupré.

Through this confusion and din I pressed, meeting everywhere troops of almost every arm returning from the Charles or hastening thither. Nobody could tell me where were the coureurs-de-bois; and, as I saw none, I supposed they were skirmishing beyond the Charles with the English boats.

On the cliffs of Sainte Genevieve was a vast crowd of people looking down toward the ford; and I saw Indians down there and a swaying throng of armed peasants and horsemen, and could hear the excited roar of voices from below.

"What is it?" I asked a young girl who was coming up from below, and who looked pale and frightened.

"The English prisoners," she said; "and they have delivered one of them to our Indians."

"What for?" I demanded.

"My God! What do Indians do with prisoners?" She made a gesture of horror and hurried on.

I started down the steep way. A soldier called to me to stop, but I ran past him, and over the barricade, and descended the slope to the river.

"What is all this about the English prisoners?" I asked a militiaman who was standing on tiptoe to see over the heads of the crowd.

"Faith," said he, "the new Sub-Intendant Gribouri has delivered an Englishman to the Hurons to burn; but our own Indians say he belongs to them, and they wish to burn him at Lorette."

"Does the Governor know this?" I demanded.

"The Governor is in the lower town—"

I set elbows and shoulders to the people in front of me and forced my way through them to the front, where some horsemen sat looking down from their saddles upon a dozen hideously painted, half-naked savages who were wrangling and disputing and pulling a white man about among them.

A ST. FRANCIS Indian, all daubed white and scarlet, and carrying a gun and a hatchet, came out of the struggling knot of savages and began to harangue a horseman in a language of which I understood not a word. The horseman was Gribouri.

Then, to my astonishment and horror, I saw Gribouri push his horse forward into the crowd of savages, forcing a path for himself to the white man whom they were pulling hither and thither.

"This prisoner was delivered to the Indians of the Lorette Mission!" he said in a loud

voice. "The St. Francis chief has nothing to do with this business, nor have the Hurons of the Upper Lakes. Now, then!—you, there, take away your prisoner!"

There was a terrible silence. Then one of the horsemen said, in a quiet but distinct voice: "All the same, we should not permit them to burn a white man."

Gribouri shrugged his shoulders, saying that it was not his affair to interfere with the customs of our allies.

At the same moment two tall, painted warriors elbowed their way out of the sullen circle of naked savages, pulling along between them a white prisoner whose arms were tied behind him.

The prisoner was milord! He looked up at the horsemen as he passed; and they gazed at him in silence.

I heard milord say very quietly: "Can you do nothing, gentlemen?"

"I would if I could," said the same soldier who had spoken before. "It is shameful to let a white man die by fire."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Gribouri, spurring up to the riders and glaring at the cavalryman who had spoken. "Another word and I order you a hundred blows with the lash! Or—by God!" he added, pulling a heavy whip from his right holster, "I will punish you myself!"

At that instant I stepped forward, snatched the whip from Gribouri's gloved hand, and with all my strength I lashed him across his face.

For a moment he reeled in his saddle, for the lash had blinded him, and he screamed with the pain of it, clinging to his stirrups while his frightened horse backed and danced and pirouetted, scattering the crowd into flight.

I ran to the young horseman who had spoken of mercy. "Ride to the lower town and tell Monsieur de Frontenac that Mademoiselle de Maniscamp needs him! Hasten, for God's sake!"

HE wheeled his horse and was already galloping down the shore when I turned and caught hold of milord's sleeve, and fell to lashing the Indians who held him, and with such a fury that they leaped away with howls of pain as the iron-tipped lash cut their naked flesh to ribbons.

Now, still clutching milord by the sleeve and grasping the heavy whip, I faced Gribouri, who had got out of his saddle and was advancing toward me, his loose mouth distorted with rage unutterable.

A terrible cut had laid his cheek open to the bone, and blood was running down it to his chin. I swung the terrible lash and warned him to stand or I would mark him with a brand that should outlast the King's fleur-de-lis.

In the uproar and jostling around me I heard milord begging somebody to untie his arms. But at that instant, and while I faced Gribouri with lifted lash, a violent movement of the crowd knocked me aside, and I saw a tall coureur-de-bois pass swiftly in front of me and strike Gribouri across the face with a leather mitten.

Instantly the roar of the throng ceased. In the midst of a breathless silence I heard my father's careless voice: "Monsieur, is it necessary that I repeat in words what my leather glove has already called to your attention?"

Gribouri's mouth, contorted with fury, recovered speech at last.

"When and where?" he managed to ask in a ghastly voice.

"Naturally, at your convenience, monsieur. I shall go to the Saut-au-Matelot."

There was a devil's blaze in Gribouri's eyes as he said in a choked voice:

"I understand you, monsieur." Then he took off his gayly plumed hat and bowed to my father, who bowed to him, his cap of otter skin in his right hand.

Gribouri's visage was a mask of drying blood. He walked to his horse, got into the saddle, and put it to a canter, followed by his riders.

My father turned on his heel and came back to where I stood, clutching milord by the arm with desperate fingers.

He looked hard at milord, then very gravely upon me. Then he drew his hunting knife and cut the cord that tied milord's arms.

"Monsieur," he said, "are you the English naval officer taken last night while attempting to bring off the cannon abandoned by the Boston infantry at Beauport?"

"I am, sir," said milord calmly.

"Are you a prisoner of the sharpshooters of Monsieur Gribouri?"

"Monsieur de Champigny's horsemen took me."

"Is that the reason the Sub-Intendant claims you?"

"I suppose so, monsieur."

I said: "Father, the Sub-Intendant delivered milord to the Indians, to be burned at Lorette."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

At that milord looked up quickly at my father, knowing for the first time who he was.

All about us a multitude of people pressed around, and heads were thrust forward to hear what we were saying.

My father drew a whistle from his belt, blew it thrice, and as he blew the third loud blast, everywhere through the crowd came coureurs-de-bois, shouldering their way to where we were standing.

"Take this English prisoner to Monsieur the Count de Frontenac at the château," said my father. "You need not tie him; he gives me his parole—do you not, sir?"

"Yes," said milord.

"That is sufficient."

Milord bowed to my father and to me and thanked us very quietly. Then, surrounded by forest runners, he walked toward the cliffs of Sainte Genevieve.

My father gave me his hand and we followed slowly after the prisoner and his escort; and a vast crowd followed us.

I asked my father what was to be done with milord, and he said that was for Monsieur de Frontenac to decide, and none other.

AS we mounted the road to Sainte Genevieve I clasped my father's hand very tightly and clung to it; and I think he understood my terrors, for he gave me a gay smile, telling me to keep a tranquil mind and a heart undaunted.

"You must fight Gribouri?" I whispered.

"Certainly."

"Yes—certainly." But I could scarcely utter the words.

When we came to the château and entered the court, and at last were free of the curious crowd that had continually pressed about us, I begged my father to mount to my lodging behind the balcony and there rest him until he heard from Gribouri.

"Yes," said he; "but go you first, Roussette, and I will come to you in a few minutes." He called to a young ensign who was crossing the parade, dismissed me with a smile, and went to meet the subaltern, who wore the uniform of Aulone.

I watched them enter the casemates in earnest conversation; then I went into the château, and wearily to my lodging; and sat down on the bed's edge to await my father.

I waited more than half an hour before the first shaft of fear pierced my heart and brought me to my feet all trembling.

* * *

What instinct drove me to the balcony I cannot guess; but no sooner had I stepped outside my chamber than it was as though some invisible finger were pointing to the cliff.

And there—oh, God!—far away against the sky, I saw some people moving on the Rock; saw two distant figures detach themselves from the group, approach each other, and take their places on the cliff's sheer edge. And now, in silhouette, I saw them lift their arms and hold them level, extended toward each other. Suddenly I saw their swords.

Mary Mother, grant that never again shall I pass such moments, either in purgatory or on earth! They were so far away that I knew not which was which; only could see two supple, fighting shapes, black against the horizon, with now and then a spark and glint of steel running like lightning across the sky.

I know not how long I stood there, clutching the railing and more dead than alive, while those two lithe, agile shapes fought on the black Rock's edge—when, all at once, one of them stood stock-still, then, reeling, stepped backward, out into empty space.

The scream tore my throat for utterance. Dumb, rigid, I strained my eyes to know who it was that stood there all alone.

It was useless; I could not tell. And now figures were clustered together and moving away among the rocks, which already hid them from my view.

I went to my chamber and knelt down by my bed, and there awaited God's will and judgment. And after a long while I heard steps in the corridor and my father's careless, pleasant voice: "Roussette! May one come in, if you please?"

NOW in the city of Quebec there was a tremendous uproar and great disorder. The coureurs-de-bois and soldiers of the disbanded

I said faintly: "If we are plighted—you may take my lips, milord."

Carignan Regiment roamed the streets, shouting and singing and firing their guns to celebrate their victory over the Puritan soldiery.

Monsieur de Frontenac continued in the lower town with Monsieur de Champigny and my father, strengthening the intrenchments from the palace to the King's stores, and adding more guns to the quay batteries.

Here, under my father's orders, were companies of forest runners, boatmen, and scouts of the canoe service in reserve. And of these was Nicole's husband, Colin, who acted as messenger for my father between the palace and the château.

It was on Tuesday morning, I think, that Colin came to me where I sat in my chamber with Nicole's hand in mine, thinking of milord, who, with others, was in the prison of the Intendancy.

My father sent me word that a trumpet had arrived from the Boston Admiral requesting an exchange of prisoners, to which Monsieur de Frontenac had agreed. Further, my father said that, as Monsieur de Frontenac had promised me an English prisoner, I should immediately make a choice among them and notify the Governor by letter within the hour.

I was so scared that I could scarcely steady my fingers to write:

MONSIEUR LE COMTE DE FRONTENAC.

Monsieur:

As you were once good enough to promise me an English prisoner, I beg you will not exchange Monsieur le Capitaine de Vaisseau, Sir Harry Quarles, but will very kindly place him at my disposition and accept the heartfelt gratitude of her who must ever remember you in her daily prayers,

MICHELLE DE MANISCAMP.

To my father I wrote:

MONSIEUR MON PÈRE:

I beg of you to go immediately to the Intendancy prison, while the English trumpet waits, and there lay before Sir Harry Quarles the true state of our military affairs in this city, and of Monsieur de Frontenac's purpose regarding the exchange of prisoners.

Be good enough to represent to milord that my inclination to listen to whatever he may be pleased to say to me has never changed since first I saw him at Whitehall. Circumstances, only, closed my ears to him.

Ask him, if you please, to be kind enough to notice that I never have told him anything except the truth.

You will, dear father, make such further representations to him concerning my rank and poverty as you may deem suitable and compatible with our modesty and dignity. And if he appear to be inclined to such an alliance between our two families, you may then assure him that it is my ardent inclination also, and the dearest desire of my heart, which was his at our first encounter and never has belonged to anybody else.

I am, with every affectionate consideration of duty and respect,

Your devoted daughter,

MICHELLE.

Now my flying, trembling fingers were busy with a third message:

Milord:

My father, the Count d'Aulone, will have the honor to call upon you at the palace and deliver to you this letter, which is but a line to beg you to remark the difference between childish indiscretion and mature evil; and to assure you that, through me, neither at the Spring Gardens nor in the Intendancy, nor anywhere else at any time, have the traditions of my race ever been sullied by me.

For this reason I do not hesitate to sign myself,

Your friend, MICHELLE.

Colin, who was embracing Nicole behind my back, came to take my letters and hasten to the lower town, where the English trumpet waited to return to the fleet with our own trumpet as escort.

I was so excited and restless that I could scarcely contain myself. Joy and fear, passionate hope and dreadful doubt, assailed me. One moment I threw on my cloak to pace the balcony; the next I flung myself upon my bed to try to endure the dragging minutes.

About 3 o'clock I heard the drums on Fort St. Louis beating a parley; and the New England drums replied. Far and faint came their rattle across the water from the flagship. Then from the lower town a French trumpet spoke, and a distant English trumpet answered mournfully. I ran to the balcony, and saw that all the English ships were in motion and sailing slowly down the river. One by one they passed the headland and disappeared behind the Island of Orleans, until, in the vast basin below, not a single sail remained, and the great river stretched away, lonely and desolate, as far as the eye could see.

WHAT had happened I did not know. All night long I could hear the shouting, singing, and quarreling in the streets. The defeated ships had gone below to mend their battered hulks and rigging before setting sail for Boston and New York. Beauport was clear. The whole business was ended.

So our Governor took the Intendant's cavalry and the regulars and swept the city as clean of disorder as Nicole sweeps a room. And my father, Monsieur de Champigny, and the Town Major did the rest. So that in the morning all noise and violence had ceased.

In a solemn procession of priests, nuns, soldiers, and people, the Puritan Admiral's captured flag was borne to the cathedral, where the Bishop sang *Te Deum*, and our batteries thundered, and every bell in the city of Quebec rang wildly out to celebrate our victory and to honor God.

On Wednesday morning the Governor dispatched a fourth battalion of Aulone across the St. Charles, and came to the château to change his wet clothing and make his devotions by himself in the church of the Recollet Fathers.

One of his young aids, an ensign, came to scratch politely on my door, offering the compliments of the Governor General, and begging my attendance in the great salon below.

And there, oh, Mary Mother, I beheld the Governor clad in glittering magnificence such as I had seen only at Versailles! And he was all alone in that gorgeously gilded salon.

When he saw me he bowed, but immediately pretended to ill humor, and began to complain that I showed him little respect and consideration, and was playing the tyrant in Quebec and ordering everything to suit me, regardless of his authority.

"My God!" said he. "It appears that I may not dispose of my own prisoners until I consult your pleasure. Moreover, you pick out for yourself the only English prisoner of any value to me. What have you to reply to that, madame?"

My heart bounded with utter happiness.

"I have to reply," said I excitedly, "that he is of more value to me than to you, monsieur."

"*Hé!* Well, then, what do you mean to do with him? Make a slave of him?"

"That lies with God, sir."

If a lion could grin I know now what he would look like. However, Monsieur de Frontenac continued to grumble and rumble and shake his head, saying that I meant to turn my prisoner into a coureur-de-bois, to fetch furs for me; and that between this Englishman and my father and me, both he and the King were like to be ruined.

But now his face had subtly altered. He looked strangely at me, and into his features there came a sadness I never had seen there before.

He remained silent for a while, then took both my hands between his own, regarding me intently.

"Madame," he said, "I have always understood that both men and women of your race fear God alone. Also that they never lie though they may die for it. That is true, is it not?"

"Yes, sir, it is true."

"Then—I ask you a question. And already accept your answer. Did you know my son, François Louis, Vicomte de Frontenac?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Did you—see him—die?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Do you know who slew him?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Was my—only son—slain honorably, in fair fight?"

"In fair combat—honorably, loyally—by Sir Harry Quarles, who in this hour is your prisoner—"

TEARS blinded me, and my voice trembled so that I could not speak—for, under my very eyes, this man was withering and turning gray; and the fire had gone from his eyes, and his wrinkled hands were quivering in mine.

"Well," he said, "God give you happiness. . . . I have had little—save in battle. . . . Those were gay battles in Italy when I was young. . . . A colonel at twenty-one, madame. Four wounds, and an arm broken at Orbetello. And *maréchal-de-camp* at twenty-six. . . . But, in love"—he slowly shook his head—"no; not happy. Madame my wife was a beauty. Have you seen her portrait as Minerva? Beautiful and spirited. Our trouble, possibly; for I also have a spirited way with me, they say—" A bleak smile touched his eyes.

Then he kissed my hands; and suddenly I began to cry, and bowed my head so that it rested against his shoulder among the scented ribbons and knots of lace.

After a little he put his hand under my chin and lifted my face and kissed me on both cheeks; and I saw the old sparkle come into his eyes and the leonine grimness melt to a smile as charming as a boy's.

"Always," said he, "you have had of me what you chose to obtain. Therefore, take your Englishman and do to him the mischief you already are devising—"

"What mischief, monsieur?" I asked, smiling through my tears.

"Madame, you are widowed since yesterday! Therein lies sufficient mischief to undo the world!"

MONSIEUR laughed. He was himself again. He patted my cheeks, my hands; he stroked and twisted his grizzled mustache till it pointed proudly to heaven.

"Madame," said he, "I go to the Recollet Fathers. I am given to understand that your Englishman is impatient to pay his respects to you."

Through me passed a heavenly thrill that robbed me of breath and speech.

"Which being the case," said he, a-grinning, "you may expect him here. And, madame, I advise you to make as quick work of him as did I of Milord Sir Phips!"

"Y-yes, sir," I stammered; "if it be God's will—"

He began to laugh, saying that he found my candor adorable and that no living man could endure the battery of my gray eyes. Then he asked me what gift I desired in memory of him.

At that I drew from my bosom the little dagger and offered it to him in silence.

He could see how painful was the hot blush that burned my cheeks; and he took the little dagger very gravely.

Then I said to him that if he would give me his friendship, I desired nothing else.

Whereupon he took me by the chin and kissed my forehead and both cheeks.

"More tyranny," he complained; "for now you take me prisoner, too, who must ever do your bidding. Say to your father that I am gone to the Recollets', but that he is to sup with me here at the château. As, also, are you, madame, and Madame d'Aloste—" He waited, watching my face; then, with a gesture of gay despair, "Oh, certainly — your Englishman also! But I am in such terror of you both that I shall not taste a mouthful—"

He was gone. I stood alone under the great luster. There was a marble fireplace and a fire burning in it, and near it a love seat of gilded wood and violet damask.

As I walked toward it, the door of the salon opened, and a servant in the Governor's livery announced Monsieur le Comte d'Aulone and Monsieur le Capitaine de Vaisseau, Sir Harry Quarles.

Mary Mother, my heart was beating so violently that I had scarce strength to set one foot before the other! And, indeed, I think I must have fallen had not my father raised me from my low curtsy with both his hands.

I said to them that our Governor expected them to supper, and they both laughed and looked at each other's apparel, and laughed again.

"Messieurs," said I, "while you are laughing, pray glance at me in my prison garb, for I also am invited to sup with our gorgeous Governor, and I think it will be a banquet of very vagabonds."

"Not you, Roussette," said my father, "for Madame de Champigny sends you a brand-new gown, which was commanded for her daughter."

"The child will cry her eyes out!" said I, shaking my head.

"No," said my father with his engaging laugh; "for I paid her with five silver-fox pelts—which the Governor assures me is four more than is sufficient to hang me from Diamond Rock."

Milord was laughing like a school lad who connives at mischief, and I did not feel very greatly frightened.

"Well," said my father, drawing me to him and patting my cheek, "Sir Harry and I are not likely to shame you, for our Governor has kindly offered us a choice of very fine apparel which the merchants of the lower town have lodged in the seminary vaults for safety."

He turned to milord and added: "So, being vain, I shall go now and examine all this finery."

He kissed my hair lightly, released me; bowed with perfect grace to me, to Sir Harry.

There was a moment's hesitation as these two men's eyes met; then, with the same impulse, they clasped hands in silence.

When my father had gone, I turned and took a step or two toward God knows where; then stopped and looked upon milord, and he upon me.

So, presently, I gave him my hand, and he led me to the love seat that stood near the fire; and here he seated me, and took his place beside me.

"Well," said I, striving to smile, "here are we two wanderers once more together; and what God means to do with us, only He knows. Are you in health, milord?"

"And you, Michelle?"

I thanked him.

MY heart was beating wildly, because in his eyes I had discovered that he was still in love with me. If he had read mine I knew not, so presently I lifted my eyes so that he also might discover everything.

Then he took my hands against his lips, and we sat so a little while in heavenly silence.

A burning log broke off and fell, softly flaming.

I said: "You know I have no dowry, milord."

"Did I ask you when we were aboard the ship?"

"No, milord. Nor did you even believe I could bring you that with which God endowed me."

He was silent.

"Nevertheless," said I, "I bring you chastity and health, and love undying; and perfect courage to endure with you all things, all wheres, always, to the end—and so plight myself, if you desire me."

He bent and kissed my hands. "And so I plight my faith," he said, in a low voice.

I said faintly: "If we are plighted—you may take my lips, milord—"

And was in his arms at last.

Mary Mother, what is to be our destiny I do not know. For here we be in this new Western World together, I at twenty-two, he but a few years older.

He has no king, no country; nor have I. Only this vast Western World we have, and desire no more of kings nor of that Old World which proved unkind.

He thinks that perhaps the Dutch King may restore to him the lands the Stuart confiscated. God knows. But Aulone and Maniscamp are lost to us forever; and I do not think that the Dutch King, who, they say, is both avaricious and bilious, ever will give back Quarleswood to milord.

So this, then, is become our purpose: that, with my father's help, we clear a farm—somewhere. And there, from the beginning, build for those children we both desire. And so live our lives together—of kings and tyrants unafraid; free, confident, self-reliant, and "Fearing God Alone."

THE END

The USEFUL Food-Chopper

By

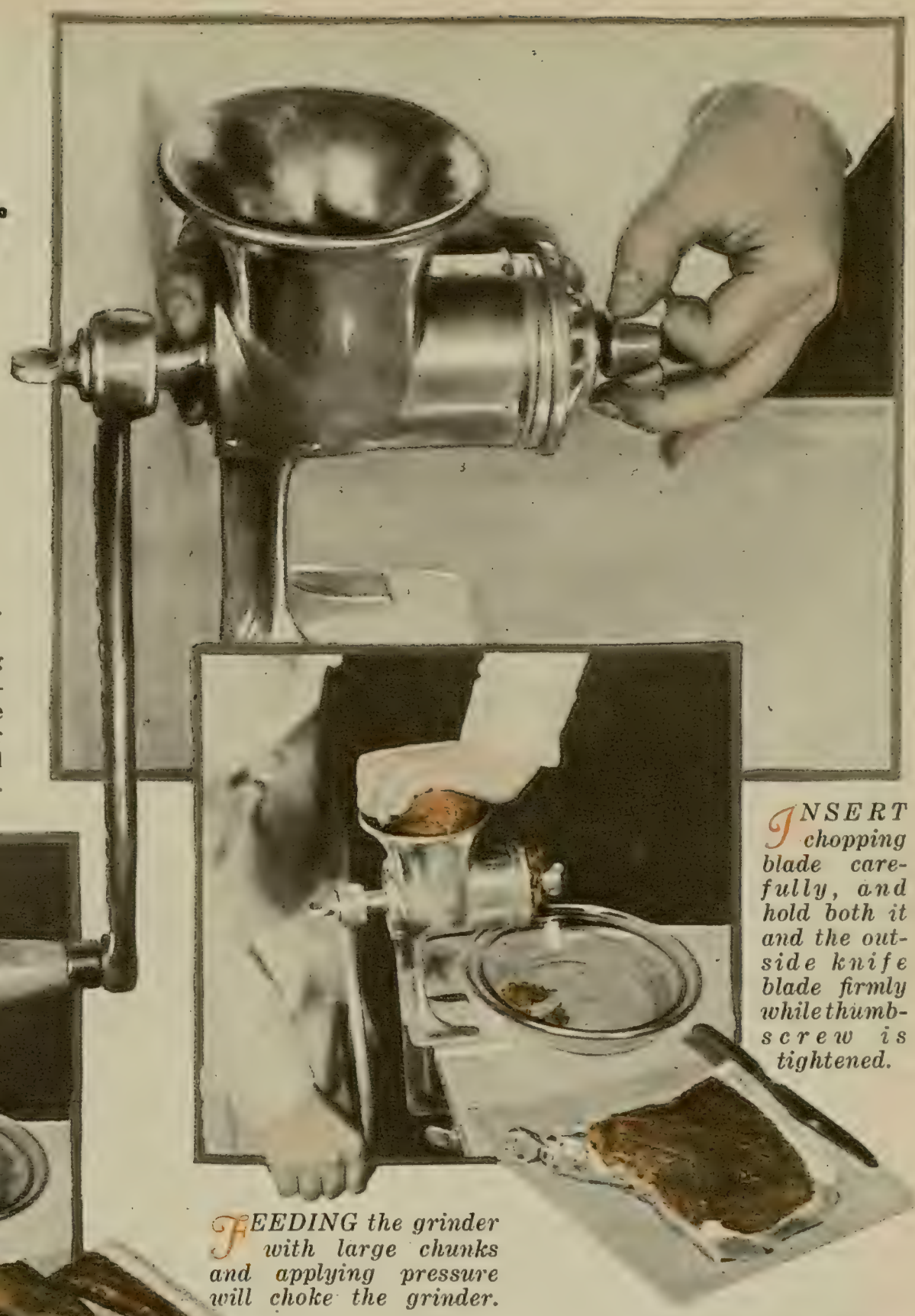
ETHEL SOMERS

UNFORTUNATELY, kitchen-spent money is not so generously nor lavishly appropriated as is the money spent for the prettier rooms of the house. Many homes have such a minimum of kitchen equipment that the housewife's workshop is inefficient. To be inspired in such a kitchen is hard. Unless the cook is naturally interested in cookery, her work becomes drudgery.

An occasional piece of new equipment adds great impetus to the desire for culinary accomplishment and brings additional satisfaction in the doing. Hence our effort to picture new and different tools of proved efficiency from time to time. Many housewives appreciate and praise this service. But recently, when working in a friend's kitchen equipped with but the bare necessities, it occurred to me how discouraging such a picture series must be to the worker financially unable to provide herself with the right tools. She is particularly in need of helpful stimulation for her work. What can we do for her?

Though the initial outlay for kitchen tools is kept down to rock bottom, the average kitchen usually is equipped with a food-chopper as a time-honored money-saver. This is an essential, and yet how unessential it frequently becomes through disuse! Are you getting the most out of your food-chopper? Is it working efficiently for you? Is it saving your time, strength, and money as it should?

See how much workmanlike pleasure and edible delight you can evolve from your food-chopper. Perhaps the suggestions herein may inspire you. If you cannot have new tools for a stimulus, work the old ones overtime. You will delight in your own clever inventiveness.



INSERT chopping blade carefully, and hold both it and the outside knife blade firmly while thumbscrew is tightened.

THE meat, cut in long strips, should be held up rather than pushed into the chopper.

FEEDING the grinder with large chunks and applying pressure will choke the grinder.

Croquettes

2 cups of meat, raw or left over from a roast, stew, or steak dinner
½ onion, minced
1 tablespoon chopped parsley or green pepper, if desired
¼ cup mushrooms, if desired
2 tablespoons fat

MIX these ingredients and brown in the hot fat, covering and cooking slowly over a low flame, with occasional stirrings. Blend well with any sauce you like. Add any additional seasonings that may be desired, as paprika, celery salt, hard-cooked eggs, chopped or minced vegetables, tabasco or Worcestershire sauce. Chill thoroughly and mold into cylinders or cones. Roll in crumbs, beaten egg, and crumbs again, coating the croquettes completely. Fry in deep hot fat (375° F.), and drain on unglazed paper. Serve hot.

White Sauce

1 cup cream or milk
1/6 cup butter
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1/16 teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon celery salt, if desired.

AFTER melting the butter, remove it from the fire. Add the flour and seasonings and mix thoroughly. Gradually add the cream or milk, stirring after each addition until a smooth paste is formed. Heat and stir constantly until a thick sauce results—at least 5 minutes. Then cook over water for 10 to 15 minutes longer to insure thorough cooking.

Meat Loaf

I	II
1½ pounds beef	2 pounds veal
½ pound veal	½ pound ham
½ pound pork or ham	1 teaspoon onion juice
1 teaspoon onion juice	2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons salt	¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon pepper	1 egg
1 egg	½ cup warm milk
½ cup warm milk	

CLEAN the meat thoroughly by scraping with a spatula and wiping with a damp cloth. Remove all gristle and bone. Cut the meat into long, narrow strips, and grind very fine through the food-chopper. Add milk to the meat with the seasonings and the unbeaten egg. Just enough of the liquid should be used to bind the meat together. Mix well and shape into a loaf. Place on a greased rack in a baking-pan or roaster. Bake uncovered in a hot oven (450° F.) until brown, or about 30 minutes. Add 1 to 2 cups of hot water to the grease in bottom of the roaster. *Cover* and continue the baking 30 minutes longer, basting every 15 to 20 minutes with the liquid in the pan. Serve hot or cold, sliced across.

Chopped Sandwich Fillings may be made by mixing any of the following ingredients, using the food-chopper to quicken and perfect the chopping and blending:

½ cup chopped salted peanuts, plus mayonnaise to moisten, plus lettuce
12 chopped dates, plus ¼ cup cottage cheese or cream cheese, plus ½ to 1 tablespoon of cream or rich milk
12 chopped dates, plus ¼ pound peanut butter, plus 2 to 3 tablespoons cream to remove the cloying of the peanut butter
12 chopped dates, plus ¼ cup chopped celery, plus 2 to 4 tablespoons salad dressing
5 ounces dates, chopped, plus 3/8 cup chopped walnut meats, plus ¼ pound chopped figs, if desired, plus orange juice, cream, or hot water to moisten
5 ounces dates, chopped, plus 1 cup (¼ pound) salted peanuts, plus orange juice or salad dressing to moisten
Chopped hard-cooked eggs, plus salad dressing to moisten, plus pimento, pickle, or olives, if desired

Mix until thoroughly blended and add enough of the binder called for in the recipe to moisten the filling and improve its spreading qualities. Chill thoroughly and use. The sweet fillings may be kept in covered jars indefinitely.

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2-26-27

Getting Rid of Daffy

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

"YOU think," asked Nicky, as we all went up the brick walk after an afternoon and evening at Gran's—"you think that if we keep them all the house will be too much like a cattery?"

"I certainly do," I agreed firmly. "And I don't see what we *are* going to do with them. Gran says *she* won't take one."

"But I'll take one, and be glad to!" cried Ben.

"Only, then," said Emmy wisely, "it'll be just the same as if you *didn't* take it. It would still have to live in the house with us."

"Oh, but I *want* the one with the white foot," Ben mourned, his big blue eyes brimming with tears.

"An' I wish we could keep the plaid one!" groaned Nicky.

"The black one is the best," said Greg decidedly.

"*I* like the rusty one, because I never saw one like that before," said Emmy.

"I'll bet you never saw a plaid one, either!" cried Nicky.

"No," Emmy admitted; "but I don't know if I like plaid kittens much."

By this time Carlotta was opening the door to let us in. Her face was broad with smiles.

Domar crowded in ahead of us. He nearly tipped Carlotta over with his greeting; but instead of scolding him she still smiled.

"Well," she said, beaming with satisfaction, "I made a clean sweep of all the kittens."

The children set up a howl of dismay. I shrank back from her, horrified.

"Oh, Carlotta, you *didn't* drown them?" I cried.

"No, I didn't exactly drown 'em," said Carlotta grimly.

"What *did* you do?" I demanded, while the children wailed in anguish.

Carlotta looked very shamefaced. But we insisted that she tell us the worst.

"Oh, nothin' much," she said at last. "I just brushed out their fur pretty, an' tied pink an' blue ribbons round their necks. Then I put each one in one of those little baskets the children made summer before last, an' had Grazia take 'em out an' leave 'em on differunt doorsteps. I guess maybe the people'll take 'em in. They looked kinda cunnin'."

The children's faces had changed gradually as she spoke. By now they all looked perfectly delighted. We might have known our Carlotta was a soft-hearted creature who couldn't bring herself to hurt a mouse, much less a kitten!

"I BRUSHED out their fur pretty, an' put each one in one of those little baskets."

"Oh, why didn't you tell us? Why didn't you let us help?" they cried.

"If you want so to help," I said, "you can set yourselves to thinking of some nice way to get rid of Daffy. We can't keep him much longer, for when we go to Buttonwood this summer, we can't take him with us."

"Couldn't we sell him?" asked Greg hopefully.

Carlotta and I burst out laughing.

"If you could sell that dog you could sell anything!" cried Carlotta, throwing up her hands.

"You couldn't even *give* him away," I explained. "So I don't see what's to be done. But I leave it to you. I'll give a dollar to the child who 'disposes' of Daffy."

Now, Daffy, you may remember, was the half-witted dog Emmy had brought home in her arms through the rain one day. He was the dog that didn't know how to be a dog. He looked like a camel and he acted like a rabbit.

By this time he had learned from Domar and Pompey how to bark a little and how to wag his tail feebly, and he had stopped shivering, except after he was bitten. Still, he shivered a good part of the time, because he was bitten so often. Every dog for blocks around came into our yard every day to bite Daffy.

Well, days went by, and I thought the children had forgotten all about my offer to pay the one that should be lucky enough or bright enough to think of a way to get rid of Daffy. I was trying to harden my heart and make up my mind that when we should be ready to go to Buttonwood poor Daffy must be taken to the pound.

"WE gave him," Emmy said proudly, "to the Man of the Woods who lives in the little handmade house."

One afternoon Emmy, Nicky, Ben, and Greg came tearing upstairs, fairly falling over one another in their eagerness to get to me.

"Oh, we've done it! We've done it! You said we couldn't, and we've done it!" they were shouting.

"*What* have you done?" I asked, rather sternly—thinking, of course, it was some dangerous disobedience they'd been up to.

But as soon as they came into the room I saw that it wasn't that. Their faces were full of delight and a sort of triumph. I changed my tone.

"What *have* you done?" I asked wonderingly.

"We've given Daffy away!" they cried, all together.

I couldn't believe my ears. They must be trying to fool me.

"Who did you give him to?" I cried—forgetting my grammar, I was so excited. I sat with my mouth open, I'm afraid, with surprise while the three boys pushed Emmy forward and made her do the talking.

She didn't mind being made to explain—she liked it.

"We gave him," Emmy said proudly, "to the Man of the Woods who lives in the little handmade house. He wants Daffy to be his watchdog. But the dollar will have to be given to us all together, because we all did it together. Do we get it?"

And you may be sure they did!

You'll love reading about the children's visit to the Man of the Woods, in next week's LIBERTY.

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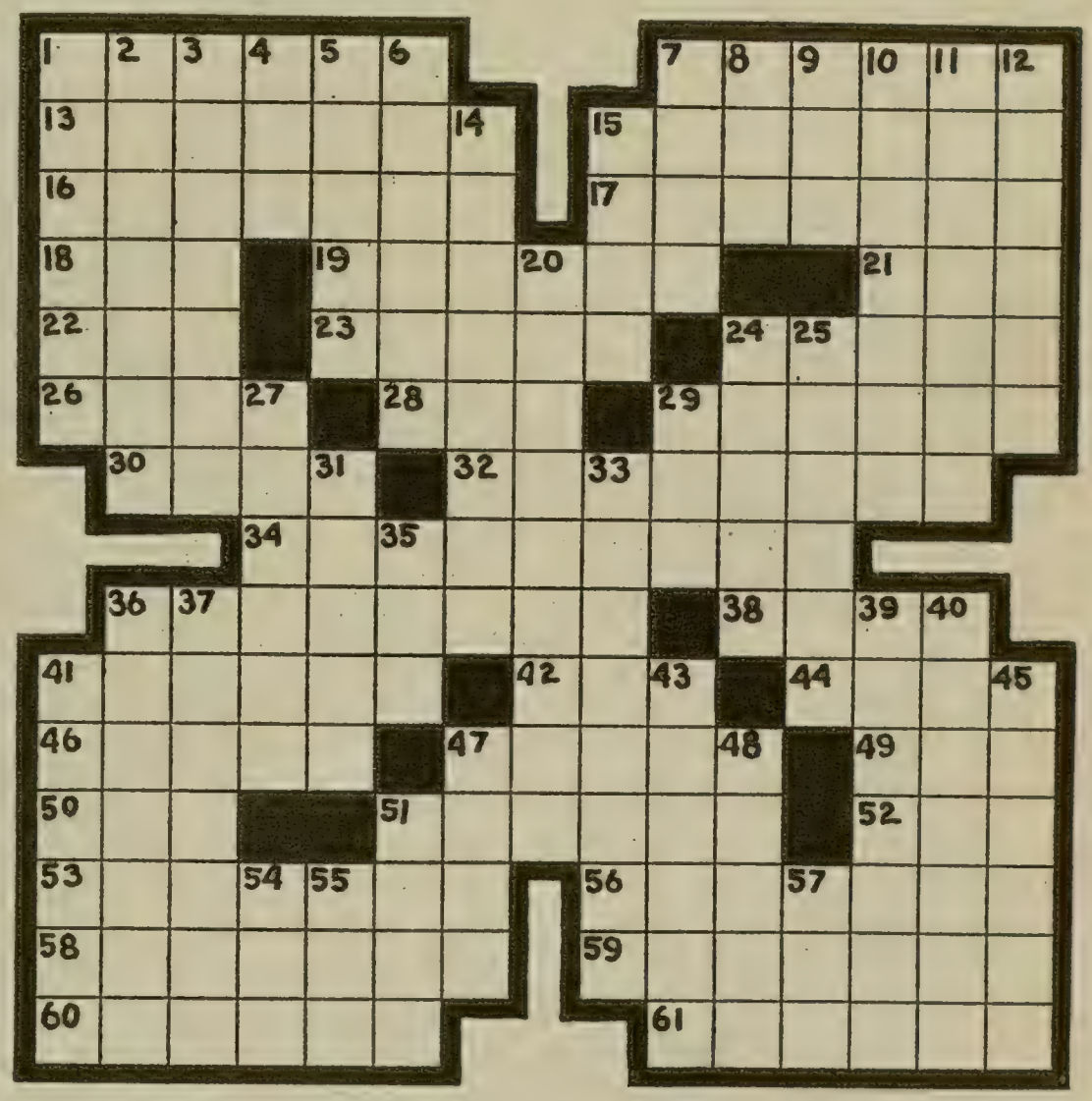


Prize Puzzle No. 25

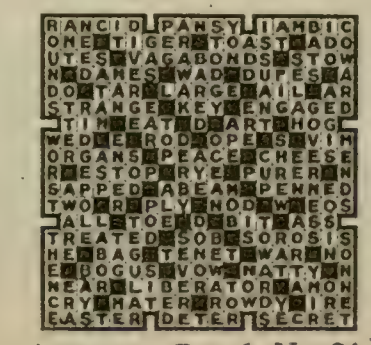
By WILFRID PYLE, Richmond, Va.

HORIZONTAL

1 Ships of the desert
7 Explorer who reached the Mississippi in 1541
13 City in Taylor County, Texas
15 American Indians of a particular tribe
16 A fruit (plural)
17 One of the United States
18 A malt liquor
19 Sluggards
21 Loiter
22 Parcel of ground
23 Surgical device for producing discharge
24 A thin piece
26 Poker stake
28 A coin of Japan
29 Places of occurrences or actions
30 Lampreys
32 Compunction of conscience (plural)
34 Pertaining to radiant energy
36 Recants
38 One of a class of warm-blooded vertebrates
41 A kind of ribbed fabric
42 Fishes of the carp kind
44 Fruiting spikes of grain
46 To embrace
47 Precipitous
49 Faucet
50 Lofty peak
51 Compensators
52 To be situated
53 Lived
56 A derivative of morphine
58 Having a scalloped margin
59 Made placid
60 Endeavors
61 Swordlike weapons

VERTICAL

1 System of mystical interpretation of the Scriptures
2 A mollusk
3 A dark trap rock
4 A note in Guido's scale
5 Grants use of
6 Pitfalls
7 Squalid places of resort
8 Culmination
9 A capuchin monkey
10 Opalescent
11 The best and third best cards of a suit in whist (plural)
12 American Indians
14 Recondite
15 A legal claim
20 Person or thing of little account
24 A crab apple (Scotch)
25 A county in Kentucky
27 Exalts
29 In early English law, a seeking
31 A certificate or memorandum
33 Misdemeanors
35 Cymbals used in Hindu religion
36 Long heavy waves from the sea
37 Slips or glides away
39 Step of a ship's rope ladder
40 Device for drawing off a liquid
41 Deficient in quantity
43 A succession
45 Hastens
47 Eighteenth letter of the Hebrew alphabet
48 A disease of the skin
51 Fondles
54 Feminine proper name
55 A division of time
57 The beak of a bird



Answer to Puzzle No. 24

All-America Football Coaches

THE LILY WHITES

Introducing the Men Who Use Football to Build Morals and Character

An Article by HUGH FULLERTON

Picture by GEORGE O'NEILL

Acme photo

Tad Jones of Yale.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Is football becoming a menace to our schools, as certain educators charge? This series of articles, based on a national survey of the game made by Mr. Fullerton, is in reply to that charge. In the preceding two articles, the writer traced the spectacular growth of football, and revealed that, on the contrary, its coaches are making great strides in building up both the mental and physical sides of the student body. In this, his final article, he describes the big clean-up in athletics at Yale by Tad Jones, and the steps other famous coaches are taking to purify the game.]

PART THREE

THE Lily Whites are those coaches of American college football who see in the game a strong moral- and morale-building instrument, and who are using it and their influence to make football the most vital of all the forces supplementary to education and to moral instruction.

Western State universities are not compelled to seek funds from old grads and listen to their dictates.

Dr. J. W. Wilce of Ohio State.

International photo

Not even the growth of football as a sport has been so significant in American educational institutions as the triumph of the theory of controlling and using athletics. Some of the older and purely academic institutions cling to the idea of suppressing or restricting athletics and of making scholastic achievement the whole end of college training; but the majority of the colleges have turned to the tripartite theory of developing mind, body, and soul concurrently and are making athletics—especially football—the medium through which this is being accomplished.

By accepting the athletic director as Dean of the College of Physical Education and placing athletics on an equality with academic instruction, they have been able to lift physical education to a high plane, to stimulate interest in education and religion, and to secure the highest type of men as athletic directors and coaches.

Twenty years ago A. A. Stagg and a few others fought for purity in athletics in the face of jeers. Today I doubt whether there are twenty-five colleges that dare defy the rules. Of course, there are colleges that, desiring publicity or advertisement for money-raising purposes, misuse football by hiring coaches to recruit teams, but in a short time the undergraduates rebel against watching hired players.

COACHES in charge of other colleges have the remedy in their own hands and use it by refusing to schedule games against colleges that violate the accepted rules. Harvard, the natural seat of purity in athletics, has three times been guilty of scheduling contests against teams notoriously professional and of giving aid and comfort to the unethical schools. The majority of the other big colleges refuse to play such schools.

These elevating conditions have brought a high type of man into athletic coaching, especially into football. Even the Rough-Toss

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL COACHES]
Continued from Page Eighty-three

coaches have (more or less reluctantly) come around to the support of the Lily Whites, especially since they have discovered that hired players, subsidized professionals, cannot or will not play as good football or be welded into as good teams as the boys who play for the love of the sport and for the love of their school.

Fotograms
Howard Jones of Southern California.

Perhaps the highest type of coach is personified in "Jack" Wilce, who is in charge at Ohio State. A great player at Wisconsin, a man of deep religious nature, a fighting Christian, a physician—he turned to football coaching as a profession. I asked him why.

"I HAD a vision," he said, smiling quietly; "it was the biggest vision I ever had. It came during a game between Wisconsin and Minnesota in 1907. That was the year of the big reform in football, when many of the colleges, tired of the old order, agreed on clean football between real students. Minnesota had a great team, a hold-over from the old order, and declined to join in the reform movement—at least while the team was that strong. Wisconsin had cleaned house and presented a team of amateurs in every sense of the word. Naturally Minnesota was expected to overwhelm us and talked of beating us forty points. Instead, our little team of students fought them to a standstill and tied them seventeen to seventeen after a hard battle.

"During that game I saw what football could be developed into, if properly handled. I had a vision of its possibilities while feeling the spirit of that team. But I didn't make up my mind then and there to be a coach. I'd decided to teach, and went to La Crosse High School as teacher and coach. Later I was called back to Wisconsin as coach, and coached there in 1911 and 1912.

"Still I hadn't determined to take up coaching permanently. When Ohio asked me to coach football I refused to consider the offer unless placed in a position to work out my ideas. I insisted that if I came it must be as professor in competitive athletics and director of intramural sports. I wanted recognized standing and the power to co-ordinate the varsity and the intramural sports, and to use varsity athletics to spur interest in intramurals and get everyone in the university into some form of athletics.

"As to handling men, I'm compelled to browbeat occasionally. But the great majority of college men can be led if they trust their leader. The idea behind it all is to teach boys a fundamental philosophy of life—the philosophy of preparing as well as possible, doing our best, and being content with the result. We don't stress winning, no matter how desirable it may be—and, after all, the lesson is learned as well in defeat as in victory.

"Take Elmer Marek's case: He's a fine player, doing his best. He makes a fumble, and loses the most important game of the year, the one he and all of us had our hearts set upon winning. The criticism and blame are placed upon him. Yet that is exactly the thing he and every other man must expect in life, and the lesson is worth while learning in college.

"I do things now in preparing teams that I would have thought heresy a dozen years ago. We have amusements: the boys dance and attend a theater. We let them relax and relieve the nervous strain, rather than try to keep them at the edge of condition and at a high nervous pitch. We get better results. The men play harder and love the game more, because much of the drudgery and nervous strain is taken from it."

These words brought to my mind a certain occasion more than twenty years ago: I was in a Yale dressing-room, between halves, when half a dozen old Yale heroes, working themselves into a frenzy, marched up and down in front of the players, cussing, abusing, criticizing, even praying, while the boys, stirred to a high emotional pitch, were crying with shame, rage, and determination.

Nowadays the dressing-room usually is the quietest place in a football stadium. The players, relaxed, lie on couches, resting and conserving energy while the trainers work on them and the coaches talk quietly to them, advising and planning the plays.

AT Ohio one sees most clearly the practical value of football. Just at the end of the year they have a meeting known as the Senior Tackle, when man after man gets up and tells of the benefits he has received from college and from sports. If the critics of the game would attend one of those meetings they would hear fine, clean boys get up and state that they got finer training, learned more, got more benefits from football than from anything else.

Wide World photo
George E. Little of Wisconsin.

Were I to nominate a National Purity League of college sports, I would have Wilce head it. Others, named in the order of their importance, would be: T. A. D. Jones of Yale; Stagg of Chicago; Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt—a Yankee soldier and idol of the South; Howard Jones, brother of Tad, formerly of Iowa and Yale, but now of Southern California; George E. Little, the new mentor at Wisconsin; John Rothacher, who is doing a great job at Springfield (Mass.), one of the first colleges to grasp

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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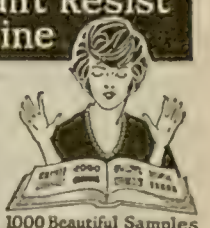

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]
the idea of using athletics to build character; Ben Owen of Oklahoma; and Burt Ingwersen of Iowa, one of Huff's and Zuppke's developments from Illinois and a coach who would rate All America if he could overcome the strain of his own nervousness. As honorary members, I would nominate Dr. Clarence W. Spears, Minnesota; Fielding H. Yost, Michigan; Knute K. Rockne, Notre Dame; Jesse B. Hawley, Dartmouth; Arnold Horween, Harvard, and James Phelan, Purdue.

There are a lot of other converts to the Lily-White system, but perhaps Wilce and Tad Jones illustrate that school of coaching best.

It is a peculiar thing that these men who stand for the best and the highest development in athletics, and who serve more through a sense of duty than for any other reason, are the most bitterly assailed of all the coaches.

I HAVE selected Wilce and Jones largely because those two—perfect types of the best coaches—face the two most difficult situations in the country. They are the targets for the bitterest criticism—not, however, from those perennial critics, the professors, but from the rabid alumni and (sometimes) the Downtown Athletic Associations of Columbus and New Haven, and the barber- and tailor-shop gamblers. Their offense is that they run their teams to build men and uplift sport rather than make the winning of games the primary object.

Strangely enough, we also find some of the howlers for purity and cleanliness in athletics among the most rabid critics of Wilce and Jones.

Jones was a great athlete at Yale. He played football and baseball, and he made the leading secret society. Handsome, popular, athletic, a clean-living, rather religious fellow, a hard, fair fighter, well bred and prosperous, he is about as fine a type as Yale turns out.

Wide World photo
Burt Ingwersen of Iowa.

When Yale fell into the doldrums of athletics the cry went out for some Yale man to return and restore it to its high place. Jones was called upon. He sacrificed his business, made other sacrifices, returned to New Haven, and, after that college had gone along for about 225 years on the theory that athletics are a necessary evil, proceeded to launch the idea of physical education for the entire college.

It was the Western Idea—though, really, the ancient Greek universities were organized on the same plan.

They call it Western because it was in the Middle West that United States colleges first accepted the idea of education of body, soul, and mind as of equal importance.

Jones realized that Yale needed a restoration of physical education, and that the more coonskin coats he changed to moleskins the better teams he could get. He knew that his brother Howard, "Doc" Sharpe, Tom Shevlin, and other Yale coaches had been crucified by the sporty element of the Yale alumni and the downtown crowd of sports and gamblers.

Wide World photo
James Phelan of Purdue.

"I may quit," he remarked grimly, "but I won't be driven out by a crowd of tailor-shop gamblers, nor will they dictate Yale's athletic policy."

He, with the aid of Dean Mendell and Jack Blossom, who returned as athletic director, revolutionized Yale athletics. They got the coonskins off hundreds and revived intramural and other sports. All the time they were doing this, Jones' enemies were working to get his scalp. But he had the backing of the best element in the school, the faculty, and the alumni.

The critics said he was a back number—that he had not kept up with the progress of the sport; and his answer was to turn out two of the strongest teams Yale ever had.

He did big work in football—and bigger work in restoring athletics to a proper place. He taught the cleanest kind of sport. One season, after Princeton had been accused of roughing Charlie Buell of Harvard, and Buell was so crippled that a hard tackle would have sent him out of the game, Jones, knowing that Harvard, to protect Buell, had ordered him to fair catch every possible punt, ordered the Yale players not to bump or tackle him.

"I wouldn't do anything as coach that might in any way reflect on the school," he told me, simply. "I tell the men to play that same way. The football coach here cannot directly influence the undergraduate body much, but he influences directly one hundred and twenty-five men a year—and their influence spreads through the campus.

"Every year there are tales of discord and trouble in the team. As a matter of fact it is about as fine a brotherhood as can be found anywhere. These boys will do anything for each other and their relationship is closer than that of brothers."

LAST fall Yale presented a team that looked strong. But an astonishing number of ills and injuries overtook it. The key players were injured, one after another. Not once, until the last week of the season, did Jones have his Number Three back in shape. He was forced to train a new one each week—which is impossible.

The Downtown Athletic Association, composed of critics who have spent years learning the art

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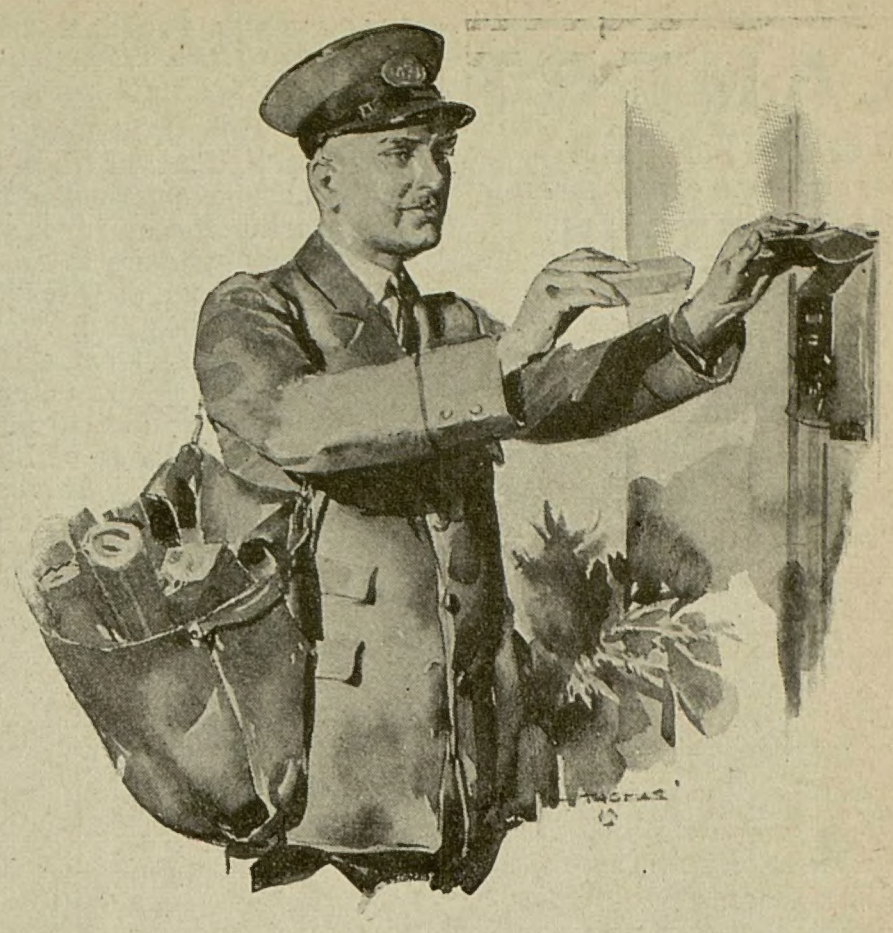

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[ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL COACHES Continued from Page Eighty-five]

of criticizing, leaped to their chance. They said Jones was a poor coach, that he didn't know football. They overlooked the fact that, during the entire season, he did not have players to coach, and that a coach cannot teach football to men in the hospital.

The big outbreak came after the Maryland game, when Jones put the scrubs into the field and tried to save the wreckage of his regular team. But New Haven got a laugh out of it. There is a character in New Haven who is known to all the boys. He bets. He went to the tailor shop and left instructions that he would bet ten to one on Yale — as much as the boys wanted. By two-dollar and five-dollar bets they played the odds until $195 was wagered against $1,950.

The gambler went complacently to the Bowl; but when he saw the scrubs take the field his wails were loud and long. In some way he got the idea that Jones ought to coach the team for the benefit of piker bettors. He telephoned frantically to the tailor shop to call off all bets. The stakeholder informed him that could not be done!

That evening, when the boys went around to collect, there was woe. The gambler was not there. Three automobile loads, determined either to collect or to lynch someone, drove out to find him. Around town they were betting even money as to whether or not he would pay the bets. Pressure was too heavy. He settled. But Jones lost another ardent admirer.

WILCE'S situation has been even more trying than that of Jones, who had only the Downtown Athletic Association, the piker gamblers, and the rabid old grads opposing his efforts to restore Yale to its athletic prestige and to inaugurate a comprehensive intramural sports and physical education program. Wilce has practically all Columbus and a great part of Ohio to combat.

Usually those Western State universities are not troubled much by the pernicious activities of the alumni. State supported, they are not compelled to seek funds from old grads and listen to their dictates. But Ohio built an immense stadium and athletic plant, and allowed the general public to subscribe to the fund. Then the entire city and most of the State—college and non-college—adopted the university and achieved as deep an interest and pride in it as the grads did. In fact, the non-college contributors became worse than the rabid old grad of the Eastern schools. As long as this element only criticizes, the coach can stand it; but when they try to help they become pests.

THE majority of this class see nothing beyond winning teams, and they lose the perspective of the coach, who is trying to build manhood and improve sportsmanship. Ohio Stadium was built after Chick Harley and his great teams lifted the school to a high pitch of enthusiasm. When weaker teams were beaten there were cries for Wilce's scalp. Even one of his own assistants was charged with treachery to the team, and with conspiring to drive Wilce and his ideals out of Ohio State.

The opposition grew so strong that at one time a delegation from downtown visited Wilce, told him he had to produce a winning team, and offered to finance the bringing of athletes to the university. Wilce restrained his temper and got rid of them, but his refusal to submit to having all his work of building up the athletic morality of 10,000 men and women ruined increased the howl against him.

He fought it out, and triumphed. His ideas and ideals have become part of Ohio tradition.

There is one other coach who should be mentioned. He is Owen of Oklahoma. One doesn't usually think of Oklahoma in terms of culture and ideals, and, until a few years ago, not even in terms of football. Yet Owen, with a raw new school, has established about as high a standard of sportsmanship and school spirit as can be found anywhere. He is an interesting sort of chap. He has but one arm, yet refuses to consider that a handicap. He was graduated at Kansas, and he knows football inside out. But his great strength is in building the spirit of the undergraduates as well as of the players.

There may be, among the faculty critics of football, professors who are doing as big and fine constructive work as these coaches are doing, but, if so, I never met one. The fact is that every big reform in athletics in our colleges has come not from the faculty but from the coaches. In every "rotten" spot in our colleges, where professionalism and unethical playing obtain, the faculty is primarily responsible. If its members employ a notorious coach, and permit him to hire or bring in players, they must accept the responsibility. No coach can get away with those methods without having at least the tacit support of the faculty.

A REAL coach's influence is amazing to an outsider, and the effect of football on the men who have played together is one of the finest things a boy can experience. There was a little scene at New Haven last fall which shows what kind of men football produces. For two years there has been talk of disruption on Yale teams, and the names of "Tibby" Bunnell and "Bill" Kline have been held up as the two causes.

Last fall, as the climax of a season of unprecedented misfortunes, Kline's mother died. Jones and his assistants were sitting at table in the Y club when Kline received a telegram announcing her death. Jones met him at the head of the stairs, and, without a word, put his arm around the boy's shoulders. Kline shook with emotion and tears rolled down his cheeks

"It's tough on you and Tibby, Tad," he sobbed.

In his bitterest hour the boy thought, not of himself, but of his coach and captain.

Overstressing football? Rats! The colleges are not getting half enough of it! It's making MEN!

THE END

Wide World photo

The famous Stagg smile, as the Chicago coach greeted Louis A. Young, University of Pennsylvania coach.

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Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS, fitted its sturdy, nickeled smoothness into the palm of your hand and tested its uncanny dexterity *yourself*, you'll never know how amazing it really is! It employs the famous *diagonal stroke*, same as a master barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of reproducing it automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain.

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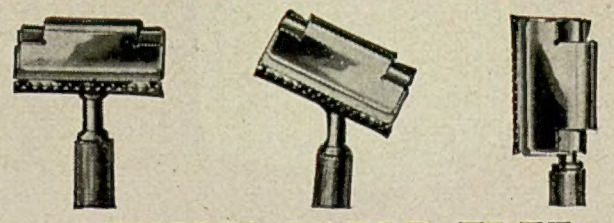

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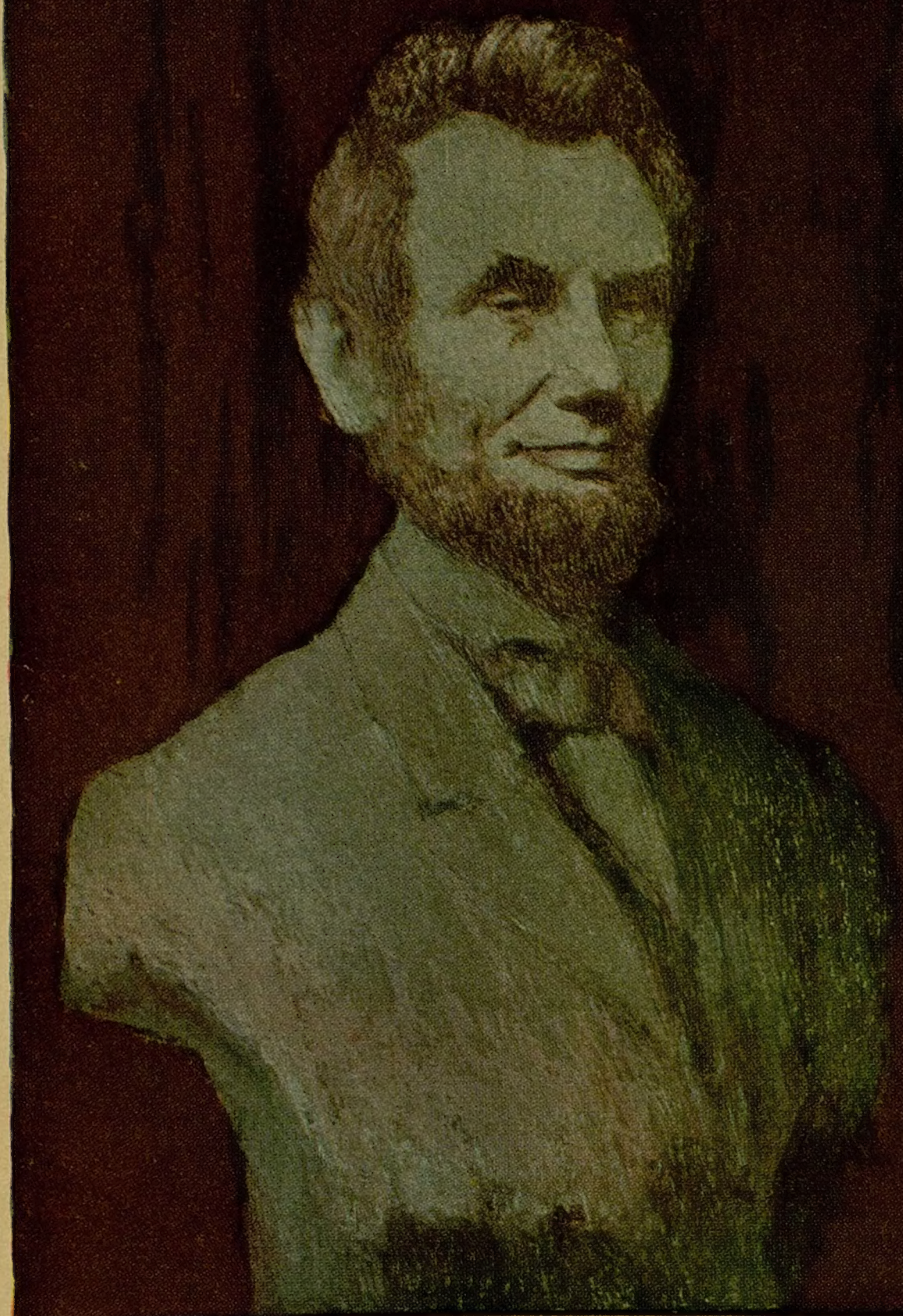

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